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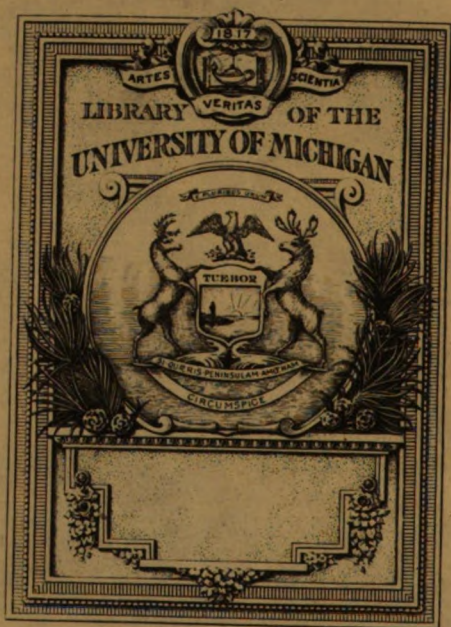
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*Naundorf, Karl Wilhelm*

AN

ABRIDGED ACCOUNT

OF THE

MISFORTUNES

OF

THE DAUPHIN,

FOLLOWED BY SOME DOCUMENTS IN SUPPORT OF THE FACTS RELATED  
BY THE PRINCE. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY

THE HON. AND REV. C. G. PERCEVAL,

RECTOR OF CALVERTON,

BUCKS.

It is always easier to deny than to inquire. To refuse credit confers for a moment an appearance of superiority, which every little mind is tempted to assume when it may be gained so cheaply as by withdrawing attention from evidence, and declining the fatigue of comparing probabilities.---LXXX, No. 87.

LONDON:  
JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET.

MDCCCXXXVIII.

**LONDON:**  
**PRINTED BY C. ARMANI, 46, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET.**



THE Editor of this volume owes it to others, as well as to himself, to disavow in the plainest possible terms all political motives and designs whatever, in the publication of it. Without, in the least, meaning to disguise his own deep-rooted predilections for legitimate royalty, he is unconscious of a wish to disturb the government of the Prince, whom the people of Paris, if not of France, have chosen to place upon the throne. And even if he could so far have forgotten what is becoming to a person in his station in society, as to enter into any scheme having that for its object, he would fain not be thought so insane, so purblind to the events and prevailing principles of the day, as to imagine for a moment, that this publication could lead to such a result. If all London were



to be convinced of the validity of the claims which are here brought forward, the security of Louis-Philippe's possession of the French throne would not be in the slightest degree affected. That acute sovereign must be perfectly well aware of the extreme improbability of this country's advocating or abetting, in regard to France, a cause which for many years it has done the utmost to discountenance in every other part of the world.

It is simply as presenting a most interesting historical question that the work from which the present is translated attracted the Editor's attention. At a very early period, the indignities, sufferings, and sorrows borne by the Royal Family of France during the revolution, excited in his mind the liveliest and most painful interest. Many of the memoirs relating to that time of horror have been read by him: and he is persuaded that a more splendid exhibition of christian virtue was never made than that which was displayed within the Tower of the Temple. Indeed in contemplating the mild and paternal character of Louis XVI; a King, who if not great upon the throne, (though always animated with the purest and best intentions) was, after his dethronement, perfectly

sublime—the magnanimity and heroic bearing of the Queen, as long as a ray of hope remained, and when that was gone, the absorption of all her feelings in affectionate solicitude for the partners of her misery—the piety towards God, and devotion to her brother and to her brother's family, of the Princess Elizabeth—we might wonder at the ways of Providence in suffering virtue to be so severely tried, if we did not see how evidently the spirits of those who passed through the dreadful furnace, were purified by it from their earthly dross, and rendered meet to be partakers of the heavenly inheritance. Of this melancholy chapter of Royal sufferings, no part has seemed to the Editor more truly shocking and revolting, than the treatment of the illustrious Martyr's children: especially of the young Prince, who had the misfortune of being Legitimate Heir to his father's crown. He has felt his heart sicken at the brutal atrocities practised upon that gentle child, and feelings arise of inexpressible disgust and indignation against the human dæmons who were his persecutors: feelings, which have only subsided under the belief that he had passed, through these tribulations, into a better state, and had been re-united, without fear of another se-

paration, to those, of whose tenderest affection he had ever been the cherished object.

It now appears that, in the wisdom of God, a much longer trial was appointed for him.

From time to time we have heard of persons appearing upon the scene of the world, pretending to be the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI—a fact which of itself proves that the assertion of his death in the Temple was not generally believed. Each of these pretenders however, till now, has sunk as soon as he has appeared: the government of the day having taken the matter into their own hands sifted it to the bottom, detected and exposed the imposture. In the present instance, the very opposite line of conduct has been adopted. The great object and desire of this Pretender has been to have his claims thoroughly investigated: to bring them before the tribunals of France; and, confiding in the strength of the proofs which he has to produce, he has avowed his perfect willingness and his firm intention to stand or fall by their decision. At the very moment, however, when he hoped to do what impostors who had usurped his name had been compelled to do, he was seized by the police, and after a month's imprisonment, was

sent out of France. In consequence of these arbitrary measures, the press afforded him the only means of making his pretensions known. The book fell into the Editor's hands, and it can be a matter of surprize to no one, that, being convinced of the truth of the claims asserted in it, of the identity of the Claimant with the son of Louis XVI, he should have been proud to offer the unfortunate Prince the humble assistance, of which the present volume is the fruit: believing, that the endeavour to help him to right who has suffered such cruel wrong, and to alleviate the sorrows of the innocent and injured son of a most eminently pious, virtuous, and ill-used Christian King, cannot be looked upon as inconsistent with the duties or unbecoming to the character of a Minister of the Gospel.

That the question of *legitimate* right to the throne of France is involved in the question of identity with the son of Louis XVI; or, that that right is openly asserted in the following pages, the Editor does not mean to deny: but he thinks it must be allowed, that, if he had been influenced by political motives to publish this translation, he could hardly have made a more awkward attempt

to disturb the Orleans dynasty, than by bringing forward a rival to the acknowledged legitimate heir to the throne already existing in the person of the Duke of Bordeaux.

That he has met with no difficulties in arriving at the conviction which he has avowed, the Editor is far from pretending: he has met with several. But then he ventures confidently to ask, whether, admitting for an instant, what certainly is a possibility, that the son of Louis XVI is at this moment alive, the fact of his death never having been satisfactorily and indisputably established, it is reasonable to suppose that there should have been no circumstances attending his career, from the moment of his deliverance from the fangs of the revolutionary tigers till now, but such as accompany the ordinary, every-day course of human life? if not, is it more reasonable to set aside a mass of the strongest testimony both negative and positive, in support of the claims here asserted, because of certain circumstances which have the appearance of being, whether physically or morally, improbable? The Editor does not feel it to be incumbent upon him to enter here into details as to what parts of the contents of this volume have proved



difficulties in the way of his conviction, any more than to conjecture all that may prove so to others : but he is not willing to pass over in perfect silence certain portions deeply affecting the characters of the dead, which can hardly be believed, which indeed ought not to be believed without stronger testimony than the unsupported assertion of any individual: he alludes particularly to charges brought against Louis XVIII, tending to fix the deepest stain upon his memory. Though not professing, on the one hand, any particular admiration for the character of that monarch, and, on the other, being perfectly satisfied that nothing has been stated or insinuated in this work, which the Prince does not believe that he has reason for, he yet hopes, that, should the opportunity so earnestly desired by the Prince be ever granted him, of bringing his claims before a tribunal competent to decide upon them, he may be able to satisfy the world of his identity, without substantiating the charges brought against his uncle. The Editor cannot help expressing here his regret at the somewhat ill-digested form in which the original work was published, and the admission into it of one or two discrepancies, particularly in dates, which he

fears, may be in some degree to its disadvantage ; though he thinks it must be admitted that they do but betray a carelessness which an impostor would have taken the greatest pains to avoid. He proceeds now to the more agreeable occupation of informing the reader of certain circumstances which have contributed materially to produce and confirm his own belief in the truth of the following narrative. The first of these was the knowledge he obtained from a relation who spent the year 1836 at Paris, that the attempt of the Writer to bring his claims into a court of justice, and his consequent expulsion from France in order to prevent his doing so, had actually taken place : the former of these facts affording a presumption that he must really have the evidence to produce which he professes to have : the latter exciting a suspicion, at least, that the government were afraid of the production of that evidence—the more so as no longer ago than 1834 the *really* false Dauphin, Richemont, was brought to trial by them and condemned as an impostor, as the other false Dauphins who appeared in the time of Louis XVIII were dealt with by him. Of all the individuals, therefore, as has been already observed, who have

laid claim to that title, the Writer of this Narrative alone has been refused a legal enquiry into the validity of his claim.

The next circumstance which struck him as corroborative of the truth of the Narrative, but which probably escaped the notice of most persons who were not interested in the cause, was an article dated from Havre, which appeared in the Times Newspaper, of the 24th of July, 1837, stating that a seizure had been made there, on board a steam-packet from London, of some papers belonging to the individual, styling himself "Duc de Normandie"—*among them, a letter to the Prince Royal of Prussia.*

In the French edition of this work, published November, 1836, there is a letter addressed to that Prince\* in which H. R. H. is referred to the records of the Prussian Courts of Justice, and to other official documents for the truth of the instances of persecution in Prussia of which the writer complains: and it would be worse than useless to refer to such documents, the existence and

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\* See page 400 of this volume.

real character of which it would be easy for the Prince Royal to ascertain, if they did not actually exist, or were not of the character described. The presumption hence arising in favour of the truth of his complaints can be got over only by supposing that this letter was never really intended for the Prince Royal, but was merely composed for publication in England, in order to give an air of truth to the statements in the Narrative to which it refers. But now the fact is established, on the authority of his enemies, that at least *one* letter addressed by him to the Prince Royal of Prussia, was certainly intended for, and actually sent to that Prince.

The third and most important corroboration which the Editor has been so fortunate as to obtain, is the unquestionable testimony of an English gentleman of family, who is personally acquainted with Mme. de Rambaud\*, and who, though not himself interested in the question, asserts that it is perfectly true, as stated in the fol-

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\* The Dauphin's nurse from the time of his birth till the 10th of August, 1792, when he was seven years and a half old: mentioned by name in Cléry's journal, as *Femme de Chambre de Monseigneur le Dauphin*.

lowing narrative, that that lady is entirely convinced of the Writer's identity with the Prince of whom she had the care, and for the very reasons which are there given—and that she declares her conviction openly—that it is true also, as stated in the Narrative, that in her devotion to the Prince, she did make the journey to Prague, in hopes of obtaining an audience from the Duchess of Angoulême upon this very subject, which audience was refused to her: and moreover, that the conviction and devotion of Mme. de Rambaud are participated in most fully by her family.

It would be uncandid in the Editor if he were to pass over in silence an insinuation which he has heard made, with regard to this lady, by persons who dogmatically pronounce, without examination, that the claims asserted in this volume *must* be all a falsehood—viz., that her testimony is of no value, because she *must* be in her dotage. But to say nothing of the letter of Mme. de Rambaud, at page 272, betraying no symptoms of impaired intellect, (because the same persons will probably question the genuineness of that letter) he appeals to the reader's common sense to declare whether or not the daughters of Mme. de Rambaud, and



the various ramifications of her family, to whom, if to any one, the imbecility of her mind must be fully known, would be likely to be so deeply infected, as they are admitted to be, by her conviction, if it were only the result of her doting reveries.

The Editor, in the next place, begs leave to remind those who may have noticed, and to apprise those who may *not* have noticed the fact, that the letters to the Writer of the following Narrative from his friends at Dresden\* (which were brought before the Public by no contrivance of his, but in consequence of the refusal of an individual, into whose hands they had fallen by mistake, to give them up to him, on pretence of a suspicion that they related to a conspiracy against the life of Louis-Philippe, and were published by him in self-defence against that calumny) place beyond doubt not only the sincerity of his friends' belief in him, but also the fact, stated in the book, that, in consequence of that belief, they are now supporting his wife and six children out of their moderate

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\* These Letters will be found in the Supplement.

means : a consequence, which though in the firmness of their belief it must be attended with the proudest gratification to them, must, in all reason, be supposed, as a prospective obligation, to have prevented their being over hasty in adopting such a belief on insufficient grounds.

These facts, then, are ascertained on other authority than the Writer's own :

That he has endeavoured to procure a legal enquiry into the validity of his claims :

That the French government which has itself brought other false Dauphins to trial, refuses him this appeal to the laws of his country :

That one of his chief witnesses, certainly competent to identify him, does recognize him, and declares it openly :

That others of his friends believe in his claims, and take onerous obligations upon themselves in consequence of that belief :

That he does not possess the means of procuring false-witnesses by bribery.

In addition to these facts, it is extremely gratifying to the Editor to state, as he is able to do sincerely and conscientiously, having made the acquaintance of the Prince and of his friend and ad-

vocate the Editor of the French volume, that he never was in company or had communication with any two persons who had less the appearance of any thing bordering upon imposture or deceit—with whose frankness he had better reason to be satisfied—or of whose perfect integrity and honesty he was more thoroughly convinced.

*May, 1838.*

Since the foregoing preface was sent to press, the Editor has received the most satisfactory assurance, on the authority of another English gentleman, son of a clergyman of the Church of England, that Mme. de Rambaud, with whom he is personally acquainted, is by no means the doting old woman that some persons have conjectured her to be—that he found her perfectly intelligent and agreeable in her conversation upon all subjects, and often heard her and her daughter speak of the Writer of the following Narrative, and express their firm conviction of his identity with the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI.





## PREFACE TO THE FRENCH EDITION.

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WE do not here offer to the public a work of learning, a master-piece of taste and literary ability—a performance full of pretension, and remarkable for the refinement of its style, or for language, written after much study of the rules of composition: but simply the picture of his sorrows, drawn by that very person himself, whose whole life, even to this day, has been crossed by every kind of misfortune which it is possible for man to imagine. It is a lengthened train of bodily sufferings and mental sorrows, and political persecutions, atrocious and unceasing, which insatiable ambition has set in action against a king's son—the last descendant of ancestors, who for nine successive centuries have worn the crown—whom the axe of the executioner, and the savage madness of

anarchy, made an orphan, when seven years of age. Miraculously saved by faithful servants, the days of his existence are reckoned by the long series of ills, which hateful passions, broken loose, have heaped upon his head. Forty years of unheard-of sufferings have marked his sorrowful career, and yet he re-appears amongst us, without malice and without bitterness. Hatred is a stranger to his breast. The friend of all, he resembles Christ, praying on the cross for His persecutors: he forgives them, for he is convinced that they know not what they do: that the son of Louis XVI, their belief in whom they are unwilling to acknowledge, cannot have enemies in France. Who will be able to read, without the most painful feelings, those glowing pages, in which one of the best of men lays open his heart, with the ingenuousness, the candour of innocence, with all the simplicity of an honest, upright mind! Prejudice, which, by fettering the judgment, destroys the freedom of reflection, and the wish for careful examination; even wilful indifference, ought to give way before this simple picture of the authors recollections. This narrative is solely his own work, not a single person has helped him

in the composition of it. His own sentences, his own expressions, all have been religiously preserved, because it is from the out-pourings of his soul that he desires all faithful Frenchmen to derive their confidence.

The advocates whose names appear at the end of this preface, admitted to the councils of the claimant, are unimpeachable witnesses to the truth of that which they attest. They declare, upon their honour, that the narrative has been printed from the manuscript which was begun and finished under their eyes, and was given into their hands for the signal manifestation of the truth; the only alterations made, have been the correction of some grammatical errors, and of the spelling of some words—the Duke of Normandy having in some measure forgotten his mother tongue, of which, however, all the characteristics may be traced, a circumstance which cannot occur but in the writings of a native Frenchman.

This cause is entirely of a judicial nature, political considerations ought not to impede it. The son of Louis XVI demands, at the bar of his country, the name which belongs to him: such are his pretensions. Who will venture to ask him

to account for the crimes which have kept him away till now, and which have caused him such cruel sufferings? Let passion, then, be still: let France, let Europe pay attention—let them wait with confidence the sovereign decision of impartial justice!

A fragment of the life of the prince has already appeared, in July last; it was his intention to publish immediately the entire history of his life; but the ruling power in France decided otherwise. On the 13th of June H. R. H. the Duke of Normandy had brought his cause before the tribunal of the Seine, by a citation\* to his family, lodged at the office of the king's attorney-general, and countersigned by the deputy attorney on duty. For three years he had been living peaceably in Paris, with the knowledge of government; they were perfectly acquainted with his residence and connexions; all his movements, all his proceedings, were scrupulously watched: the laws and the charter of 1830 guaranteed his liberty: nevertheless, on the 15th the police entered his house: he

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\* (H. 2.)

The letters at the bottom of the pages refer to the several documents.

was with two of his friends, and was conversing on Providence, with a sublimity and nobleness of thought, which characterise the feelings of his soul. His countenance betrayed no emotion, not even that of surprise. One of his advocates, Mr. M. Gruau, late king's attorney, and three friends, Messrs. V. Gruau, late of the king's body-guard, Morel de St. Didier, and Laprade the younger, brother of the advocate who was at that time on a mission in Prussia, informed of this circumstance, hastened to the prince. He was sitting with composure, whilst his papers were searched and hastily tied together. A protest, with reasons alledged, was dictated to the chief commissary, who wrote it on the *procès verbal*. Two policemen, the prince, and his advocate, entered a hackney coach. A cabriolet followed, in which were two of his friends, and the party went to the *Prefecture de Police*. The warrant was a printed paper, mentioning only the name of Naüdorf. We were verbally informed, that the Minister of the Interior, under the pretext of our client being a foreigner, had given orders for his being sent out of France.\*

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\* (J. 2.)

There is something singular in this assumption, on the part of the powers, against a man who calls himself a Frenchman, and who ought to be presumed to be such, till the competent judges, already appealed to, had decided upon the merits of his claim.

The authorities would be sufficiently perplexed to prove that the prince belonged to any other nation than France: besides, there is no law,\* which authorizes the preventive arrest of a man living in France, to whatever country he may belong; the utmost they can do, is to order him to quit the country which he has chosen for his home, trusting in those protecting laws, which a suspicious power wishes to turn against him. Applications were made to the Minister of Police,† to the Minister of the Interior, to the Minister of Justice, and even direct to the Tuileries,‡ to obtain the prince's immediate restoration to liberty, and the restitution of his papers among which was his manuscript.

The most conclusive considerations were urged: the government adhered to the arbitrary line of proceeding which it had adopted, and the detention

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\* (I. 2.) (J. 2.) † (J. 2.) ‡ (K. 2.) (L. 2.) (M. 2.)

of the prince continued for six and twenty days, at the office of the Prefect of Police, without even the shadow of a legal pretext. The order for his being carried beyond the frontiers was persisted in,\* and with an unusual degree of severity, contrary to the formal promises of the Under Secretary of State for the Interior, the friends of the august prisoner were not allowed to accompany him.

The consequence to the government of this novel act of tyranny, was a great additional embarrassment, the Duke of Normandy having declared formally, that he would not set out unless he had one at least of his advocates with him. Could the prince quietly submit, in face of the hostility with which he was pursued, to allow himself to be led to the frontier, accompanied by policemen only? It was his duty to protest, and he did so, both verbally and in writing. Finally, we made the people in authority sensible that by this rigorous measure, sanctioned by no law, they took upon themselves the frightful responsibility of a forcible abduction. We made them perceive that it behoved them well to understand that they owed

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\* (N. 2.)

an account to the country of the individual, whether foreigner or Frenchman, whom they were driving, for political reasons, from the bosom of the nation ; and that wheresoever it should please them to convey him, the friends of the prince would have the right to demand that they should be informed. We had the more reason to fix the attention of the authorities on the apprehensions which we felt, because we knew of a certainty, that at the moment of the arrest, the order had been given for his immediate departure in twenty-four hours. The government flattered itself, that none of his Royal Highness's friends would have the courage to demand his liberation ; and but for the immediate measures adopted by those who took the police by surprise, at the time when the warrant was put in execution, the next day every one would probably have been asking, in accents of the deepest indignation, if the deplorable history of the iron mask was not about to be renewed in 1836.

The obstinate pertinacity of high functionaries who, having an armed force at their beck, compel obedience to their will by an order to the gendarmerie, explains how the prince was forced to sub-



mit to the mode of expulsion imposed upon him. Placed in the *coupé* of a diligence, between two *gensdarmes*, he is conducted to Calais, where the commissary of police of the place escorted him to the packet which was to land him at Dover.

In what an inexplicable position has the government placed the son of Louis XVI! If all the states of Europe, agreeably to the truth, should think proper to look upon him as a Frenchman, and should banish him, one after the other, where would he turn his steps? we should see a citizen of some country, whatever it might be, who would be under the ban of every empire, without house or home, proscribed by the universe.

These observations lead to this irresistible conclusion: viz. that the French government, preventing, by its reason of state, the sovereign decision of the tribunals of justice, has intended to strike, in the person of our client, not a man guilty of an infraction of the laws—we have it from the lips of the Prefect of Police, that there was nothing to be said against him, but that he was a foreigner: not a foreigner—for they respect the liberty of foreigners, and France has always been the land of hospitality to all: but, on the contrary, and in the

**XX.**

strictest sense of the word, a Frenchman ! and this Frenchman is the Duke of Normandy, the true son of Louis XVI, and Marie-Antoinette Queen of France.

**M. GRUAU, *Advocate,***

*Late King's Attorney. Editor.*

**XAVIER LAPRADE, *Advocate.***

**BRIQUET, *Advocate.***

Educes me de laqueo hoc quem absconderunt mihi : quoniam  
tu es protector meus.

Thou shalt bring me out of the net which they have laid pri-  
vily for me, for thou art my strength.—*Psalms 31.*

NEVER were these words, from the time when they were uttered by the psalmist, till that of the almost incredible history which is here offered to the public, so perfectly applicable. The reader will here see a struggle, continued for half a century, between perfidy the most persevering, and innocence the most resigned that can be in the world. He will be convinced that but for protection from on high, visible and incontestable, the man of sorrow must have been overcome.

It is by means of his memory alone, and without any extraneous help, that the Duke of Nor-

mandy, has retraced the principal events necessary to make his identity with the son of the Martyr-King recognized, omitting such circumstances as would only serve to excite a humiliating compassion. To this narrative is added a series of explanatory documents, which ought to bring conviction. If the reader should feel within him a righteous indignation against the relentless persecutors of the prince, or if he should detect some little murmurings against that Providence which has suffered an innocent victim to groan under such a long oppression, let him call to mind this terrible threat of scripture: "I will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children even to the fourth generation."

Monarchs, like gods upon earth, have thought themselves free from every restraint, and provided that they have kept clear of tyranny, their dissolute morals, the source of national corruption, have been applauded; but, the judgment of the Most High is very different from that of men, and they who think themselves mighty against Him, require with might to be chastised. In vain does Louis XIV, cover the scandal of his adulteries with the royal robe. By the side of that disgrace-

ful offspring, his legitimate descendants will, in his old age, disappear. And lest the judgment should pass unobserved, it is in the hereditary line that three generations are in an instant overwhelmed.

Spared, as if by an oversight, Louis XV, far from profiting by a lesson so severe, out-does, if possible, his great grandfather's immorality: his son dies without coming to the throne, which his grandson only occupies to pass from it to the scaffold: the eldest son of this latter already awaited him in the tomb.

Spared also, like Louis XV, Charles Louis, Dauphin of France, has no better habitation than a dungeon. Misfortune seized him in his tenderest infancy. If Providence seems to leave him to breathe awhile, it is only, that, by becoming the father of a family, he may offer new victims to inexorable justice; it is only to satisfy, by the pangs of hunger, the extreme rigour of the Lord's vengeance, in the fourth generation.

A victim from his very cradle, his sufferings were long an impenetrable mystery to him; his reason rebelled against unmerited afflictions; now, that he understands it, it is only by humble,

solemn submission, that he can soften the rigour of divine justice.

Now, therefore, O ! Kings, receive instruction ! learn, ye people, what are the chastisements of the Almighty. And you, reflecting reader, recognize in this inexplicable series of misfortunes, the indelible stamp of legitimacy.

The *Abbé APPERT*,  
*Curé of St. Arnault.*

London, 21st September, 1836.

Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are.

THIS proverb will be of doubtful application, in proportion as any case may differ more or less from the ordinary course of things. For instance, our saviour ate with sinners, yet he certainly was not a sinner himself; a good prince belongs to, and attaches himself to his people, without being, on that account, the king of *the populace*; and many persons are reputed great, who have no claim to that designation. But how find out the truth! It is written: "*Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?*" a tree then, is known by its fruit. My enemies, undoubtedly, take much pains to injure me by infamous calumnies: but they do not reflect, that they thereby expose themselves to the reprobation of all honest people; for

every person of probity will require of my calumniators the proofs of their atrocious slanders. An honest man can only speak of what he knows, and ought always to be silent upon a subject of which he is ignorant: otherwise he may become a calumniator himself, or still worse, an instrument in the hands of miserable wretches, who persecute innocence in order to destroy it, and to hide their own crimes, which no longer suffer them to return to the path of virtue.

All the actions of men are undoubtedly directed by a secret principle concealed in the human heart; it is thus, that the tree is known by its fruit, and a truly honest Frenchman, worthy of the name, will always judge a man by his actions. My adversaries, in order to effect my ruin, have met me with slanders and outrageous attacks upon my character, every time that I have made an effort to establish my rights. It must be allowed that this was the best means of blinding and estranging from me, my sister, as well as those good, but weak Frenchmen, who have always suffered themselves to be led by a handful of miscreants, to their own prejudice, and even to that scaffold, to which, by their calumnies, they dragged my virtuous parents. Who can now deny this truth? and who can deny, that intriguing persons, miserable enemies of truth, in consequence of their cupidity, and their habitual knaveries, have invented all imaginable falsehoods, in order to



make the Duchess of Angoulême believe that I am the son of a family of low extraction, well known in Germany? There are many people who have the simplicity to persuade themselves that, if I were the son of Louis XVI, the foreign powers would have endeavoured with eager solicitude, to mitigate the privations and relieve the wants of my unhappy situation; that above all, in such a case, the virtue of the Duchess of Angoulême would never have failed to answer the calls of her duty. Without entering into a long and useless discussion, my answer shall be pre-emptory. I will ask why these powers used no means, made no effort, did nothing, in a word, absolutely nothing, to save my unhappy father.

If imbecility or bad faith should reply that these cabinets could never have imagined that the boldness of the infamous calumniators would have dared so far as to attempt the life of the most virtuous of kings, and that they had been thunder-struck by the audacity of the crime; why, then, did these cabinets allow the assassination of a queen, whose innocence was as clearly proved, as that of the virtuous Mme. Elizabeth, sister of the best of kings! and, the imperial family of Austria, who are certainly excellent persons, why did this cabinet in 1814 sacrifice the Arch-duchess Maria-Louisa? are not these indisputable proofs of the little respect with which political egotism regards the sacred ties of families.

And I, set aside by the culpable success of so many guilty intrigues ; I, persecuted by the descendants of those who dragged to the scaffold, by means of the same persecutions, my father, my mother, and my aunt ; can I escape being overwhelmed by them ? It is a mystery known only to God. All Europe now knows that hired villains, like fiends broke loose from hell, precipitated my unhappy parents into the lowest depths of misery. What then can the son of these victims expect ? who, like them, has never done the least injury to his country ; nay, more than that, has never wished to disturb, for the sake of his own personal interests, either the peace of France, or the supposed happiness of his family.\* The sincerity of these professions may perhaps be questioned ; but, as the actions of man, as I have before said, are directed by the secret principle within his heart, it will be easy to judge whether I speak the truth or not ; for, he who writes what his heart inspires, lays his mind open to the public, as a book in which every honest and incorruptible judge may read the truth.

Hitherto many persons have published or written fragments of my true history, without considering that I could only give it entire, and as conclusive evidence in favour of my claims before

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\* (M.)

the tribunals of my country, for the information of my judges. There I shall not be judged upon the strength of odious and calumnious statements thrown out by despicable paid agents, but on that of reason and of facts.

Yes, people of France, it is to the impartial justice of your magistrates that I appeal, it is for you, through them, to judge whether I speak the truth or not. I am here, then, going to narrate the true history, and to give indisputable proofs of my identity with the most unhappy son of France. It is I who write, I have no other guide than the uprightness of my heart, in that alone consists my eloquence. I call on you to aid me, not by resorting to acts of insurrection, which I consider a crime unworthy of me; may God preserve me from such a calamity!\* If the possession of my inheritance were to cost the life of one of the least of my friends it would be too dearly bought. But I appeal to you to restore me to my country, and to secure me a grave in the land of my fathers; if you refuse me both of these, you will add to my misfortunes, that of seeing my lawful rights rejected by the perversion of your sense of justice. I am not come to France to put forward my claims to the crown. No! no! the true son of the Martyr King could not ascend that throne, where his fal-

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\* (B. 2.)

tering steps would be every moment arrested by the blood of his relatives. How can he secure your happiness when he would be engrossed with his own sorrows ! sorrows, alas ! which can never cease, since they will descend with him to the grave.

A friend to good order, I hold the factious in abhorrence. Witness to all the calamities that proud and rapacious beings have inflicted on my country, and on myself, I have judged them by their works ; never shall I expect the happiness of France from those whose only design is to put themselves in the place of others ; they wish for evil, because evil is the very nature and desire of their heart.

I am the enemy of all hypocrisy, and the friend of justice and of truth ; I here, therefore, declare to all those who call themselves my friends, hoping hereafter to obtain a high office in the state, as a reward for their pretended friendship, that they deceive themselves ; for, I ask for nothing but my name and my civil inheritance. If it should be the will of Divine Providence, ever to place me on the throne of my fathers, never shall hypocrisy or intrigue receive the reward due only to merit, but I repeat, I ask for nothing but my civil inheritance,\* that is to say, the private property

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\* (B. 2.) (K. 2)

which belonged to the royal family of France, before the first revolution. No government has the right to deprive me of this inheritance. On this point, I shall have in my behalf the suffrages of all Frenchmen, because the question is a great act of national justice, and the French nation desire nothing but justice. These are my opinions, they spring from the sincerity of my heart ; I need not say that I desire to proclaim them openly. I entreat, then, all those who call themselves my friends from motives of interested policy, to withdraw themselves from me and from my affairs. I repeat it again ; I will never expose the life of the least of my personal friends, for the sake of wearing a crown which is the most glorious on earth, in the sight of all the world : but which cannot be so to the orphan of the Temple, Charles-Louis, Duke of Normandy.

In order to enlighten my natural judges, it is not necessary for me to write the history of France, but only to narrate those facts which have been engraved on my memory from my childhood, and which never having yet appeared in print, are indisputable proofs of my identity.

The narrative which I shall give is intended to prove that the child who died in the Temple, was not the son of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France, and that I alone am the Duke of Normandy, the true son of the Martyr King. As such I perfectly remember as far back as the

time when we quitted Versailles to fix our residence in Paris; I even remember some facts anterior to that period. Before the 6th of October, I occupied the apartments formerly inhabited by my brother, near to those which belonged to Mesdames Victoire and Adelaide. It was there that Mme. de Saint Hilaire,\* who was of Madame Victoire's household, had frequent opportunity of seeing me: in one of these rooms I slept the last night that we passed at Versailles; it was thence that my excellent father carried me in his arms to save me from the assassins. He was followed by Mme. de Bare, who had sat up with me that night; she went with my father and me, by a private staircase, into the room where we found my mother, who took me in her arms, and covered me with her night cloak, which was of a white material. A person went to fetch my clothes to dress me, which was done in my father's room. I have not forgotten that person. My sister, who is seven years older than I am, was present at the time, she ought to ask of him, who says that he is her brother, who that person was. For the truth of this statement, which can only be known by the son of Louis XVI, I appeal to the Duchess of Angoulême herself.

During our journey from Versailles to Paris,

two monsters carried at the end of their pikes, the heads of two men; they walked in front of our carriage. Between them, was a man of ferocious aspect; he wore a long beard, and carried on his shoulder the bloody axe, with which, probably, he had perpetrated this horrible sacrifice; at last they made us stop opposite a shop, which these villains entered, and soon came out again, after having powdered the heads of their victims. Suddenly, one of these wretches came towards us, and thrust one of the heads in my face; I was standing at the door of the carriage, against which one of our friends was leaning to protect us from the mob; this brave man kept off all those who approached to force him away, in order to do us some injury, but he could not prevent the assassins from putting one of these heads under my eyes. I was so terrified at this frightful spectacle, that I threw myself into my mother's arms, and hid my face in her bosom. Of all the people who were with me in the carriage, one only is still living, it is my sister. Will she have the culpable resolution to deny this fact, which no one in the world can know except her brother? At length, arrived at Paris, we were carried off by the people, and conducted to the Hôtel-de-Ville. I ascended the stairs between my mother and Mme. Elizabeth; these tender friends led me by the hand into a large hall, which was already full of men, many of whom were drunk: we remained there till a late hour of

the night ; and, notwithstanding the tumultuous cries of the populace, during our passage from the Hôtel-de-Ville to the Tuileries, I had fallen asleep in the carriage, on my mother's lap, and I was awoke by the cry : “ *My son ! my son ! they have carried him away !* ” I replied “ *Mamma !* ” for in truth, I found myself in the hands of a stranger, who put me into the arms of a brother of *Clery*, *valet de chambre*, to my sister, whose name was *Hannet* ; I have such a perfect recollection of this faithful servant, that I remember, as if it had happened but yesterday, that he used to amuse my sister and myself in our childhood, with the sight of a magic lantern in the evening.

I was then *four years* old. *Hannet* restored me to the tender solicitude of my excellent mother, who pressed me to her bosom and covered me with kisses.

It is no doubt very easy, with a good memory, to relate what has been written by others, respecting what passed during our misfortunes. But all those details which have remained unknown, and have never been published, they are the touchstone for the Duchess of Angoulême, if she wishes to convince herself of the truth !

Let us proceed to some examples : I was very young when the journey to Varennes was decided upon ; nevertheless I very well remember that the Count de Provence was conversing in my presence with my father and mother, before our departure ;



but I thought nothing of it. My mother woke me suddenly in the middle of the night, and in the presence of my sister, who, as I knew, slept on the floor above me. When I was awakened by the repeated kisses of my tender mother, I saw Mme. de Tourzel by my side; she took me in her arms, and without saying a word, we went down to my mother's apartment, where this tender mother, still caressing me, dressed me in the disguise of a little girl.

The Duchess of Angoulême has allowed herself to be persuaded that I may have studied my part in the written history of the time; but I will say to Her Royal Highness: Ask then of those whose endeavours are united to estrange you from me, where such details are to be found in print?

I was disguised then, and afterwards laid at the bottom of the carriage, where I remained for some time asleep: some one trod upon me in getting into the carriage; it was my aunt; I was frightened, and therefore I said nothing till my good mother rejoined us; she kept me on her knees till the moment when we changed our carriage. Our carriage stopped, my father spoke for some time with some people who were with us; at last he got out to look for the other carriage, which was not yet arrived, returned with that carriage, and made my mother get out, who placed me at the same time on the lap of Mme. de Tourzel, who was with us; afterwards, my father returned to

*me, and took me himself in his arms, and gave me to my mother, who was already in the other carriage.*

Deny these facts, Duchess of Angoulême: or let those intriguers who surround you, say where this was to be found in print, before I informed you of it through M. Morel de Saint Didier.

The carriage drove on, and I slept on my mother's lap till the next morning. I then observed that my father was disguised, and I asked my mother why I was in the disguise of a little girl. My sister interrupted me by saying to my aunt, Mme. Elizabeth, who was in the same carriage with us, *and had not been in my mother's room when I was disguised, nor when we left the Tuileries: Yesterday he thought we were going to act a comedy....* Or a tragedy, said my mother to me; but be prudent, my son, and if you are asked your name, say that it is *Aglæé*, and your sister's name is *Amélie*. Where then, Madam, again I ask, had these things been printed, before I wrote to you in 1816? Or have you not received the papers of the brave soldier *whom you sent to the minister of the police?* Well! Madam, you have not chosen to receive me! it is you, then, who force me to hold this language, and my history will unveil to you hereafter, your amiable friends, who tell you daily how much they honour you in order the more easily to deceive you, and to let you die in your sorrows, which you certainly

do not deserve. At the same time it is possible to sin by omission; and hence, dear sister, you will feel that Providence is not unjust: lay your hand on your heart, and consider those by whom you are surrounded, and those with whom they are in correspondence. It is intended that princes and princesses should see with their own eyes, therefore let us make use of them.

We soon arrived at a town in which all the houses were covered with tiles in the form of an  $\infty$  reversed. I asked the name of this town, which my father told me was called *Châlons-sur-Marne*. Afterwards, we reached a little town where we thought to have been stopped; I am not certain of the name, but I believe it was *Epernay*. A young officer of the national guard, with whom my mother conversed a good deal, without *leaving the carriage*, extricated us happily for that time.

It was night when we arrived at Varennes, where we were stopped and provisionally detained at the house of a man named *Sauze*, whose wife, who waited on us, treated us with tolerable civility.

Our sad return is so well known that I shall not enter into the details of it; nevertheless there is one circumstance which I must not omit:—

A *Mr. Latour-Maubourg*, one of the commissioners who was taking us back to Paris, followed with *Pétion* in another carriage.\* Though

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\* The particulars here given respecting the return of the

these gentlemen were respected by the populace, they yet suffered a friend of my father's to be assassinated before our eyes, a friend who was well known to M. Latour-Maubourg.

It was at the moment, when the furious populace was assassinating this friend, that *Barnave*, who was in our carriage, took me on his knees in order more easily to protect me in case of need. During our journey, he frequently pressed my

Royal Family after the ill-fated journey to Varennes, are not in accordance with those mentioned by Mme. Campan and others. Mme. Campan states distinctly, as what she had been told by the unhappy Queen herself at her first interview with her majesty after her return, that *Pétion* was in *the same carriage* with the royal family, where he distinguished himself by the disgusting brutality of his behaviour towards them. Mme. Campan details so many particulars, as communicated by the Queen, that it is difficult to imagine that her account is not to be relied on: on the other hand, it is not difficult to imagine that the Prince's recollections of that terrible day may be confused, for he was then but six and a half years old, and must have been in a state of the utmost alarm. The kindness of *Barnave*, of which he was so decidedly the object, was more likely at such a season to have made an impression upon his memory, than the grossness of *Pétion's* conduct, of which he was *not* particularly the object. At any rate, it is hardly credible but that an impostor, especially one whom even the Duchess of Angoulême admits to be *bien habile*; would have taken pains that his narrative should not have been so much at variance with one so highly accredited as that of Mme. Campan. Yet when I had the honour of pointing out the difference in the two accounts, I was persuaded by the Prince's manner, that Mme. Campan's work had never been consulted by him.

After all, it is by no means *certain* that Mme. Campan's account is the most to be relied upon of the two, for she herself falls into confusion, in attributing to M. Goguelat an untoward withdrawal of the troops, for which the Duke de Choiseul was responsible, and which he has accounted for in his memoirs. For the discrepancies and contradictions which exist in the various memoirs, relating to that ill-omened journey, by persons who were themselves actors in the scene, see *Quarterly Review*. Vol. 28. pp. 465. 466.—*English Editor*.

hands, and continued to lavish on me many tokens of interest, till our arrival in Paris. In the garden before the Tuileries, *Barnave* delivered me into the hands of an officer of the national guard, who carried me to the hall of assembly, in the castle. There *M. Hue* took possession of me, and carried me to my apartments, where I was for some time guarded by the officers of the national guard.

All that happened between this period and the 20th of June is well known. I should not allude to these unhappy recollections, if it had not been asserted, very recently, that I was seen that same day in my father's room, at the moment when the misguided populace had just forced the doors of his apartments: this assertion is false. I very well remember that we were in my father's room immediately before,—this fact is true; but as soon as the danger became apparent, from the yells of the mob, my mother hurried my sister and myself into another room, where we remained. It was the Princess de Lamballe, who persuaded my mother to stay with us, for she was bent upon returning to my father, who was in danger. It is important that I should recall this circumstance to the recollection of Madame, because she cannot have forgotten that the princess threw herself into my mother's arms, when she would have returned to the room where my father had remained, with our good aunt Mme. Elizabeth. I here appeal to the testimony of the Duchess of Angoulême her-

self. Will she reject her brother under the vain pretext that he would have forgotten this particular circumstance which I here relate, and the name of her who threw herself into my mother's arms, to prevent her returning to the apartment, the doors of which had already been burst open by the mob.

The other details of this unhappy day are too well known for me to dwell upon them. The fact which I have just mentioned, proves sufficiently that I have forgotten nothing which happened in my presence; from this day forward, my mother was constantly in tears;—this day, which was the fore-runner of the 10th of August.

It is clear then, that I perfectly remember the facts which I have transmitted to my sister, in proof of my identity. Amongst other questions, I have asked her, who was the person who slept in my room on the night of the 9th of August?\*. . . it was my mother, who came to seek some moments of repose, and threw herself, for that purpose, on the bed of the person who sat up with me that night.

The following day we became prisoners, for we quitted the Tuileries to go to the assembly, where we were soon shut up in a kind of prison. I had the more reason to consider it as such, because this *hole* had an iron grating: although Mme. de

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\* (D. 2.)

Tourzel, and the Princess de Lamballe, were shut up with us, it was still my tender mother who kept me in her arms, or on her lap; but the whole of this day I had eaten nothing, except a peach and a morsel of bread. I suffered still more from thirst, for the weather was very hot. Notwithstanding all the endeavours of my good mother, it was impossible to procure the least thing; at length one of our friends, it was the Minister of Justice, took us into another small room, that we might eat a rice soup and some chicken. My father, my mother, and the other persons who were with us, did not partake of our repast; my sister, even, only ate some soup; it was my good aunt, Mme. Elizabeth, who was with us, but she ate nothing. After this repast, we were taken back into the grated prison, where I soon fell asleep on the knees of my good mother. For the correctness of what I here state, I give as witnesses the Duchess of Angoulême, and the Ex-Minister of Justice, M. de Joly, who is still living.

There are some persons of bad faith, who will say, on reading these memoirs: It is impossible that a child of that age\* could remember so ex-

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\* Seven years and a half—Memory is reckoned to extend generally to the age of four years; particular circumstances, of even an earlier period in life, are remembered by many persons, with more or less accuracy. The Dauphin mentions none of earlier date; and, if he does remember facts from 4 to 8 years of age, more accurately, than most children do, this may be accounted for, from the circumstances of his after life. Imprisoned

actly. Here is a proof: after forty-six years, I have again met with M. de Joly. One day he was disputing with me, in the presence of my lawyers, saying, that the grating of which I have spoken, had been taken away the first day; I maintained the contrary, because it was late when we were removed from this place, and the grating was still there; but the next morning on our return it had been taken away. This is perfectly correct, according to many witnesses who are still living.

On leaving this place the first night, we were taken to another building, in which we were confined. I did not know where it was; in the morning, I found myself lying on a sort of mattress on the ground, in another little prison, with Mme. de Tourzel. I eagerly entreated to be taken to my mother; she soon pacified me, for this tender mother was near me with my sister, in a room adjoining, which opened into mine. I have already asked Madame whether she remembers the young man who served us with such chivalrous zeal during our abode at the Feuillans, for those are details *which are known only to my sister*. The public circumstances of those days of our misfortune are known to every one; I would gladly

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from 8 till 10 years old, almost in darkness and in solitude; from 11 till 18, nearly in solitude; and from 19 till 24, in a dark dungeon; he had not, like other children, and young persons, a continued variety and succession of objects and ideas, to efface the impression of former ones. His mind had little else to dwell on, but the recollection of those early events.—*English Ed.*



banish from my mind these painful recollections, if they were not forced upon me, in connection with unknown and unpublished facts; are they not in truth the most convincing proofs that I have nothing in common with those audacious wretches, who have usurped my name and titles; and who have too long made use of them for the purpose of duping others; or, who have acted knowingly as instruments of my persecutors, to stifle the truth! At length we quitted the Feuillans, a theatre of cruel actors, who have so well known how to deceive, rob, dishonour, and murder the French nation in its own name.

My father and mother, my sister, my aunt, and myself, were made to get into a coach; the Princess de Lamballe, Mme. de Tourzel, and her daughter, Pauline de Tourzel, got in with us. It was already full, when three wretches threw themselves in, not to attend or protect us, but to incommode and insult us. At this moment I was standing before Mme. de Tourzel, when immediately my good mother took me on her lap to make more room, and folded me in her arms to protect me from all danger. My father and mother, my aunt, my sister, myself and Mme. de Lamballe, were sitting almost one upon the other, at the back of the carriage. For the correctness of this statement, I appeal to Pauline de Tourzel, now Countess of Béarn, who was in the carriage opposite my mother and me.

We arrived at the Palace of the Temple, and were taken into a tolerably neat apartment, where we remained, I believe, till midnight, when suddenly the traitors took my father from us.

I leave to the Duchess of Angoulême the task of interrogating me, as to what passed among us after this separation. At that moment, the Princess de Lamballe, Mme. de Tourzel, Pauline her daughter, and Mmes. Saint-Brice, Navarre, and Bazire, were with us; M. de Chamilly, and M. Hue had been taken away with my father. The next morning we were all together again, in a tower consisting of four stories. This building had a turret at each of its two angles; that on the right reached in the form of a turret as far as the ground, the other on the left, which looked on the rotunda, began at the room that was occupied by my good aunt Mme. Elizabeth, and my sister. This room had only one window, which was placed between the half-turret of the small tower, and a turret in the angle of the great tower, and looked into the garden. Right under this window was the entrance door, which opened into an avenue of tall and large horse-chesnut trees, where we used to walk. This avenue was on the left side of the garden, which was surrounded by high walls. To enter the small tower, it was necessary to go up some steps, and in the middle of these steps there was a grating, which admitted light to the ground floor of this building, the first story of

which consisted of a single room, with a closet in the turret opposite the entrance, which looked into the court of the Palace of the Temple, and which reached to the ground. This single apartment was preceded by a sort of vestibule, in which there was a small door, which was always kept shut; through this door you reached the staircase, which led to the second floor, occupied by my mother, myself, my good aunt, and my sister. At the bottom of this staircase, in a small room on the right, lived some beings, who had nothing human but their shape, and whose names are unworthy to be traced by my pen.

The second story was composed of a large room, with a closet in the turret which reached to the ground. This room, like that occupied by my good aunt and my sister, had only one window, but larger, and hung with white curtains. This window looked into the court of the Palace, and from it you could easily see all who entered the court and the garden. This room, (after our friends were taken away,) was occupied by me, during the whole time that we remained with my mother in this building. It was separated from that inhabited by my aunt and my sister, by a sort of oblong corridor, which was dark and narrow. In this corridor, two municipal officers, who kept watch over us, even in our room, during the day, slept at night. Notwithstanding these obstacles, my mother corresponded every day with my aunt;

that is why I have published this question, addressed by me, to the Duchess of Angoulême:\*

“What did our mother do every morning before she got up, to communicate with our good aunt?”

If my sister has not replied, that she has been convinced of my identity by this single question, it is because she is surrounded by intriguing persons, whose interest it is to keep her in the dark. Well! I will take her part upon me, and reply in her stead: my mother wrote in bed, in the morning, an account to my aunt, of all her correspondences, whether external or with other friends, for she wrote a great deal. My political enemies will not fail to say, that this could not be, since the municipal officers were there day and night: this objection is just, but my mother possessed all the prudence that her position required; therefore, she never opened her door before the arrival of the faithful Cléry, which did not take place till eight o'clock in the morning. I have also asked my sister who was the bearer of these tidings? she has still remained silent, and for the same reason, I must again answer for her.

My good mother concealed what she wrote in the morning, before she opened the door, for the municipal officers entered with Cléry, and frequently searched the room. I have also asked

my sister : where did she conceal her writings ?  
No answer. Well ! I will declare it :—

It was on her son, it was on me, that the Queen, my mother, concealed the letters that she wrote ; it was I who was made use of when the faithful Cléry could not be employed ; Cléry, faithful to my mother and my aunt, to those two noble spirits, who will never be absent from my recollection. I have also asked my sister : Where, and how, did we exchange our despatches ? it was in the half-turret on the left, in the corner of the room, where there was a closet, to which our good aunt often took me herself under pretence of a natural want, but it was to receive from me what my good mother had concealed on me. You know, Madame d'Angoulême, that our good mother was obliged to act thus, when she was surrounded by such people as those who now abuse your confidence. Alas ! at the time of our common misfortunes, I had at least one consolation, for you were then, my kind and tender sister : but now !!!

Pardon me reader, the human heart is not always equal to the concealment of its sorrows, when torn by the pangs of a moral assassination : nature is too weak to support it under these cruel sufferings ; it is not, however, my sister who inflicts the wound, but those by whom she is surrounded. It will be known who they are, for they will be named in the course of the trial.

The third story, which was occupied by my father, was the same, except that the room had an alcove in which his bed was placed. This alcove was on the left hand going out of my father's room, and right opposite the window, which, like that in my mother's room, looked into the court of the palace. There was no alcove in my mother's room.

The back of the small tower was attached to the great one, and the front of it flanked by two turrets. That which I call the half-turret looked on the rotunda, and that, on the first floor of which was the library, looked into the corner of the court of the palace, so that the small tower faced the enclosure which separated the garden from the various small buildings of the rotunda; but, in one of these turrets there was a small staircase. Might I ask the Duchess of Angoulême in which of them it was, or in which story it began? what was seen at the top, at the end of this staircase? We did not remain long in this building, and it was my father who first quitted the small tower, to be removed with Cléry into the great one. My mother, my aunt, my sister, and myself, remained for some time longer in the small tower. At last, we also were removed into the great tower, where I was given to my father and Cléry; then I never saw my mother, my aunt and my sister, excepting at breakfast, out walking, or at dinner.

The great tower was situated almost in the

middle of the garden ; it was flanked by four turrets, the one in which was the staircase was opposite the palace. It should be observed that the small tower in front of the palace was on the left, and the great tower on the right. The great tower had also four stories, but it was much higher than the small one, and each story had a vaulted ceiling, which was not the case in the other. In the small tower my good mother, my aunt, my sister, and myself occupied the second story, and my father, with Chamilly and Hue, the third ; but, during our abode in the great tower, it was just the contrary : my father, I, and the good Cléry, were confined on the second floor ; and my mother, my aunt, and my sister, were on the third. It will be seen that every thing was changed in the new arrangement of our prisons ; whilst we were in the small tower, the municipal officers did not lodge there ; they remained on the ground floor of the great tower. The ceiling of the first story was vaulted, and supported in the middle by a large square pillar, and at the four corners by four small round pillars. This story consisted only of one square room with three closets in the turrets ; there was not one in the fourth, because it contained the staircase, which began at the bottom, and led to all the stories of the tower. In ascending, this staircase turned to the left, and formed on the second floor, in front of the first door of entrance to the apartments which my father, I,

and Cléry occupied, a landing-place to facilitate the opening of the doors ; for there were two : the first was made of thick wood, entirely covered with large nails and great iron bolts. This enormous door opened from right to left towards the interior of the little turret. On opening this door you found yourself opposite another made entirely of iron, this one also opened from right to left ; but into the ante-room, which preceded my father's room, and which formed one of the four partitions which divided the second story of the tower into four parts. The wainscot of this ante-room was covered with a black and grey paper. This paper was painted in square stones, and represented the vault of a prison. On entering this room you saw opposite, to the left, a folding door, the upper part of which was glazed ; and it was near this door that there was affixed an oblong white paper on which the *Rights of Man* were written in large black characters. This was framed, and the frame was bordered by tri-colored papers. The glass door opened into the dining-room ; on entering the ante-room there were two objects in front of you ; and therefore I have said, that the glass door was opposite on the left hand ; for opposite on the right you saw the door which opened into my father's room. This door was open during the day that the municipal officers might always have their eyes on my father. Frequently those who were the rudest and worst



behaved, did not even leave this room during the whole time they were on guard. It was only at night that this door was shut ; and the municipal officers placed their bed across it, in order that we might not be able to enter their room, for there were some of them who were afraid of us. My father's room had two other doors ; one opening into the dining-room, and the other into Cléry's.

Since my return to my country, M. Letor, who lives in Paris, has given me Cléry's journal, in which I have found the description of the interior of the apartments inhabited by me, my father, and himself. This description cannot be Cléry's, because it is quite incorrect. This work is the property of the Booksellers, Patris and Chaumerot, Jun.; it was printed the 5th of August, 1814, and contains great errors which I shall not think of refuting. It is only necessary to say, that, when the door which opened from my father's room into Cléry's was shut of a night, by the malice of the municipal officers, it was impossible for this faithful servant to come to us, except through the glass door. This precaution was taken in order that Cléry might not be able to enter without awaking the commissaries who slept across the entrance door of my father's room.

I have said that the first story was vaulted, so also was the second, though the vault did not appear, because the four rooms had a ceiling of grey cloth ; so that nothing of the vault was visible,

excepting the pillar placed outside the door of my father's room, and that was visible only in the dining room, it was not seen in the room occupied by the municipal officers. To confirm the truth of this statement, I refer to the testimony of the Duchess of Angoulême. Cléry's room had also a door which opened into the dining-room; on entering by this door, another door which opened into a turret, in which was the closet, was opposite on the left hand. Between the door which opened into Cléry's room and the dining-room, there was a little recess; I shall call the attention of my readers to this circumstance in the course of my history.

The window of my father's room looked into the court of the palace, that of Cléry's, on the street de la Corderie. Cléry's room was the only one on the second story, which had two windows: the one last mentioned was closed in consequence of an act of treachery, which my sister must remember.

Perhaps some individuals, who were living at this unhappy period may still survive, who knew exactly not only the division of the tower, but also what my father's room contained, I here then appeal to their recollections as a proof of the accuracy of mine.

On entering from the ante-room, my father's bed was opposite on the left hand, placed against the partition that separated his room from that of the

faithful Cléry, or on entering by the dining room on the left hand, so that my father, when in bed, had his feet towards the door which led into Cléry's room, and his head opposite the pillar which, as I have said, was visible in the dining room, behind the door which opened on this side into my father's room. Opposite to the bed, between the partition of the ante-room and the window, there was a chimney in the wall: every one may know that there was such a chimney; but where was it placed? That is another question. A large stove in the ante-room inhabited by the municipals, warmed the second story of the tower, either by the ceiling or by the open door. What was the shape of this stove and where was it placed? These are questions the answers to which I reserve to confront the impostor\* whom intriguers design to oppose to me before the tribunals.

In this prison of which I have just given the description, I was confined with my father and the noble Cléry till the day when, separated from my father, I was delivered into the hands of my unhappy mother: but I am ignorant of the date of this event. From that time I lived with my mother, my aunt and my sister, in the third story of the tower which was divided almost like the second, except that my mother's room had no com-

munication with my aunt's, but through the room which was occupied by Tison and his wife.

My mother's room and my aunt's were separated by a wainscot partition. On entering my mother's room, her bed was placed on the left, against this partition; my aunt's bed was on the right on entering her room, so that the two beds were separated only by this partition; mine was placed at the foot of that of my good and tender mother, who awoke at the slightest movement that I made in the night, to ask me if I was not ill. My sister's bed was placed in the same manner in my aunt's room, near the window in the right hand corner. A small closet in the turret, like that in my father's apartment, completed our habitation. In my mother's room there was an arm-chair, the linen of which was green and the wood painted white. I mention this arm-chair because my father used frequently to sleep in it for a short time after his dinner.

I remained in this prison till the moment when I was delivered into the hands of Simon and his wife. Without wishing to excite the compassion of my readers or of those who will judge of my history, I shall not conceal that my cruel separation from my tender mother, my aunt and my sister, made me shed torrents of tears which the harshness of my jailers alone could force me to repress.

This is neither the place nor the time to reveal what tyranny made me suffer in this indescribable

situation of my unhappy childhood. Without succour, without hope, without friends, I was still more unhappy after the removal of Simon and his wife, who had already begun to treat me with less brutality. I was confined alone in the room, before occupied by Cléry. As I have said, this room was then quite transformed into a prison; the door which communicated with the dining room had been removed, and it had been replaced by a sort of stove, which was lighted from the little recess that I have mentioned. The windows were so closed, that I could not see clearly. The door of the turret which opened into Cléry's apartment, and in which was the closet, had been closed: and a night table had been placed in my room, the smell of which became more and more offensive to me.

It has been said that a turning-box had been made in the only remaining door, in which to place my food; this assertion is inaccurate; there was indeed a wicket, but it was only opened by my jailers, when they called me, in order to ascertain that I was still there: the door in which this wicket was, had served before as the entrance to my father's room, and it was by it they entered twice a day to bring me my food. After this removal, it was no longer human voices that I heard, but the howlings of ferocious beasts, who cried out to me almost every moment: "Capet, wolf-cub, son of a viper, come, that I may see you." During

the night, even, I was scarcely asleep, when another cerberus would open the wicket, and force me to appear before him. Worn out with these persecutions, I resolved to die rather than answer.

My prison contained myself, my bed, a chair, an oblong wooden table, underneath it a pitcher of water, and an unfurnished bedstead, which had been Cléry's. In this deplorable state no one thought of providing me with linen or other clothes, and soon, devoured by vermin, and poisoned by the stench of my prison, I became seriously ill. My jailers and two municipal officers entered with some other persons, whom I did not know, and who I thought were doctors, for they questioned me, and entreated me to speak to them, and to tell them what I wanted. I made them no answer. I had many reasons for maintaining silence; and those reasons I have motives for not explaining here. Child as I was, I felt my painful situation, more acutely perhaps than many persons older than myself might have done. Indeed, my tongue was in a manner paralysed at the sight of any of the beings set over me as my guards. They sent me at last an attendant, who on entering my room, accompanied by several municipal officers, asked me many questions. I treated him like the others, and gave him no answer; but, soon after, he had me cleaned by a woman who was unknown to me, which gave me great relief; they gave me some linen, and a greyish coloured coat; my bed

was put in order, and furnished with clean linen ; my room was purified, and the bugs which tormented me dreadfully, were destroyed ; and, in order to give me light, a shutter which obstructed it, was removed.

About this time, some friends had formed the project of rescuing me from my persecutors ; the impossibility of its execution was soon perceived. There was only one access to me, and that was so carefully guarded, that it would have been scarcely possible to bring in, or take out the smallest article without being discovered.

The turret which contained the staircase had only one door, at which a strict watch was kept day and night, inside as well as out. Whoever entered the tower was taken to be searched before the municipal council, who inhabited the ground floor ; on leaving it the same investigation was made by this council, whose door could not be passed without observation, as a sentinel was constantly there on guard, and the staircase which led to all the other stories, communicated also with the ground floor, the only apartment occupied by the members of the municipality. The order was to conduct every one there without exception. The soldiers were lodged on the first story, which was undivided, and consisted of one vaulted room, like that on the ground floor ; when the sentinel on duty on the first floor suspected any one who was going out of the tower, his orders were, as well as for

those who were entering, to bring them before the council, who had each individual escorted out of the tower, by one or two municipal officers. This strict *surveillance* had been enjoined, because the design of carrying me off, had been discovered ; but my friends had sworn to risk their lives to rescue me from the hands of the murderers, who had determined on my death.

Consequently, as it was impossible to get me out of the tower they resolved to conceal me in it, to make my persecutors believe that I had escaped. The idea was a bold one : nevertheless it was the only means of facilitating the escape which they had planned. Nothing was more practicable than to make me disappear for the moment. No one escorted those who carried down to the first floor, the things of which I had made use. My friends were therefore convinced that they would be able to take me up higher without any risk of being discovered. In fact, though my sister was confined in the third story, she had at that time neither sentinel nor municipal officers for her guard. This expedient afforded almost certain prospects of success. Accordingly, one day my protectors gave me a dose of opium, which I took for medicine, and I was soon half asleep. In this state, I saw a child which they substituted for me, in my bed, and I was laid in the basket, in which this child had been concealed, under my bed. I perceived, as if in a dream, that the child was only a wooden



figure, the face of which was made to resemble mine. This substitution was effected at the moment when the guard was changed ; the one who succeeded was contented with just looking at the child to certify my presence, and it was enough for him to have seen a sleeping figure, whose face was like mine; my habitual silence contributed farther to strengthen the error of my new argus. In the mean time, I had lost all consciousness, and when my senses returned, I found myself shut up in a large room, which was quite strange to me ; it was the fourth story of the tower.\* This room was crowded with all kinds of old furniture, among which a space had been prepared for me, which communicated with a closet in the turret, where my food had been placed. All other approach was barricadoed. Before concealing me there, one of my friends, whom I shall name in the course of this history, had informed me in what manner I should be saved, on condition that I should bear all imaginable sufferings without complaining ; adding, that a single imprudent step, would bring destruction on me and on my benefactors ; and he insisted above all, that when I was concealed I should ask for nothing, and should continue to act the part of a really deaf and dumb child.

When I awoke I recollected the injunctions of

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\* (A.)

my friend, and I firmly resolved to die rather than disobey them. I ate, I slept, and I waited for my friends with patience. I saw my first deliverer, from time to time, at night, when he brought me what was necessary for me. The figure was discovered the same night;\* but the government thought fit to conceal my escape, which they believed to have been completed. My friends, on their part, the better to deceive the sanguinary tyrants, had sent off a child under my name, in the direction, I believe, of Strasbourg. They had even countenanced the opinion, and given in-

\* See the date, (7th. Nov.) of Laurenz first letter to "Mon General," (A.) announcing that the concealment of the Dauphin had been effected; which must therefore be supposed to have taken place either very early in November, or quite at the end of October. In the "*Récit des Evénemens arrivés au Temple, par Madame, Duchesse d'Angoulême,*" she says that one night, *at the end of October*, she was awakened by knocking at her door, when she had opened which, she saw Laurenz and two of the municipal officers, *who looked at her, and went away without saying anything*. This agrees very well in date with Laurenz letter; and the sudden intrusion on Madame, in the middle of the night merely to look at her, may be accounted for by the discovery of the wooden figure in the Dauphin's bed the same night; for it was natural, when the municipals missed him, that they should come to ascertain whether or not she was gone too. Of course they would not tell her why they came, and of course Laurenz must come with them to seem ignorant. They had never been in the habit of disturbing her wantonly in the night, as they did the Dauphin, and Laurenz, she says, had always treated her with great civility.

It is true that in the "*Récit,*" Madame describes the declining state of her brother's health till the period of his supposed death in June 1795; but she does not profess to speak from any knowledge of her own, as they were not allowed to meet; and Laurenz, in his letter already alluded to, informs the General that the Dauphin's sister knows nothing of what has taken place, and that prudence constrains him to talk to her of the substituted child as if he was her brother.—*English Ed.*

formation to the government that it was I who had been sent in that direction. The government, in order entirely to conceal the truth, put in the place of the figure, a child of my age\* who was really deaf and dumb, and doubled the ordinary guard, endeavouring thus to make it be believed that I was still there. This increase of precaution prevented my friends from completing the execution of their plan in the manner they had intruded. I remained, therefore, in this vile hole, as if buried alive.

At this time I was about nine years and a half old, and, already accustomed to hardships by my long sufferings, I cared little for the cold that I endured, for it was in the winter that I was imprisoned in the fourth story. My friends had managed to procure the keys of it, to prepare beforehand what was necessary for my abode there. No one could suspect that I was there. This room was never opened. If any one had entered it, they could not have seen me, and the friend who visited me, could only reach me by going on all fours. If he was prevented coming, I waited patiently in my concealment.

Frequently I had to wait for several days the arrival of the beneficent beings who provided me with food. No doubt my readers would wish me

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\* (A.) (J.)

to make known the names of these noble individuals, these magnanimous protectors. I cannot do it in this narrative. Caution is imposed upon me by the intrigues of my political enemies, who intend to oppose an individual to me on my trial,\* by whose means they have already deceived so many to my prejudice: I must therefore reserve myself to meet them before the tribunals. Let my readers then have patience; for these political enemies are most culpable, they are wolves in sheep's clothing, who by their perfidious conduct, have prevented and still prevent the truth reaching my sister. It is they who by their infamous calumnies abuse the confidence of this daughter of the Martyr King, of this virtuous angel, for it is thus they speak of her; but they shrink not from preparing for her new sorrows for the future, by misleading her conscience and refusing her the happiness of recovering her brother. Why all this machiavelian policy? Because the son of Louis XVI does not suit them; therefore have they opposed all my successive efforts to procure my recognition, by combinations of the basest intrigues and by the false dauphins whom they keep always in reserve, and whom they bring forward whenever the real Duke of Normandy raises his voice to claim the justice due to him.

The ministers of a God of peace and truth, have not blushed to disgrace their holy profession in order to give a sacred character, as it were, to falsehood. Some of them regardless of the obligations of religion, by an abuse, of which God will one day demand an account, have alarmed the consciences of upright persons who believed in my existence, and whose minds, painfully affected, sought guides and directors in the spirit of our Divine Saviour's doctrine. In expressing myself thus, it is by no means my intention to excite any feeling of bitterness against any one, least of all against the clergy who have been my enemies. I therefore entreat the reader to bear in mind that my enemies have reduced me, from the indispensable obligation of justifying myself, to the painful necessity, which I most sincerely deplore, of proclaiming these afflicting truths. In the presence of the magistrates who will judge me, in the face of all Europe, each will produce his proofs; there I shall unmask my opponents: they will be confounded with the weight of their malice, which will fall upon their own heads; for woe to them who fear the light. Crime only envelops itself in darkness, truth seeks the light, and I have not ceased to invoke its infallible testimony. Let all honest men then espouse the cause of justice: I call them to my aid, I invite them to open the eyes of the Duchess of Angoulême, to inform this unfortunate sister of the facts which I here advance.

We were still confined in the small tower, when we went down one day to walk in the garden. A young sentinel stationed at the end of the avenue, at the bottom of the garden, made us understand by signs that he was our friend; he had been stationed there to prevent our going farther. This sentinel appeared very young, and though eight or nine and twenty years of age, did not look more than eighteen. It was a woman in disguise, whose husband had been assassinated on the 10th of August.\* Hereafter I shall name this amiable and faithful sentinel, and my sister will be convinced of the truth.

While I was alone, concealed in the fourth story, many occurrences took place, with respect to which, I have reasons, for abstaining from entering into explanations at present. I can only relate what was communicated to me by my friend Montmorin, a friend faithful even unto death, and who was well known to the Duchess of Angoulême under other circumstances.

The revolutionary government, on account of its political position, had judged it expedient not to let the real state of things transpire; consequently they had substituted† a deaf and dumb child in the place of the wooden figure. Notwithstanding this artifice, as there were many persons who were well

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\* (L.) † (A.) (J.)

acquainted with the real Dauphin, orders were given not to admit\* any of those who knew him to prevent all possibility of the secret being betrayed. To verify the existence of the pretended Dauphin, such persons only were sent as were in the secret, or such as were unacquainted with me. I know not how it happened that in spite of all these precautions, it was whispered about that the real Dauphin was no longer in the tower. The agitators were alarmed, and it was decided that the deaf and dumb child should die. For this purpose deleterious ingredients were mixed with his food which made him ill, and in order to avert the suspicion of poison, M. Dessault was called in, not to cure him, but to counterfeit humanity. M. Dessault visited the child and soon perceived that some kind of poison had been given to him: he ordered an antidote to be prepared by his friend the apothecary Choppart, telling him at the same time that the child he was attending was not the son of Louis XVI, whom he had formerly known. M. Dessault's disclosure was repeated: the murderers of my family, seeing that the life of the dumb child was prolonged in spite of their attempts to poison him, substituted for him a rickety child† from one of the hospitals in Paris. This measure also quieted the apprehensions they had entertained

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\* (B.) † (B.)

that by some accident the deaf and dumb child might be discovered to be really such; and in order to secure themselves against any farther betrayal of the secret, they poisoned Dessault\* and Choppart. The last child substituted was attended by physicians who† never having seen either the real Dauphin or the sick child, naturally believed that it was I whom they were attending.

Here are the proofs of what I advance:—while still confined with my father and Cléry, some devoted friends had laid a plan for carrying off my father and myself, by night, while trustworthy men should have been on guard. It was the will of Providence that this plan should be betrayed, and to prevent its execution, our gaolers ordered a bolt to be placed inside the door of the ante-room, where two municipal officers slept at night, shut up with us. It was a certain means of preventing any surprise, as they were obliged to go themselves to open the door to whoever demanded admittance to the ante-room. In order to fix this bolt, two workmen were sent one day to make two holes in the wall; one of them, during breakfast, approached my father, with whom I was in the ante-room, and made signs to him; no one else was present, when he delivered three *rouleaux* of gold, of which at that time we

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\* (F.) † (H.)



were in need.\* He was on the point of making other communications to my father, when he was called away; my father fearing that a discovery had taken place, concealed the gold upon me and made the workman leave us. The fear was unfounded: some days after my father desired me to give one of these rouleaux to my aunt. The man who had brought them, was named J— P—. This worthy man had received from my father, a letter for our friends without, and by his conduct he had gained the highest confidence; accordingly at a later period he was employed to attempt my deliverance, for which purpose, some individuals, high in the revolutionary government, had received large sums from a powerful personage. J. P. presented himself, and received not me, but the dumb child in my stead. In accordance with the orders which had been given him, he took the child to Mme. Josephine Beauharnais, who became afterwards Empress of the French. On seeing the child, she exclaimed: "Unhappy man! what have you done? By this mistake you have given up the son of Louis XVI, to his father's murderers." Josephine had been well acquainted before with the real Dauphin, and also with the dumb child; for it was she who had procured him for Barras, when he was substituted in

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\* (K.)

the place of the wooden figure. The truth of these facts will be undeniably proved in a court of justice. The dumb child then had been taken away instead of me, and I still languished in the Tower. Observe, that the important personage who had supplied the money for my escape, had been deceived; the removal of the dumb child was not the work of my friends, and this circumstance explains Mme. Beauharnais's exclamation: "Unhappy man! what have you done?" She thought for the moment that the plan had been betrayed, that, taken back to my former apartments, my destruction was now inevitable, and that Barras\* had made use of this subterfuge to extricate himself from difficulty. She was ignorant at that time that the dumb child had been exchanged for a sick one. Urgent motives constrained the revolutionary government to accelerate the death of this unfortunate victim. He died, I am told, on June 8th 1795, and after the post mortem examination, the body was deposited in a coffin, preparatory to interment. This coffin was placed in the room formerly inhabited by my father. While this was doing, a strong dose of opium had been given to me. I was placed in the coffin, whence the dead child was withdrawn, and all was completed just at the moment when the

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\* (A.) (B.)

coffin was sent for to be conveyed to the grave. No sooner was the dead child concealed in the fourth story, the place where I had been, than my friends, informed of what was passing, placed the coffin, with me in it, in a carriage.\* Those who were not in the secret, thought that I was going to be buried. But the carriage had been prepared for the purpose. On the way to the burial ground, I was put into a box, at the bottom of the carriage, and the coffin was filled with rubbish to give it sufficient weight, and as soon as it was deposited in the grave, my friends re-entered Paris with me. There I was entrusted to the hands of other friends but I have not the slightest recollection of any of the circumstances of the moment. When I awoke I found myself in a bed, in a very neat apartment, alone with my nurse, who was Mme. \*\*, † the young sentinel of the Temple Garden. Most fortunately this business was executed with despatch, for scarcely was I in a place of safety, when the whole secret was discovered. But notwithstanding all the endeavours of my persecutors to regain possession of me, I was safe and well concealed. Already it began to be publicly rumoured that it was not I who had been buried. These reports alarmed the government, which gave orders to its agents to disinter the coffin, to nail it down close,

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\* (I.) † (I.)

and to bury it elsewhere,\* that in case of search it might not be found. But, in addition to these precautions, search was made in all quarters, on various pretences. My friends fearing that I might be discovered, disguised me, and sent me in a carriage out of Paris, thinking it expedient to remove me from the capital. At the same time, to put my enemies upon a wrong scent, they sent off a child, a native of Versailles, with his parents, intending him to pass for me. Devoted friends received me on my route with the greatest discretion, and the tenderest care; it was intended to convey me to the Vendean army. The most delicate attentions which were lavished upon me, could not preserve me from an illness which was the inevitable consequence of all the sufferings which I had endured; and, under which my health at length gave way. I remained alone with Mme. \*\*, who never left me, and nursed me with the tenderest affection. As soon as I became convalescent, she commenced instructing me in the German language, that I might the more easily pass for her son. She was born in Switzerland,† and, as I have already said, was the widow of one of the victims of the 10th of August: During the whole time that I remained with her, in the chateau of one of my friends, I saw no one.

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\* (O.) † (L.)

One day, only, there came three persons, dressed in a uniform with which I was unacquainted; she told me that they were General Charette, and two of his friends.

My illness was of long duration, and shewed itself in an extraordinary form; all my joints were swollen, and I walked with difficulty: when ulcers broke out spontaneously over my whole body, the scars of which I bear to this day. This crisis relieved the violent pains which I was suffering, and by degrees my cure was completed.

The utmost caution did not succeed in preventing our being betrayed: some *gendarmes* one night entered our dwelling, tore me from my bed while I was with Mme.\*\*\*, and took me back to prison. While at the chateau, I knew that a Mr. B. whom I shall mention hereafter as well as a Swiss, a native of Geneva, was in communication with Mme.\*\*; he had also another friend, formerly *dame du palais* to my excellent mother. It was they who then furnished us with all that was necessary. I have seen Mr. B. at a distance, always disguised as an old peasant; but at that time I was not acquainted with him. He was in communication with Mme. Beauharnais, who again procured my escape from prison. I was delivered into the hands of Mr. B. with whom I found a young girl named Marie, and his huntsman Jean, whose real name was Montmorin. My readers, as well as all true Frenchmen, will have occasion to admire,

in the course of my history, his devoted fidelity.

These two friends thenceforward managed my affairs. They sent for a man and his son who was about my age. This man received a sum of money sufficient to enable him to embark for America, and when these measures were taken, we set out ourselves for Venice, where we remained some time. At length we proceeded to Trieste, and from thence to Italy, where we were secretly protected by the Holy Father Pius VI. I have in my possession the translation of a document in Latin which concerns me, signed by him: *Pius Sextus*. I have called him the Holy Father: yes, reader, he was so in the fullest sense of the words. I have never since seen, a more noble or more venerable old man, a sovereign who has had no imitators. It was in Italy that Mme.\*\* rejoined me with her second husband.\* Sometime after this happy reunion, the man and his son who had embarked before us, returned also, to wait upon us. This happiness however was of short duration, for the revolutionary army penetrated into Italy, my persecutions recommenced and we were forced to conceal ourselves. We buried secretly what little treasure we possessed, and left our asylum in the middle of the night. But it was too late, for a horrible treachery which I will

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\* (I.)

not now relate, precipitated me into new calamities. The man and his son had disappeared, and the house which we had till then occupied and which belonged to a friend of the Holy Father was set on fire; we took flight and in a few days we were sailing for England.

My misfortunes have been unparalleled: but, it not being my aim to excite compassion, I here relate only a small part of them; those circumstances alone which will form documents useful to my cause. I cannot then pass over in silence the horrible assassination of Mr. B. and the young Marie. Subsequently to this deplorable event, I was taken at sea, and brought back into France against my will; the only one of my friends who escaped my persecutors was Montmorin, and unknown to me he secretly followed my steps. Immediately after my disembarkment in France, I was put in prison. While there\* two strangers, whose names are yet unknown to me, visited me, and endeavoured to persuade me to become a monk, assuring me that it was my only means of safety. I resisted their proposal; and after a long interrogatory they left me. Some time after, I was taken in the middle of the night on board a small vessel, and conveyed to a port, where armed men were waiting with a carriage to receive me. After

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\* (L.)

travelling four days and four nights I was again put into prison. A woman apparently, but as I thought a man in the disguise of a woman, was the only person that I saw. This person waited on me. I was cruelly treated in this prison in which I remained till the end of 1803. Montmorin broke my chains, and I again recovered my liberty by the assistance of the good Josephine : she had found means to deceive her husband Napoleon\* with the aid of the minister Fouché. During the winter, until the commencement of 1804, my friends exerted themselves in my behalf; Pichegru† was sent to the Count de Provence to consult with him respecting me. Will the world believe that this relative, deaf to the voice of nature, and listening only to the dictates of a selfish ambition, took advantage against me of the information given him by Pichegru, abused the confidence of my friends, and betrayed my last asylum. Obligated to fly, we directed our steps towards Ettenheim in Germany, the residence of the Duke d'Enghien, who had been informed of the fact of my existence, when he had repaired privately to Paris, I was arrested in the environs of Strasbourg, and placed in solitary confinement, in the fortress of that town, until some gendarmes came to fetch me. I was put into a post chaise,

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\* (T.) † (J.)



and travelled three days and three nights, without stopping; in the middle of the third night, I was confined in a dungeon, which I will describe.

We arrived, I believe at midnight; I was made to get out of the carriage, and walk some distance. We stopped before a door which led into a lofty building: my conductors opened this door, beyond which we passed through a corridor, which turned so often to the right and to the left, that I no longer knew in what direction I was going. I was lodged in a dark dungeon, which had no other opening than the door; there I was shut in, and I immediately knew by the sound of their receding steps, that my conductors were leaving me. The darkest night surrounded me. I know not how long I had remained in this situation, when the bolts were undrawn, and a man with a dark lantern appeared, who brought me a soup, which seemed to me to be made with wine, and which he made me eat in his presence. This man was my gaoler; he made me lie down and left me. The soup was very hot. It refreshed me greatly after my cruel fatigues, and I immediately fell asleep. When I awoke I looked for light in vain. I could scarcely believe at first that my dungeon had no window, I therefore thought that I had slept through the whole of the day, and that I had only awakened during the second night. I thought so the more when I saw my gaoler return with his lantern. This time he did not bring me a good soup made

with wine: but he placed upon my rough wooden table, a pitcher of water and a small round loaf of about two or three pounds weight, curiously cut in the form of a screw, without any of them being separated. He left me without saying a word. Notwithstanding the bitterness of my grief, I again fell asleep, and re-awoke in total darkness. I got up, for I was hungry, and felt my way to the table on which I found the pitcher: the bread was gone. I then imagined that there were other living creatures with me in my dungeon. I threw myself again on my bed of straw; sleep no longer visited my eye-lids. The cravings of hunger were too painful. Watchful for the slightest sound, it was not long before I heard the footsteps of my gaoler, the sound of the bolts, and the opening of the door. This man reminded me of a spectre in the legends of former times. He had brought me some bread and water. In vain I asked him who had taken the bread which I had not eaten; in vain I entreated him to tell me where I was. He made no reply, but withdrew in silence. I immediately ate the half of my loaf, drank some water, and laid myself down again. On awaking, I sought for the remainder of my provision, but it was gone, as before. I was therefore obliged to wait in patience for the return of my gaoler. I now thought I could perceive some light; whether that my eyes were becoming more accustomed to the darkness, or that the light were really stronger.

I perceived in the roof of my dungeon, one spot through which a few rays of light penetrated into the tomb where I was buried alive. I could just distinguish my hands, when I passed them before my eyes, as well as the space of light. These were the only objects visible; it was utterly impossible for me to see down to the ground.

I know not how many days I had languished in this horrible confinement, my bread being frequently stolen from me without my being able to discover the thief. The hunger which tormented me taught me prudence. As soon, therefore, as I had received my provisions, after having eaten the half of my loaf, I wrapped the remainder in the blanket with me when I lay down again. This precaution did not, however, prevent its disappearance. Having noticed at times a noise around me, of which I could not guess the cause, I determined to penetrate the mystery; wrapping myself up, as usual, with the remainder of my loaf, I pretended to sleep; soon some guests, which appeared to me about the size of a rabbit, began running over me; I raised my right hand suddenly to seize one of them, but scarcely had I caught it, when I felt one of my fingers bitten. Frightened at this, I quickly let go my hold; the blood was flowing copiously, and I felt a sharp pain. The scar which I still have on that finger bears witness to the truth of this recital. Intimidated by this discovery, I was obliged thenceforward to eat

the whole of my loaf at once, if I would avoid sharing it with my long-tailed neighbours ; for I concluded that they were large rats, of which I afterwards became convinced. I was often trampled over by these animals as I lay on my bed. When I did not leave them any thing to satisfy their voracity, they were much more noisy, and when I voluntarily threw food upon the ground for them, they made a noise like little pigs. Better than some men, they never did me any other injury than to steal my bread, from the instinct of self-preservation. Men, on the contrary, have assailed both my life and my honour.

My bed was composed of a bundle of straw, and a woollen blanket, spread on the ground in a corner of my cold damp dungeon, which was square and vaulted. I never received any linen or clothing. The time came when I was without a shirt. My coat and trowsers were worn to shreds, and, to cover myself, I was obliged to wrap my body in the blanket, gnawed through and through by the rats, who, probably, had nestled their young in it. I was nineteen years of age when I was buried in this dark dungeon, where the light of the sun, or of the moon never reached me. All idea of day was effaced from my mind, as well as that of the division of time. I imagined from the worn state of my clothes, that my captivity had lasted at least half a century. I knew every step of my dungeon, and my ears readily

caught the most distant sound of my gaoler's feet. With this exception, I heard no sound but that of the beating of drums, which appeared to me like the rolling of distant thunder. The space in the roof through which the air or the light might have penetrated more freely, gave me the idea of being at the extremity of a long tube, which appeared to terminate in dirty water, through which the sun might shine, or which was covered with cobwebs. The space between the walls formed a square of about twelve feet. Alone, in this hidden spot, abandoned by the whole world, I reflected with bitterness that I had no longer any friends; I considered myself as having anticipated the hour of my final interment. My hair, which I had not the means of cutting, became long and curly, my beard had grown, and when I touched my face with my hands, I could have fancied myself a wild beast. My nails were so long that they broke in bits, and I could only avoid the pain which was the consequence, by biting them with my teeth. I despaired of ever again beholding the surface of the earth, when I was one night suddenly awakened by two persons who called me by my name. I arose, wrapped in my blanket, in a pitiable state of dirt, and covered with the dust of the straw, which never having been changed, was ground to powder under me. At the appearance of extreme misery of which my whole person presented so afflicting a spectacle, my liberators exclaimed with an

emotion of surprise and compassion : " Why ! what does this mean ? " My gaoler, who was present with his lantern, made an affirmative motion of his head, saying ; " Yes, yes, it is he himself." This man had a long scar on his left cheek, probably occasioned by a sabre cut ; he took hold of my hand to shew a scar on one of my fingers, with the cause of which my friends were acquainted. These courageous friends took me immediately out of the dungeon. The instant I breathed the fresh air I fainted away. When I recovered my senses I found myself in a carriage, which was going with such rapidity that one might have fancied it had wings. We arrived the same night at a new place of refuge, where I was concealed in an isolated apartment, which I never ventured to leave, for fear of being re-apprehended. There I received from my friends the tenderest attention. Their assiduous cares could not, however, avert from me a serious illness which assumed the most alarming character, and threatened by terminating my sufferings in a premature death, to annihilate at once all the hopes of my friends, and to render vain the noblest efforts of their devotion ; so many fatigues, so many perils braved on my account. But Providence who watched over me, reserved me for a future destiny, from which I do not seek to withdraw the veil. I recovered almost miraculously, and scarcely could I support myself on my legs, when my asylum was discovered by my persecutors. I im-

mediately fled, accompanied only by the faithful Montmorin. Harassed and worn out by so many sufferings, we arrived at Francfort on the Maine, in Germany, where we rested for some days, and exchanged our clothes at a Jew's. We were then in the spring of 1809. While in this town, I learned from my friend Montmorin, that I had been confined about four years in the dungeon which I have described: I was four and twenty years old. In reckoning the whole period of my confinement, from my imprisonment with my family in the tower of the Temple, I had at this time endured seventeen years of more or less rigorous captivity, for even when in the care of my friends I was little more than a captive. Knowing that Madame Josephine had been my protectress, I enquired of Montmorin, why she had allowed me to remain so long in my last miserable situation? I learnt that her husband Bonaparte had discovered the secret of her co-operation in rescuing me from his persecuting power, and that to dissuade her from thus continually counteracting the orders that he issued against me, he gave her to understand that it was his intention to secure the throne of France to her son Eugene in the event of his own death. This woman, whose loyalty was otherwise unquestionable, had not been able to withstand so powerful a temptation to her vanity and her ambition. Montmorin added: "It is she however who has saved you this last time, having revealed the place

of your confinement to your friends, which but for her they would never have known. Think not," continued he, "that her conduct was dictated by any noble motive; no, it was the result merely of a selfish policy; her husband's design is to separate from her after your death, and to marry again. This is the cause to which you may ascribe your present liberty."\*

During the period of my imprisonment in the tower of the Temple with my father and Cléry; many friends were contemplating delivering me out of the hands of my enemies. My good mother

• "Mort de Joséphine."

"Une maladie violente termina sa vie avec le règne de son ingrat mari. Cette mort, qui arrivait si à propos, ouvrit carrière à d'étranges soupçons. On murmura certains mots d'un personnage, sur qui elle pouvait faire des révélations dangereuses, et le peuple, qui aime toujours l'extraordinaire, voulut en voir dans la fin prématurée de la première épouse de Bonaparte."—*Mémoires d'une Femme de Qualité*, sur Louis XVIII, sa cour et son règne. (published in 1829.)

The "*Femme de Qualité*" gives no clue to the name of the "personnage" here alluded to: but some English ladies, related to a part of the Editor's family, who were in Paris last spring, heard (not from any friend of the Dauphin's) that the report at the time of the death of Joséphine in 1814, was that she had been poisoned, on account of her having said to the Emperor Alexander, when he visited her at Malmaison, talking of the restoration of the Bourbons. "*Pour la légitimité, Sire, vous n'y êtes pas encore.*" There could at that time be no other "*légitimité*" than that of Louis XVIII, unless Louis XVII were still living. The suspicions, therefore, to which the death of Josephine gave rise, however groundless as to the fact of her having come unfairly by her end, prove, at least, a popular belief in France, as early as the year 1814, not only that the Dauphin had escaped from the Temple, but also that Josephine had been concerned in, or at least cognizant of his escape, and are so far corroborative of this narrative; in which, as has been already seen, Josephine is said to have procured his escape from prison no less than four times.—*English Ed.*



herself indulged this hope. Accordingly, she described in her own hand-writing all the natural marks on my person, that in case of my escape, I might under any circumstances, be recognized. This paper, with other proofs, was in the possession of Montmorin, and in order to secure them he had sewed them into the collar of my great coat, earnestly recommending me never to part with them, as they would form undeniable proofs of my identity to all the sovereigns of Europe. Hence arose the report that the queen of France had marked her children, with a ring, or by tatooing them, or by some other means; and more especially that she had marked her son's left thigh with the representation of the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove. I here assert that all these accounts are erroneous, and in support of my assertion I appeal to the Duchess of Angoulême herself.\* It is, however, true that nature has imprinted on my left thigh the resemblance of a dove flying downwards with outspread wings. This mark, formed by the veins, was accurately described by my mother; and my father in attestation of the correctness of the description signed it himself, and sealed it with the seal he used in the tower of the Temple.

As soon as we received tidings from my friends in France, accompanied by a letter of credit, we

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\* (D. 2.)

hastily quitted Francfort, and travelled post on the road to Bohemia. After travelling sometime we arrived in Germany, where we found, in a town, situated in the middle of a valley on the banks of the Elbe, a man who conducted us to the Duke of Brunswick from whom we received letters of recommendation for Prussia. We rested in a small town called Semnicht on the frontier of Austria, then we set out for Dresden, where we were refused admittance. We were obliged to make a great circuit and at length reached the kingdom of Prussia. We alighted in a village, and we lodged in an inn the name of which has escaped my memory. It was evening and we were exceedingly fatigued ; consequently as soon as we had supped, we retired to rest in a sort of bed-room. We had just fallen into a deep sleep, when we were awakened, arrested as spies, as we were told, and conducted before the commandant of a small body of troops, which had that same evening taken up its quarters in that neighbourhood ; it was Major de Schill. My friend Montmorin delivered to him the Duke of Brunswick's letter, he appeared perfectly satisfied, and kept us with him until his little army was cut to pieces by the Westphalians : during our march I knew very little of what was going on, but I heard speak of a junction with the Duke of Brunswick. Every day we were pursued by a strong body of troops who finally attacked us in a town. The brave commandant, as he had not the means of protecting

us, sent us away under an escort of cavalry, at the head of which was a young officer, a German count, who was called, if my memory does not deceive me, Veptel or Vetel. We fell into the hands of the enemy, who rushed upon us in a body; we endeavoured to escape, but we were obliged to defend ourselves, for our opponents cried "no quarter." The young count alone, who was well mounted, succeeded in escaping. My faithful Montmorin fell by my side, sword in hand, his head cloven by a wretch who struck him from behind; he had previously lost his schako. I was wounded myself; when I was fired on, my horse fell dead, my left foot, still in the stirrup, was under him; and, in spite of all my efforts, I was not able to extricate myself. A foot soldier drew near and gave me a heavy blow on the head with the butt end of his musket. I felt as if struck by a thunder-bolt, and was so giddy, that every thing seemed to be whirling round me. I know not how long I remained in this state; when I recovered my senses, I found myself in a hospital. My head was still strangely confused, and all those who surrounded me appeared to me like giants; my limbs, my fingers for example, seemed the length of pine trees, and my legs as thick and as heavy as barrels. In this painful state, I felt myself one day laid on some straw in a cart; a circumstance which to this day, recurs to my recollection as if it had been a dream. When nearly recovered, I

found myself in the fortress of Wesel, on the frontier of France. Among the prisoners there confined, several who had belonged to the armies of Brunswick and of Schill, were illegally condemned, by the order of Napoleon, to the galleys at Toulon. I was in the number of these unfortunate victims of despotism, without knowing why. We were transferred to the interior of France, from one prison to another, like common malefactors. I had not a penny wherewith to supply my wants. On the field of battle, nothing was left me but my great coat, which I found on my bed in the hospital of Wesel. We were treated with such harshness on our way by the French who escorted us, that even those, who would have had compassion on us, were driven away with these cries; "They belong to the hands of Brunswick and Schill." I fell ill again in consequence of this treatment, for I was not entirely recovered, and the escort was obliged to leave me in a village, where I had fallen senseless. A small thick rain, which soon wetted me through, roused me from my lethargy. I could not stand; a woman, and her daughter, I believe, drew near and offered me their assistance. I was dying with thirst, and in a burning fever, and my head was so giddy that every thing seemed to turn round. I tried in vain to speak, the motion of my lips shewed that I was parched with thirst. This woman brought me some milk of which I drank plentifully. At length a cart arrived and I was

conveyed to the neighbouring town. There I met with a convalescent soldier, of the name of Friedrichs a Hussar of Schill's regiment, who was called simply Frederic. Friedrichs soon recognised me, and, being sure of my discretion, he persuaded me to escape with him. It was not long before this project was put in execution. As soon as my health was restored, we took advantage of a stormy night. We went down into a cellar, which I could have taken for a vault, for there were boxes in it which resembled coffins. From thence we had only to get through a small oval window, the divisions of which were formed by an iron cross, which prevented our sliding out. The chests of which I have spoken served us as a scaffolding, and we soon broke the iron cross which was already much worn by rust: we got out and found ourselves in an enclosure surrounded by very high walls, and guarded by two sentinels, who, to shelter themselves from the pelting rain, had gone into their sentry boxes. Great caution was necessary, as the slightest noise might attract their attention. I was obliged to serve as a ladder to Friedrichs, who got first upon the wall. He carried with him a wallet, the contents of which were then unknown to me. This wallet served me as a rope by which to climb up after him. Notwithstanding which assistance and my utmost efforts, I could not succeed. I made a noise, and immediately a "*qui vive*" from all sides sounded in my

ears. Whether it were from the fear of being retaken, or from the special assistance of Providence, I found myself in an instant, without well knowing how, by the side of my companion on the top of the wall. We did not jump down on the other side but dropped into a deep ditch. My fall was far from fortunate, for I was disabled from walking. I do not know how it happened that we were not pursued. Friedrichs took me on his shoulders, and notwithstanding he was thus incumbered, it was not long before we reached a small wood, in the thickest part of which he laid me down. There he set my foot, which had been dislocated by my fall, and succeeded so well, that in a short time I felt no more pain. It was still raining, and it was so dark, that we could only see our road by the occasional flashes of lightning. The storm gradually abated, and day appeared. We imagined ourselves to be already far from the place we had left, and we were seeking a spot where we might conceal ourselves, but what was our dismay and alarm, on finding that we were still at the same point from which we had set out the preceding evening; and that, deceived by the darkness of the night, we had only made a circuit which had brought us back to the same spot. We perceived some movement in the distance. It might be workmen: but we thought it was people in pursuit of us. Happily the corn which was high and very thick offered us a shel-

ter. We accordingly determined to conceal ourselves in a field till the night. Good God! what a dreadful day! Never will the recollection of it be effaced from my memory. The rain had continued till about ten o'clock, and it was near eleven when we had laid ourselves down in the mud. The sky had cleared, and we were exposed to the rays of a burning sun, by which we were so scorched, that we were obliged to turn first one side and then the other to the damp earth, to cool ourselves. When evening came, instead of resembling human beings, we had more the appearance of two unclean animals who had been wallowing in the mud. During the whole day we had taken no nourishment. To moisten our tongues we were obliged to chew the stalks of the corn. Nevertheless, in the midst of these sufferings and painful privations, as soon as the sun had sunk so low that its rays no longer reached us, we fell asleep, and night was already begun when Friedrichs woke me that we might pursue our journey. We suffered so much from hunger and thirst, that we were obliged to go into a garden to strip some trees. I think it belonged to a small isolated hamlet. We quickly leaped the hedge and proceeded to search the trees. Green pears and sour apples served us for breakfast, dinner and supper: we filled our pockets with them and continued our nocturnal journey. At the dawn of each day we concealed ourselves either in a forest, a thicket,

or among the standing corn. We could travel only by night, as neither of us had a passport.

It is not my intention to relate here the long series of sufferings with which this journey was attended. I shall confine myself to what is indispensable to the connexion of facts in the slight sketch I am giving of my history. Passing then rapidly over such circumstances as would only serve as food for curiosity, I shall at once transport myself into Germany, in which country we arrived after a thousand vicissitudes: there I had the grievous misfortune to lose my friend Friedrichs, and in the following manner. During our laborious journey, he had undertaken, to use his own expression, to go foraging for us, when he thought the opportunity favourable. I know not by what means he succeeded so well. He always left me concealed with his wallet, and his return constantly brought us a supply of bread, cheese, fruit, &c. We reached the frontier of Westphalia, one day, after having walked the whole night, soaked through with rain, which fell in torrents, and when the dawn began to appear we took refuge in a forest; there we found a hollow tree; we got into it to wait for the moment when Friedrichs was to go in quest of provisions. We always had the precaution to stop in the neighbourhood of some village, even when we might have prolonged our route. Frequently also fatigue, or other obstacles, obliged us to halt sooner than we should have wished.



It was about nine o'clock: I remained in the hollow oak with Friedrichs' wallet by my side, and I fell asleep as usual, feeling no uneasiness respecting my friend, whilst he was fulfilling his habitual task. During his absence a large black dog discovered my retreat, and his master, who followed him, drew me out of the hollow oak: he was a shepherd, who was keeping his sheep in the neighbourhood. He took me for a Westphalian deserter, and my situation excited his compassion, for he had himself a son in the army of Napoleon in Spain. He tried to persuade me to remain with him until evening, promising to conceal me for some days in his hay-loft, that I might recruit myself a little, as he said. I explained to him that I was not alone, and that I must therefore wait the return of my comrade, who was gone to the neighbouring village to procure some food. The shepherd asked the description of Friedrichs, and on hearing it, he exclaimed, "Ah! you will not see that good man again, the *chevaliers de la corde* have taken him. They passed by with him not long since in their way to the next town." "What are the *chevaliers de la corde*?" said I. "They are," replied he, "the new gendarmes, who are called here *Stric Vereiter*." This being the case, he succeeded in persuading me to accept his benevolent offer, and prevailed on me to abandon the execution of a plan I had hastily formed of going in search of my companion. He pointed

out to me that Friedrichs would in all probability be better able to effect his escape without me ; while yet speaking, as if to insure my compliance and oblige me to accompany him, he took possession of Friedrichs' wallet, and placed it on his shoulder. Towards evening, I followed him to his house, where he presented me to his old wife whom he called mother ; adding, " Here is also an unfortunate son ; be kind to him, and, perhaps, the Almighty will protect our child in Spain ;" and then, the old couple wept—for he was their only son. I shared their supper, and was afterwards conducted to the hay-loft, where I was to sleep. The good woman bestowed on me every possible kindness and attention. I enjoyed their benevolent hospitality until the morning of the third day, when the good shepherd conducted me on the high road a considerable distance from his village. He gave me, with Friedrichs' wallet, three pieces of silver, some bread, and half a black pudding, bidding me adieu, and adding " God protect you. There is no need for you to know my name or that of my village." He turned and was soon out of sight. He had refused to put it in my power to testify my gratitude to him on some future day, by informing me how I might hereafter find him or any of his family. An old soldier himself, he feared lest he might be compromised by the indiscretion of a young man whom he imagined to be a deserter.

When this good old man appeared before me for the first time while in the hollow oak, I thought he was a being of another world, so much was I surprised at the singular manner in which he was dressed. He had on his head a hat of black felt shaped like a horn behind, and to protect his eyes from the sun it had a broad sloping brim which shaded his face. He wore a kind of great coat of white cloth, and a leather bag ornamented with fringe hung over his shoulder : in his hand he held a long pole at the end of which there was a sort of little spade, which he used to throw the earth upon his sheep. His boots were of so strange a form, that they looked as if they belonged to another century, and his long hair as white as snow flowed upon his shoulders. I have always retained a pleasing recollection of this man.

I continued my pilgrimage, and soon arrived in Saxony, where, as the shepherd had informed me, I no longer had to fear the *gendarmes* during the day. He had also advised me to follow the plan at night, adopted by Friedrichs, of sleeping in the open air. Accordingly, changing only the time of my rest, I travelled by day, and at night slept under the canopy of heaven. Friedrichs had persuaded me to enter the Prussian service, I therefore directed my steps towards the town of Berlin, the only one that I knew of where I could put my plan into execution. I asked the way of all those whom I met ; but whether they did not

understand my questions, or whether they imagined that I asked in joke, they directed me at random, so that I ended by going directly opposite to my destination. In the course of this wandering, I found myself one day in a large forest, to which I could see no end. I was tormented by thirst, and I sought among the bushes for some fruit to refresh me. I found a kind of wild black raspberries growing on a very thorny stem: but in seeking for them I had completely lost my way. In the midst of this embarrassment I heard behind me the sound of a postillion's horn. I turned round and perceived a post chaise at some distance from me. Having regained the high road, I seated myself while waiting for the carriage, on a stone which bore the inscription: *Doctor Martin Luther*. It drew near and I begged the postillion to inform me if I was on the road to Berlin, and if he was going there. A young man who was in the chaise cried: "*Stop, beau frère*," an expression of the country, and immediately questioned me either from motives of curiosity, or through the interest with which my pitiable condition inspired him. Touched, no doubt, by my answers, he offered me a place beside him, saying that he would take me as far as Wittenberg. I accepted the offer without hesitation and got into the carriage. On our road he questioned me a great deal and enquired what was in my wallet. "I do not know," replied I, "for it belongs to my comrade, and I have not examined it."

“That is strange,” answered he, and at the same time he took hold of it to look. Having pulled out nothing but rags, my new protector began to laugh and joke, at the same time advising me to throw the bag away, as it might compromise me. He seized the rags himself and was about to throw them out of the window, when suddenly checking himself he exclaimed: “Stop, there is something else inside,” and with his pen-knife he cut open the seams. We found wrapped up in several pieces of rag, more than sixteen hundred francs in gold. Oh! exclaimed the stranger eagerly, your comrade had a noble heart; since he left you his money when he was arrested, at the very moment when he saw himself replunged in misery, though he might have recovered it if he had chosen. No doubt he preferred to lose all, rather than betray you. Ah! what a generous soul repeated he. We reached Wittenberg and I alighted with the young traveller at the hotel of the *Grappe d'or*. Our first care was to change my clothes. He shaved me himself and dressed my hair, and soon I was no longer to be recognised. “Now,” said this beneficent stranger, “how shall we manage to get you over the Prussian frontier? they are very strict there, and you have no passport. Well,” said he to himself, “we’ll find a way.” He sent for a person who lent him his carriage, in which I was conveyed the following day to Treinpretzen, the first town on the frontier of Prussia. There he again

took me in the post chaise as far as Potsdam, whence he had me conveyed in another private carriage to Berlin, where he was already arrived, having set out before me; and he lodged me in the hotel *de l'Aigle Noir*.

After some days repose, I made enquiries about the regiment of which Friedrichs had spoken to me; I addressed myself to the commandant and replied to his questions according to the instructions of my friend, but this officer informed me that his Majesty did not admit foreigners. Mortified at this refusal, and particular circumstances having prevented my approaching the King, to apply to him as I had been advised to do; I was obliged to adopt another resolution and so much the more as my money, or rather Friedrichs', was much diminished. This was towards the end of the year, 1810. Accordingly in order to earn my bread, I set up as a watchmaker, *Schutz en Strasse*, No. 52, in an apartment which I hired. I had just made acquaintance with a watchmaker named Pretz, from whom I purchased a watch. I afterwards became acquainted with another named Weiler,\* who assisted me at my outset in business, so that my affairs soon assumed a favorable aspect. But it was not long before the magistrate began to raise difficulties on account of my not

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\* (F. 2.) M. Laprade's letter from Dresden.

having had authority to follow my trade ; I was summoned to appear before him : according to the advice of Weiler, I claimed the freedom of the city of Berlin. I was required to deposit in the magistrate's office, my passport, the register of my birth, and a certificate of good conduct from the magistracy of the place where I had last resided. I need not say that I possessed no such documents. In the mean time Mme. Sonnenfeld, the widow of a watchmaker of the same name, a native of Rattswell, had undertaken the care of my *ménage*. She was a worthy woman ; I confided my secret to her, and told her of this new distress. She suggested the idea of my applying to M. Lecoque, who was a Frenchman, and at this time occupied the post of president of the general police of the kingdom of Prussia. I adopted this plan, and informed him in writing of my birth, and of my present situation in Berlin. M. Lecoque came to see me, and placing my letter before me, enquired if it was I who had written it. On my answer in the affirmative, he questioned me a great deal, and expressed a wish that I should communicate to him the proofs of my identity. I had been able to preserve my Francfort great coat, and having unsewed the collar in his presence, I took out the papers which had been concealed in it, and I shewed them to him. He recognized my mother's writing, as well as the seal and signature of my father. He then left me, to take the orders

of the King respecting me. The following day he begged me to entrust my papers to him that he might submit them to his Majesty. I refused them at first, and insisted on being presented myself to the King. He observed that my request could not be granted at present; "but," added he, "you will see his majesty, as soon as the president of the ministry, Prince Harttenberg, has read your papers." After taking the precaution to cut the impression of my father's seal zig-zag, I delivered to M. Lecoque all the papers that I had preserved.\* He took only that which was written by my mother, and left me promising to assist me, and that I should experience no farther annoyance, as he would settle every thing for me with the magistrates of Berlin. Notwithstanding this assurance some weeks after I was again summoned before the magistrate. I repaired to M. Lecoque, he kept the summons, and assured me that I need not be uneasy; that I should soon hear something definitive, and that the delay in the business arose from the minister not having come to a determination on my case. After a short time, M. Lecoque sent for me, and said: "It is impossible that you should remain at Berlin; it is dangerous both for yourself and for us. The magistrate has not the power of dispensing with the production

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\* (Q.) Letter to Prince Harttenberg.



of the testimonials which he has required of you." He interrogated me a great deal about the person who had met me in the forest, near Diebingen. The only information that I could give him was that his family name was Naündorff, and that he was a native of Weimar. M. Lecoque then sent to the police office for his passport, and advised me in order to conceal myself from my persecutors, to establish myself under the name of my friend in some small town near the capital. To facilitate this plan, continued he, I will send you a patent, you will thus be at liberty to choose the place you may prefer, and when the magistrate there demands the production of your papers, you will answer that you have deposited them with M. Lecoque. I replied that I had not money enough for my removal. "Oh! true," exclaimed he; then opening his desk he gave me a rouleau of gold, saying, "accept this for the present, I will take care of the future." I returned home and a few days afterwards a police officer whom I did not know brought me a patent under the name of Charles-William Naündorff. I remained in peace from this time till the year 1812, at which period I changed my residence for Spandau. M. Lecoque had intimated to me an order to that effect, with the strictest recommendations of discretion, repeating that the slightest imprudence would be my ruin, because the King of Prussia was not at liberty to act as he would wish; that it was there-

fore absolutely necessary that I should assume a feigned name, to shelter myself from the power of Napoleon. The president examined M. Naündorff's passport again with more attention to see whether the description it contained would answer tolerably well for me. "*Black hair,*" said he aloud, "*black eyes; no, that will never do;*" "say," resumed he, "what I have advised you to your magistrate, and I will take care of the rest." He wrote the name Charles-William upon a slip of paper and put it in his pocket. I repaired accordingly to Spandau, and when the magistrate asked for my papers in order to confer on me the freedom of the town, I answered as M. Lecoque had desired me, and begged the Burgomaster to apply to him for them. The name which had been given me was inscribed on the registers,\* and I received permission to remain in that town. I do not know whether or not the president had forgotten what he had agreed upon with me, but in his answer to the Burgomaster, he had written *Charles-Louis Naundorff*. Notwithstanding this inadvertence, if indeed it were such, I obtained the freedom of the town, and the act was formally verified before the council of the city. This took place in the year 1812, a few months before the retreat of the French army; regiments were passing through

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\* (I. 2.) Prussian Gazette.

Spandau every day; under these circumstances, whether M. Lecoque were alarmed, or whether he were moved by other feelings, he visited me again and gave me money; earnestly insisting on inviolable secrecy on my part; I had a double motive for conforming strictly to this line of conduct, for I dreaded to be discovered myself. Fortunately the garrison of this town was composed of Dutch and Polish troops. An officer, a friend of the French commandant, lodged in the house where I resided, and from him I learned all that was going on. I thought I foresaw the fall of Napoleon. I wrote in consequence to M. Lecoque, and then to Prince Harttenberg, but I received no answer.\* I remained in Spandau which was blockaded by the Russian and Prussian troops. The town had previously received Polish reinforcements, among whom the yellow fever raged, and decimated their ranks. I was considering by what means I might leave the place, when I fell ill myself, and soon became delirious. The town was bombarded by Prussian and Russian batteries, every one took refuge in their cellars, even the sick were carried there. The poor stranger alone, who had no protector but God, no earthly friend but the unhappy Mme. Sonnenfeld, the proscribed of the universe alone remained exposed to the ra-

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\* (Q.) Letter to Prince Harttenberg.

vages of the bombs and balls of ten batteries. Notwithstanding, or rather on account of this danger of which I was unconscious, Mme. Sonnenfeld never quitted my room nor my bed side.

Already were four suburbs destroyed, when the Russians directed their batteries upon the interior of the town, and the same evening, about ten o'clock, it was burning on all sides. The fire stopped, as if by a miracle, at the house which I inhabited. I use the word miracle, because the buildings belonging to my dwelling, and which were adjacent to the house and under the same roof were consumed to the very foundations; my room alone was spared and sustained not the slightest damage. This fact is so well known, that to this day the truth of it could be attested by more than six thousand inhabitants of Spandau. The destruction of the town at this epoch is an historical fact.

After the restoration of my health, and the deliverance of Spandau, I addressed alternately the King of Prussia,\* the Emperors of Russia and of Austria, Prince Harttenberg,† as well as M. Le-coque: I received no answers.

\* (O. 2.) (P. 2.) (Q. 2.) Letters to the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Emperors of Austria and of Russia, dated 13th August, 1836, in each of which reference is made to the former applications in 1814.

† (Q.) Letter to Prince Harttenberg, 27th March, 1820, referring to former applications.

In 1816 I sent M. Marsin, or Marassin,\* an ex officer of the army of Napoleon, to the Duchess of Angoulême; and, to facilitate his introduction to her, I furnished him with proofs of my identity, and even commissioned him to assume my character. I do not know what became of him. I have been told that he was arrested and imprisoned at Rouen, that an individual of the name of Mathurin Bruneau was substituted for him, and that he had been kept out of the way. I confine myself in this narrative, in order not to break the thread of it, to these slight intimations on the subject of this officer. Explanatory notes at the end of the work will give fuller information, and, at the same time, I shall communicate the letters written by me to the various members of the exiled Royal Family.

In 1818 I sent a formal declaration to the Duke de Berri, relative to the future interests of his children, and I determined to go to France, when a serious illness of Mme. de Sonnenfeld prevented the execution of my intention. I could not bring myself to leave her in that state, attached as she was to me. It was she in fact who had saved my life during the siege of Spandau; she died in 1818. After her death, and for particular reasons, I took the resolution never again to attempt to reappear

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on the scene of the world, but to consign myself to eternal oblivion. Accordingly, on the 18th of October, in the same year, I married Mdlle. Jeanne Einers, who had lost her father, and whose family which had sprung from a noble origin, had been deprived of the advantages of its descent by a long series of misfortunes.

At the period of our union, my wife was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and I affirm that to this day I have never for an instant regretted my choice. What I with difficulty console myself for, is that I did not remain faithful to my resolution to forget the world, for the exclusive enjoyment of the happiness which I experienced in my humble home; but the thoughts of man belong to God, who disposes of their result according to his designs. I became a father on the 31st. of August 1819: the letter that I wrote on that occasion to the Duchess of Angoulême,\* will appear among the documents at the end of the book. I continued to live as a citizen of Spandau, not for two years, as stated in the Prussian gazette,† but from 1812, till 1821, consequently for nearly‡ ten years consecutively. At this time I was considering by what means to compel the minister Prince Harttenberg to restore me my papers§; for this purpose I espoused the quarrel of the Burgomaster Dabercow,

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\* (P.) † (I. 2.) ‡ Letter to the Prince Royal. § Letter to Prince Harttenberg.

and I supported him in his resistance to the order of this minister, who wished to have him removed from his situation, by the authority of the town council : my opposition, and the energy with which I maintained it by my writings shewed that I did not fear him. Prince Harttenberg, to counteract my design, intimated to the King the necessity of employing the displaced Burgomaster in the service of the state, and by an order issued from the cabinet of his majesty, the contest so well known to all the inhabitants of Spandau ceased on a sudden, and Dabercow was appointed to a good situation in Brandenburg where he took up his residence. This diplomatic operation threw me into despair. I quitted Spandau to go and settle myself in the same town with the ex-burgomaster : the same difficulty as formerly presented itself on account of the papers which it was necessary for me to produce in order to obtain the freedom of the city. The newly appointed magistrate of my last place of residence forwarded to the magistracy of Brandenburg a certificate of good conduct in which I was mentioned as the model of a good citizen.

No one knew who I was, except a former burgomaster of Spandau M. Kattfus, whom I imagined to have been informed, either by the government, or by the President of Police : what gave me this idea was that I was one day invited by the magistrate to a public dinner given in the town hall called the *Palais*. I was placed opposite to the

burgomaster; he conversed with me with much interest. When dinner was over, he arose and embracing me with warmth said emphatically:—"This is not your place;" and as he pressed my hand, I saw tears in the eyes of this venerable old man. I have since suspected that M. Lecoque confided the secret to him, for M. Kattfus was the head burgomaster of the town at the time of my arrival at Spandau.

In the course of the year 1820, I wrote for the last time to the Duke de Berri, who then returned me an answer, in which he informed me that he had been deceived respecting me. This letter was consolatory to me, and was dated if I recollect right, the third of February: ten days afterwards he was assassinated! Circumstances which I cannot yet reveal were the principal cause which decided me to go in person to France in order to see my sister. A concurrence of incidents prevented the execution of my designs. I was the father of two children and it was my duty in the first place to provide for their safety. For this purpose I bought a house in Brandenburg. This purchase brought me into connexion with a dishonest man, and involved me in a law-suit which made it impossible for me to leave Prussia without forfeiting my honour: two false witnesses were brought forward against me, and at the moment when I had it in my power to prove their perfidy, I was suddenly arrested, under the miserable pretext



that I had endeavoured to circulate false coin\*. To support this infamous falshood, the examining judge who had issued the warrant, took advantage of the deposition of a witness who affirmed that he had seen me, about seven o'clock in the evening of September 15th throw into the Sprée a bag apparently filled with false coin†; and in order to give more colour to his false statement, he added that he was so near that the water had splashed in his face; although the bridge was thirty foot high.

The unjust judge caused this infamous falshood to be affirmed on oath, and inscribed on the public registers; but not in my presence. Several days after he sent for me and had the effrontery to say: "Will you still deny the fact? here is a witness who saw you throw in the bag." Providence had ordained that I should be absent from Brandenburg on the day named by the witness. My return, which took place at nine o'clock, at which moment also I was arrested, completely exposed the ill contrived perjury of the person who was brought to bear witness against me. Notwithstanding the force of this unanswerable proof in my favour, the judge prolonged the proceedings because he wished to favour my accuser. I was consequently obliged to call witnesses from all quarters, for at the hour

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\* (F. 2.) Mr. Laprade's letter from Dresden. (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal. † (F. 2.) note.

named by the false witness I was in a public conveyance with several travellers, whose evidence it was necessary for me to procure. It was clearly proved that that witness was a perjured wretch. I demanded that he should be proceeded against according to law. The judge refused to do me this justice, and persuaded another individual named Libbert, a student and son to the proprietor of the diligence, to come forward also with a false deposition against me. I obliged the judge to repeat this falsehood to my face. The young man was intended for the clerical profession, and when he came into my presence I asked him if he had strictly followed the course marked out by religion, and whether bearing false witness was a fit preparation for the sacred office which he aspired to? "How do you mean sir?" replied he. I then demanded of the judge that he should read the deposition. This young man indignantly exclaimed "Sir, I did not depose to that effect." I turned to the judge and addressed him in these words: "Here then is another individual seduced by you M. Schulz:" he answered drily: "Accuse him if you will," but turning towards the witness, I reassured him with these short observations: "I have no intention of injuring you on account of the profession you intend to embrace, in consideration of your youth, and because you have been seduced to act thus; you cannot help however feeling the situation in which I am placed." I had another

motive for this lenient conduct: the deposition had been annulled by the judge himself who had been constrained to do so. Notwithstanding my justification which proved unanswerably the defamation which had been brought against me, the judge summoned the cashier Neuman to appear before him to whom I had paid, for the purchase of my house, the sum of six hundred and fifty *écus*, a week before my imprisonment. This Neuman declared that amongst the money I had paid him he had found fifteen false *écus*.\*

Who will be so blind as not to perceive that this third witness had been suborned like the two others? Can it be reasonably supposed that a receiver of public money, would not immediately detect false coin among the money paid to him, or that if there were such he would wait a week before he accused the person who had given it to him? Could a cashier who receives money every day from a great number of persons, with even a shadow of probability be able to point out the particular individual, whether guilty or himself cheated, from whom he had received it? Neuman however did not the less persist in his criminal assertion: I demanded that he should be put on his oath, which he refused†, that he might not expose himself to be treated in the same manner as his predecessors: his testi-

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\* (F. 2.) note.

† (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal of Prussia in which reference is made to the details and records of this trial.

mony was therefore null. It was on such erroneous statements, that through the intrigues of the examining judge, without a fair trial and consequently without a conviction, I was confined by an armed force in a house of correction, and to justify this atrocious iniquity, the supreme court sent me afterwards a copy of the following sentence.

“Whereas\*, notwithstanding the evidence given against the accused Charles-William Naündorff is not sufficient for his conviction, yet, in the present case a conviction is necessary, because he has conducted himself during his trial as an impudent liar, calling himself a Prince by birth, and giving to understand that he belongs to the august family of the Bourbons.”

Some explanation is necessary to enlighten the reader upon this extraordinary sentence. My persecutors, who kept out of sight, had directed the examining judge to question me about my family and my birth. Entirely relying upon the measures taken by the President M. Lecoque, I answered that I was a native of Weimar—and, besides, my feelings revolted at the thought of revealing my real origin during the discussions of so disgusting a suit. The magistrate of Weimar having contradicted my assertion, the examining judge pressed me by observing: “If you are of an honest

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\* (F. 2.) Laprade's Letter. (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal.

family, why not speak the truth?" "Sir," I answered, "I am a prince by birth\*, and unfortunate without deserving to be so: but it is not for me to unveil this mystery to you; if the court wishes to fathom the depths of it, let it address itself to his Majesty, the King of Prussia: he has been apprized by the Prince of Harttenberg and the president Lecoque, of the high station in society, to which I am entitled." "Bah!" he replied, "that is not true." I answered calmly, "It is not your business to decide, write to the king: that is all you have to do." "Then," said he in conclusion, "we will transmit these particulars to the minister Harttenberg to take his orders;" and immediately a *procès-verbal* was drawn up, signed by me, the judge, and M. de Renné, Referendary at that period. From that moment no one made any further enquiries as to who I was, and upon that subject I was left in peace. For infallible testimony to the truth of my statements, I refer to the records of the trial, deposited in the judicial archives of Prussia†; I in my turn must also put a question, and I here ask who specified in this proceeding, that I belonged to the *family of the Bourbons*? for I confined myself to the sole and simple declaration that I was a prince by birth.

In the sentence of the supreme court mention is

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\* (F. 2) † (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal.

made of evidence as to my guilt; but what is this evidence? can they seriously pretend to have discovered the least appearance of any proof, in the depositions of three false witnesses, convicted as such; in that, for instance, of the slanderer Neuman, who, like Judas, betrayed innocence to destroy it, and like that wretch too, when he had betrayed his God to death, tormented by the remorse of a troubled conscience, hung himself in despair, at the Hall of Justice, thirteen days after my removal to the House of Correction, in the very apartment where he had consummated his crime\*; more than twelve thousand inhabitants of Brandenburg, know well that it was not I who coined base money, and no one has ever pretended that I put any in circulation. On the contrary, all those who have had transactions in business with me, have borne the most favourable testimony to my character. But the order was given to disgrace me, I was to become the victim of an infamous machination. All Europe shall know my just complaints, and the secret plots of my enemies, which assumed every form. I shall mention some additional instances.

In consequence of the suit which had been brought against me relating to the acquisition of my first house, I lived at a M. Schernberck's, an

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\* (O. 2.) (F. 2.)

ex-post-master. He was a widower, and rich, and kept some hundreds of crowns in ready money, at the bottom of a chest which stood in his bedroom. He was a man of a very cheerful temper, and, as I avoided the world, all my evenings were spent with him, so that I could form a correct estimate of the conduct of his eldest daughter, who had the management of his house. One evening M. Schernberck applied to me to help him to discover a thief who he said was in his house, and took his money from him by little and little, without his being able to form a suspicion as to the person. "Are you really so blind," I answered, "as not to suspect?" "How, sir," he cried. "Well!" I replied, "do you wish to see the thief?" "Yes, and directly, if you please." Immediately I called his eldest daughter—I shut the door, and I directed her father to search her pockets, where he found the false key, with which she opened the chest. The girl who was only 17 years old, was led into this conduct by the corrupting influence of bad company which she kept; seeing her crime discovered, she threw herself at her father's feet, confessing her fault, and promising to reform. I was so happy as to reconcile the father with the daughter; I promised an inviolable secrecy; then I left the house, because I remarked that suspicions had at first fallen on me, which Schernberck admitted, saying, that I had been calumniated to him. I went to reside at the house of a master tailor, M. Cravathe. One morn-

ing, some weeks afterwards a policeman came to apprise me that an attempt had been made to assassinate my old host, M. Schernberck, and added that suspicion fell upon me. True innocence ever preserves the full energy of its dignity. I instantly dressed myself; I went to the house of the wounded man, who was not dead, and whom I found sitting in an arm chair, surrounded by the police. I begged for authority to make search, in the presence of the magistrate; my request being granted, the truth became apparent to me, and I discovered the guilty person. I communicated my success to the Burgomaster, M. Zanden, who was, I believe, a relation of this family. The unhappy girl was arrested, and the next day confessed her crime. By the king's favour, and on account of her youth, she was only condemned to eight years' imprisonment. The whole town of Brandenburg can bear witness that I speak the truth.

Whilst my law suit relating to the house of which I have spoken, was in its second stage of proceedings, and prior to the accusation about false money, the theatre of Brandenburg had been burned down one night; and, on what grounds I know not, the government at Potsdam had directed M. Voigt, counsel of justice, to accuse me of the crime\*; I was not, however, put under arrest. So

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\* (F. 2.) Laprade's Letter.



many successive misfortunes, overwhelmed and almost destroyed me ; but I derived great consolation from the interest and justice of my fellow citizens, and especially of my neighbours who never changed towards me. They shewed me by their touching sympathy, how indignant they were at seeing my innocence and courage put so cruelly to the proof, by the baseness of my enemies. The enquiry which was set on foot, soon clearly proved how monstrous was the defamation with which my character was purposely blackened: and it was then, when they foresaw a result which would bring disgrace upon the promoters of this iniquitous plot ; it was then, that, upon the ruins of this accusation of my being an incendiary, which fell through its own weakness, the charge of coining false money was raised, as I have mentioned, and, doubtless to give more colour to this new calumny, I was put in prison. Thus the two indictments proceeded together. Two of the false witnesses brought against me in the matter of the house, went about the town proclaiming that it was I who had set fire to the theatre. Notwithstanding my deplorable situation, and the little means of defence left me, these two wretches were unmasked, almost providentially, and condemned to wear the iron collar, and to two years' hard labour. The accuser paid the penalty of his iniquity by a three months' imprisonment, and the magistrate of Brandenburg had to bear the ex-

pences. In the midst of misfortunes there are some consolations: and oppressed and persecuted innocence also has its moments of joy. M. Voigt came to congratulate me in prison on the result, and to announce to me that the supreme court had acquitted me of the infamous charge which the government of Potsdam had brought against me.

Let my readers refer to the certificate of my good behaviour at Spandau: let them take the honorable and unanimous testimony of six thousand inhabitants of that town, whose fellow-citizen I had been for nearly ten years: and let them decide whether or no it is likely that in a short space of time a man uniformly virtuous, should suddenly become a thorough villain.

The triumph which I had gained seemed to be disagreeable to my examining judge alone; he could not conceal his vexation, and ventured one day to insult me, saying, "Your acquittal on your last suit does not prove your innocence: undeceive yourself, if you think to escape thus easily out of my hands." "Wretch!" I exclaimed, "I insist that a report be made to the supreme court this instant, and I demand another judge."

I compelled him to draw up a *procès-verbal* which he suppressed, for he answered: "I will get through the first stage of the proceedings, and then I will choose you another judge." I learned afterwards that this prevaricating judge had infa-

mously calumniated me to the supreme court, the consequence of which was the continuation of my imprisonment till 1828.\*

The irreproachable son of the Martyr King had at this period to submit to the humiliation of being pardoned, upon condition that he should quit Brandenburg, and remain at a distance from Berlin. To sustain the energy of my mind under the misfortunes which weighed me down, the Baron de Sackendorff† had procured me an employment in Silesia, but this resource could not avail me without the funds necessary for conveying myself and my family thither. I was completely ruined. It is true a gentleman M. de Hagen, son of the Prefect Baron de Hagen Ahoennaün, owed me two thousand six hundred francs on a bill of exchange: I went to him. He promised to pay me in two days, and persuaded me to wait at Brandenburg: I went there. Scarcely had I arrived, when the Burgomaster, Zanden, summoned me before him, and informed me that the king's attorney, whom in this country they call *juge du dôme*, had received orders to put me in confinement, if I did not set out for Silesia. This cruel treatment forced me to sell to the best bidder all that my poor wife had been able to preserve.

I retired with my family from a town which had

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\* (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal. † (F. 2.) The Baron's letters to M. Laprade.

so often been witness to the anguish with which the rancour of men had tried my resignation. I carried with me only some articles of watch-making and some bedding for my children, all that remained of the fortune which my own hard labour had earned. Pecuniary difficulties detained me nearly a week at Berlin, and when I arrived in Silesia, I found my promised place given to another. However, under the pretence of liberality, a gratuity of sixteen crowns was given me instead of forty which had been promised. Indignant at this perfidy I retired to Crossen, a small Prussian town, but at what date has escaped my memory. I remember only that the day of my arrival was a Sunday, towards the evening. It was at that time of day that I found myself, with my wife and children in tears, on the market-place at Crossen, my whole fortune consisting of forty-eight francs. The next day a ray of hope softened the bitterness of my distress, I solicited the freedom of the town, which was conceded to me without opposition, though I had not the necessary certificate, on my delivering the passport of Brandenburg which stated me to be the father of a family, the letters conferring the freedom of two towns, and the old certificate of good conduct from Spandau in 1824. Providence also came to my aid, some benevolent friends procured me employment—I worked night and day, and I soon attracted the attention of my fellow-townsmen.

My intelligence gained their confidence, and my industry made want disappear.

I had already got so much employment that I was obliged to engage an assistant workman, when the magistrates of Brandenburg charged the magistrate of Crossen, to distrain upon me for the payment of a hundred and odd crowns, which remained unpaid of the costs of the last trial. The magistrate of Crossen refused to comply with this request, and gave me his protection; but this circumstance by destroying my credit, deprived me of the esteem which I previously enjoyed, and I soon spent the little fortune which I had raised again by so much exertion. Notwithstanding the persecutions of the magistrates of Brandenburg, a report of my parentage got about, and the Commissary of Justice and Syndic of Crossen requested me to acquaint him with the truth. He was a worthy man and had inspired me with confidence. I communicated to him the proofs of my identity, and he immediately wrote to his Majesty, the King of Prussia, and to Charles X, that he might be instructed as to the line of conduct which he should pursue respecting me. He addressed even my sister, from whom he received in 1829 an answer, which I have still by me. I would fain persuade myself that my sister has been deceived by those about her. For the rest, much explanation will be given before the tribunal to which she has been cited.

I wrote afterwards myself to Charles X; I had my letter delivered to him by his ambassador at the court of Berlin, the Count d'Agoust\*. Again in 1830 I repeated my application to this family for the last time; soon after they were driven out of France, and my letters were never answered. Notwithstanding their injustice towards me, I still preserved sentiments of cordial friendship for them, and as soon as I knew of their arrival at Holyrood, I forwarded to them despatches by express. The same close silence was maintained towards me as formerly.

However, my agent, on his part solicited in my name with active perseverance, a revision of the proceedings on my trial at Brandenburg: he declared it to be infamous, and undertook to prove the roguery of the judge.

The petition of my advocate was rejected by the ministry: he had then recourse to writing to the King himself, and went to Berlin to obtain an audience of his Majesty, in which however he did not succeed: but his energy and his perfect knowledge of the laws triumphed at last over the resistance of the ministers, and the documents relating to the trial, were delivered to him. Just at that time the Prince of Carolatz and his secretary, de Seuden, came to Crossen to visit me; the prince

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\* (S.) M. Pezold's Letter.

maintained an incognito, and I did not know who he was, till I was informed while he was actually in my room. I desired M. Pezold to demand of him an explanation of his conduct. On this subject I say nothing more at present, delicacy restrains my pen. During these transactions my agent, the worthy M. Pezold fell ill : a violent internal inflammation placed his life in danger, and he owed the preservation of it solely to the skill and judgment of Dr. Heinsius. He again applied himself to the business of his office. Alas ! it was for a very short time. The owner of the house one day gave him a basin of broth ; scarcely had he drunk half of it, when he cried, pushing the woman from him, " My God ! you have poisoned me." He immediately became senseless, and died on the 16th of March, 1832\*. His corpse became black, and the bowels so distended that precautions were necessary to prevent the progress of the swelling. I entreated his brother, who is still living, to order an examination to be made ; he answered that that would not bring him back to life. Immediately after the decease of this faithful friend, seals were put on all his papers, and his office confided to a person named Lauriscus, who thenceforth was to hold his place ; he was a very worthy man and promised that he would continue to follow up

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\* (G. 2.) M. Gaebel's Letter to M. Laprade.

my business. Four weeks afterwards, without my having been able to obtain any one of my papers, he died suddenly, and all M. Pezold's papers were seized. To this day I have never been able to recover those which I had entrusted to him. M. Pezold had pleaded my cause publicly, in the presence of the ministers at Berlin, and of the king himself. Once only we received an answer from M. Albrecht, first secretary of the king's cabinet.

I am very far from wishing to humiliate the weak Charles X: at the same time his conduct towards me, compels me, at least, to speak the truth. After the death of my friend Pezold, in 1832, I tried once again to get a letter delivered to him. In strict accordance with my sentiments of honour, I pressed him to come to Prussia, that he might be reconciled with me. The letter was addressed to my sister. Let my family make known the contents of it if they dare. Well! this letter remained unanswered, like all the rest. In vain did I, for three months, flatter myself with the hope of receiving one. . . . A friendly, but unknown hand wrote to me from Berlin, that his Majesty, the King of Prussia, by the advice of his ministers, had issued an order to arrest me, and place me in a fortress\*: but that there was yet time for me to escape. The next day I went to

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\* (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal.



the police to demand a passport, that I might go abroad; I was refused upon the plea that the government only could give it to me. I then asked for one to Berlin, that I might go there to defend my rights against such a measure. I received one under the name of Charles Louis, native of Versailles. I pretended at once to set out for Berlin, but instead of going in that direction, I secretly quitted the kingdom. I arrived soon without any difficulty at Dresden in Saxony, where I solicited an audience of the royal family, to whom I was related. Owing to the intrigues of the King's confessor, named Kunitz, the police ordered my departure from Dresden, under the pretext that my passport was not made out for a foreign country. I was therefore obliged to repair to France. To undertake such a journey was a difficulty, since I had neither passport nor money. I was uncertain how to extricate myself from this embarrassment, when the Almighty came to my aid. A man who was just come from Poland, and whose acquaintance I had made on my journey, proposed to go himself to the French ambassador at Dresden, whom, as he assured me, he could compel to make out my passport for this journey. I accepted his offer, and this is what he told me on his return.—As soon as the ambassador had read the passport, he exclaimed, "You are not a Frenchman;" "What does that signify to you? Sir," replied my messenger, "it is not your business to judge of that:

will you sign it, or not?" "I cannot," he repeated, "you are a Prussian." "Once again," replied the stranger, "that is not your affair; I ask your signature for France, and I beg you to tell me whether you consent to give it me or not." "Apply to my secretary, you insolent fellow," replied the ambassador, retiring into his chamber. "I let him repeat these last words, twice," said my messenger. He then went to make his demand to the Baron de Belleval, Secretary to the Embassy, informing him, that the ambassador had sent him to him, to have his passport countersigned for France. "You wish to go into that country?" said the secretary; upon receiving an affirmative answer, he nodded, signed the passport, and returned it to him. I was waiting for him opposite the ambassador's hotel; I thanked him, and returned home, where I satisfied myself that the passport was all right. This difficulty surmounted, there remained another not less serious to remove. I had not above fourpence left in my pocket, and the master of the hotel was not paid. In going up stairs, I met a little dark man, with a young man, and two charming daughters. The little dark man took me at first for one of his acquaintance, and begged me to come into his room; where this exclamation: "Oh! ah! here you are." made me think that he really did know me. I did not hesitate to go in with him; when we, each, discovered our mistake. This little man had an

angelic countenance, and an open heart; he immediately conceived a friendship for me, and made me promise to visit his family, when I should pass through the town which he inhabited, and which lay on the road to France. He set out the same day, and on the following, I engaged a conveyance to his house, where I proposed to stop, and to ask him to assist me. As we stopped in the valley of Bläuen, my driver amused himself with drinking a bottle of beer, for which he begged me to have the goodness to pay, as he had no money with him. I paid, and had then but one penny left. I arrived soon at the town, and at the residence of my new friend: a very pleasing woman, about forty years of age, welcomed me as a long expected friend; she went to find her husband, and brought her children, who all loaded me with kindness. In the midst of this out-pouring of friendship, I revealed to them my distressed situation, without, however, letting them know who I was. "Well, my friend," he exclaimed; "what does that signify? to be truly a friend, one must prove oneself so by actions, how much do you want?" I named the sum of twenty-five crowns. "Not more?" he replied, "here they are." The name of this friend is M. Kishauere, curate at Freiberg, six leagues from Dresden. The amiable family of this minister, pressed me to stay, at least two days with them. I sent back my driver, to whom I gave the money to pay the hotel-keeper, and two

days after, the son of my faithful friend, accompanied me some way on the road to France. Two hours after he had taken leave of me, I again fell in with the man, who had taken so much trouble about my passport at Dresden, and who was returning to his own country. He was sitting under a tree, near the high road. I was now possessed of money, and I lost no time in offering to remunerate him. He was a Suabian. He took his portmanteau on his back, and followed me ; and, as he had no money, I paid his expences at the inns, which made people suppose that he was my servant, carrying my things. At the frontier of Bavaria, we were taken before the Quarantine inspector, on account of the cholera, which prevailed at that time, and to have our passports examined. Upon seeing mine "last night," said he, "some people of consequence passed this way, and enquired whether you had already crossed the frontier;" upon my asking who they were, he replied, "the French ambassador, and his secretary, M. de Belleval." I made no observation, but, suspecting some perfidy, I took precautions. Arriving afterwards at a little town, I lodged for the night, at a hotel, which was full of refugee Polish officers. Next day we continued our journey. The Poles did not leave this place, till the day following our departure, but, nevertheless they overtook us, because my companion walked slowly. All together, then, we travelled as far as Hoff, where they persuaded me

to stay at the same inn as they did. One of these officers induced me to hire a carriage as far as Nuremberg, where a society was formed in favour of the Polish fugitives, promising to repay me there the expence of the conveyance. Two other officers got into the carriage with us, and the journey was soon accomplished. In this last named town, I made acquaintance with a tradesman named Drecksler, who begged me earnestly to tell him who I was; saying, that I was not what I wished to appear. I know not who could have raised this suspicion in his mind; certain it is, that the chief of the society at Nuremberg, treated me with the greatest kindness, and allowed me to travel at the expence of the society, as well as the Poles, into France. I accepted this offer, to escape the vigilance of the French ambassador, and believing that I was now sure of the means for completing my journey, I shared with the Poles, the money which I had economized. These fugitives were under the direction of a priest, named Domprowsky, against whom, the doctor of a Polish regiment, one of our companions, warned me to be on my guard, because he meant to injure me. At Heilbrun we saw a great number of the townspeople, who were assembled at a hotel, waiting for the strangers, in whose company I was travelling. During dinner, Domprowsky spoke at much length to them, and at the end of the repast, many toasts were given: such as "Down with the ty-

rant, down with traitors," and at the same time they all fell upon me, like madmen, vociferating that I was a spy. I cannot understand, how this Domprowsky, a priest of the Catholic church, whom I should never have imagined capable of such conduct, came to suspect that I carried with me, the document conferring the freedom of Brandenburg. He had the baseness to look upon it as a false passport, and with the intention of injuring me, this pitiful fellow had taken it from me clandestinely; I presume that he contrived this, one night, when he slept in the same room with me. At the time of the disturbance raised against me by these senseless people, stimulated by the priest, and, with a view to putting an end to it, I withdrew. It was then, that Domprowsky, after having thrown into the sewer my letter of freedom, accused me at Heilbrun, of being the bearer of false papers; and, to strengthen his accusation, alleged that he had surprized me in the act of throwing them into the sewer. Upon such vague representations as these, I was visited by the police at midnight, arrested, and put in prison. The next day, being taken before the examining judge, he asked me why I had thrown this pretended false passport away. I required that my accuser should be brought face to me, in order to shew that he was a rogue, who had played off this intrigue, at whose instigation I cannot conjecture. . . . "The thing is impossible," he said, in answer, "for the

Poles are already gone." "Well," I replied, "what do you accuse me of? of being the bearer of a false passport? cannot you read? and how can you take a letter, conferring the freedom of a town, in the kingdom of Prussia, for a false passport? It is a great evil among you," I added, "that an honest man should be arrested on the complaint of an informer, whom you do not know, and whom you have allowed to escape from deserved punishment." He laid the blame of this business upon me, as the consequence of my imprudence, in keeping company with such people. I was set at liberty, and returned to my hotel, where I paid so dear for my dinner, that I had not a penny left. Still I did not lose courage, and continued my journey alone, relying upon Providence.

Let not the reader imagine that the malice of the Polish priest, produced the evil result which he hoped from it. Quite the contrary. This man was the instrument of Providence, and in trying to injure me, he, contrary to his intention, did me a signal service. I have since learnt that the prison on the frontiers of France awaited me. I could relate numerous incidents that happened to me, the details of which, would, no doubt, be highly interesting to the curious; but I am not writing to amuse. I confine myself to such facts, as are necessary to substantiate my history. I advance nothing which I cannot support with the clearest evidence; and, when the day for the judi-

cial discussions shall arrive, all doubts will give way before the proofs which I shall adduce; for there are some, which I ought not to disclose before the time, which will make the truth of my claims as clear as the light of the sun at noon-day. I leave it to the family at Prague, to publish, if they think fit, the contents of the papers sent by me to the Duchess of Berri, at the time of her residence in La Vendée, for they received correct copies of them. At this period, being in France, treachery compelled me to retire into Switzerland. I was again deceived at Geneva, and persecuted as far as Berne, where I was kept under arrest for six hours, in consequence of a letter written to the Duchess of Angoulême, and sent, through the ambassador, the Count de Bombelle. I do not at all lay the blame of my arrest upon this ambassador; I had not confided to him who I was; it is a pleasure to me, on the contrary, to declare that he behaved well to me, and that it is to his intervention that I am indebted for my restoration to liberty; I could not, however, escape from persecution, but by quitting Switzerland, to proceed, under a feigned name to Paris; where I arrived the 26th May, 1833\*.

I cannot forbear either to mention, that I was supported by some Swiss in my misfortunes,



although they did not know me. Hospitable people! I can never forget those of your nation who were so generous towards me. However the time for my public requital of your services is not yet arrived, but I call to mind all your acts of kindness, and even the poor servant maid who watched night and day by my bed, when I was ill at Berne.

In 1834 my sister was at Dresden. I had already sent a person to her at Prague\*: I wished to make a second attempt with the sole view of convincing her; but my friends, deceived by the artifices of my adversaries, refused me the necessary funds, which occasioned me a loss of time, of which my persecutors took advantage. M. Morel de St. Didier, who had before obtained an audience of the Duchess of Angoulême, was again charged with the same mission†, and this time was accompanied by Madame de Rambaud, who from the day of my birth up to 1792 was constantly attached to my person‡. When I arrived at Dresden, on the 5th of August 1834, it was too late. Madame de Rambaud and Monsieur de St. Didier went as far as Prague. Madame de Rambaud vainly solicited an interview with her Royal Highness§: she received an answer in writing, that *the Duchess of Angoulême could not believe that Madame de Rambaud, at her age, could have*

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\* (R.2.) † (S.2.) ‡ (V.) See also Clery's Journal. §(S.2.) (T.2.)

*undertaken the journey*; and within four and twenty hours *she was obliged to set out on her return*. M. Morel de St. Didier had been received the evening before. My sister declared to him that she would not receive me, and that she was now convinced that I was an intriguer, though a very skilful one\*. This last attempt on my part was entirely fruitless, because His Majesty the King of Prussia had allowed himself to be persuaded by intriguing persons to go, incognito, to Tœplitz†. My sister related to him in good faith and without disguise what had been suggested to her, and Frederick III—the Just,—was pleased to assure the Duchess of Angoulême, that I was a madman who imagined himself to be the son of Louis XVI, and that I belonged to a low family in his kingdom. Let the public reconcile, if it can, this state of madness with the cleverness of “a skilful intriguer.” These facts are most strictly true. In confirmation of what I say I appeal to his Majesty the King of Prussia, and to the Duchess of Angoulême herself. To refute these lies and calumnies put forth against me by various journals I despatched immediately one of my advocates, M. Laprade, to the president of His Majesty the King of Prussia’s ministry. He was answered that all the reports made

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\* (S. 2.) † (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal. (S. 2.) Mme. d’Angoulême’s admission to M. de St. Didier.

to his majesty of me, represented me to be a man of bad character, stained with many crimes. It is thus, that in the dark, a machiavelian policy has heaped together for my destruction, a mass of impostures, which my enemies have never dared to particularize. Dark intrigues, and criminal falsehoods on the part of powerful subjects high in the credit of their sovereign, have constantly misled the conscience of the monarch, who has not seen through all these scandalous proceedings, nor detected their contrivers. Persecutions, and a flagrant denial of justice, have attended me in all the states where I have made known my legitimate complaints. Driven away from foreign lands, I had faith in the hospitality of my own country. As soon as, beneath the fair sky of France, I had a bed to lie down in, I placed myself under the safeguard of the laws and the magistracy. I demanded only my hereditary property, my rights of citizenship\*, a country, and a tomb, in the land of my fathers. The reigning powers, who know† better than any one who I am, fearing the legal manifestation of the truth, have outlawed me, arrested me without a cause, detained me in their prisons, and banished me from the French territory.‡ These men in authority have, by a wickedly crafty design, incessantly repeated that I was a Prussian

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\* (B. 2.) (K. 2.) Letters to Louis Philippe. † (A. 2.) (K. 2.) Letters to Louis-Philippe. ‡ (N. 2.)

by birth. I have summoned them to produce their proofs \*; they have taken good care not to betray the secret of their intrigues, for truth in its uniformly magestic dignity crushes every kind of falsehood. It is impossible, indeed, to carry dishonesty farther than they have done: for if they had thought that I was an impostor, they would not have prevented me unmasking myself before the tribunals †. What have I not done, that I ought to have done, to convince men of honest minds? The thousand and one considerations of selfish interest have stifled my voice, and turned me into complete ridicule. I have been driven from the sanctuary of justice, which is the right of the lowest as well as of the highest individual. With what face, then, are the same falsehoods, the same absurdities for ever brought forward? It is in vain, that, through hatred of the last son of France, the laws of my country have been transgressed, and common sense abjured. The pains which some have taken, the more readily to deceive the people, will produce very bitter fruits to themselves. Authority soon passes from one to another, and already have the ministers of Louis-Philippe, who tried to crush me, lost the confidence of their master and of the nation. The blindness of the people may, in a moment of deli-

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\* (H. 2.) *Affaire Thomas*. † (K. 2.) *Letter to Louis-Philippe*.

rious enthusiasm, proclaim such and such persons heroes ; but the true page of history will assign to each his proper place, and some who have thought themselves great, will become the disgrace of the age in which they lived.

As for me, I may die a victim to truth ; it matters not : I fear neither death nor the malice of men. A prince, I have been betrayed ; my countrymen have been so too. The justice of Heaven in respect to things here below, does not always slumber ; and Providence, sooner or later, can even in this world bring about the triumph of immutable truth.

Here I pause. I have many more things to tell, but the time is not yet fitting : confidence and good faith are not duly estimated but in a land where truth is not the object of public ridicule, and where just laws are upheld, and not made subservient to policy. Such a land I have yet to find. Many people in my own dear country have turned against me, and added to the amount of my persecutions, by accusations made without reflection, in unmeasured language. The piety of the Duchess of Angoulême is the only argument which they oppose to the too true history of forty-six years' misfortunes. They have misled my sister, they have prevented the truth from reaching her, and they boast of being her friends : the friend of the exiled family ; as if the real friends of the Dauphiness ought not to have ardently desired her

re-union with her brother! It is thus that this royal lady, whose sorrows have not been respected, is become the object of painful reflections\*, in consequence of the falsehoods which mercenary wretches, paid by my adversaries†, have poured forth without proof against me. Let no one be deceived, (and these are the last words which I shall address to my countrymen,) those who have calumniated me, have ever been the secret enemies of the family of Charles X, and the instruments of a policy hostile to the Bourbons, for the purpose of annihilating royalty; Louis-Philippe, himself, has been the dupe of his pretended partisans, and has been put forward as a means of arriving at their ends. He has been the puppet of a party, which is secretly undermining the structure raised in the three days, and which wishes to throw off the monarchical authority altogether. I am ready to prove before the assembled sovereigns of Europe, the facts which I openly advance. Again, I say in conclusion; whoever propagates calumnies against me is a knave; whoever believes them without requiring proofs, is a man of a weak mind, wholly devoid of common sense. As for me, I forgive all my political enemies. Most of them have allowed themselves to be set against me unwillingly. I mourn for my country; all

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\* (C. 2.) Letter to the Duchess of Angoulême. † (F. 2.) M. Laprade's letter.

my hope, all my consolation is in Providence, which alone can save her. If I must fall for having borne witness to the truth, I submit, and say, God's will be done! I have lost friends who have been faithful to me even unto death, and who have been torn from me, by the daggers or the poison of my enemies. What would have been my fate without protection from above?

When God wished to save Jerusalem, he sent prophets to her, who were massacred. Nevertheless the mercy of God, suffered His only son to come down from Heaven. Then the princes, priests, and pharisees, those leaders of the people, cried out that their religion was in danger; and, through their insidious practices, the son of God was crucified. Who then amongst mankind shall dare to pretend to escape the impenetrable decrees of the Eternal.

*Charles Louis.*  
*Duc de Normandie*





**DOCUMENTS**

**AND**

**REFLECTIONS.**

**K**



The documents which we now publish, having been dispersed in consequence of the proceedings of the French police, we were not able to procure them, in the land of exile, but with difficulty, and whilst the first part of the work was in the press: it has been impossible, therefore, to make the proper notes of reference\*. We leave it to the sagacity of the reader, to apply the documents to their corresponding pages.

We do not at present communicate the authentic papers, which, alone, would establish, beyond contradiction, the identity of the son of Louis XVI. The intrigues by which this cause has been constantly thwarted, the secret practisings of our enemies, and hostile passions which reject the truth, impose upon us the necessity of reserve, and

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\* This has been done, to a certain extent, in the present work ; and will be, more completely, should another edition be called for.

forbid our giving up our last secrets, to the malevolence of parties. When we come before the courts, it will be our duty no longer to withhold anything. There we shall astonish the world by revelations which will become the property of history; every conscience will be laid bare, and criminals high in power, will lament that they have lived long enough to witness the ignominy which will attach to their names. Nevertheless we think that this brief narrative, and the documents which accompany it, will be sufficient to bring conviction to honest minds. If there are men so blind or so perverse as to resist the force of unequivocal truth, to such persons we have nothing to say; their testimony is of no concern to us; for their incredulity, whether feigned or wilful, will not retard, for an instant, the providential result, which, whilst it confounds their pride, will break the powerless efforts of their wiles and cunning.

M. GRUAU, *Advocate*,  
*Late King's Attorney*,  
EDITOR.

A historical question, *great* and *new*, presents itself for discussion; *great*, for it concerns the existence of a person: *great*, because it embraces a period of revolutionary storms.

It is *new*; for all, so to speak, have accepted of an *act*\*, without casting a look behind, without taking pains to examine the circumstances of the times, and without trying to ascertain whether this act, to which indolence allows so great a credit, is not perpetually contradicted by other acts† of the same government, from which it emanates.

This sufficiently indicates that we allude to the pretended death of the Dauphin in the Temple.

Successive publications have already awakened attention; the proofs are with impatience awaited which are to destroy this fact, which was advanced in an authentic act, which has become, as it were, hallowed by time, and in favour of which, laughter and mockery have always been ready to fight against us.

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\* (C.) † (G.)

At present, we have not so much to fear from public malignity, for we have already proved that it was an error to wish to condemn us unheard.

Listen to us all conscientious men ; all, whose wavering faith requires to be strengthened by undeniable documents.

Listen to us, all compassionate souls ; who, though not attached to monarchy, have wept for the unhappy family confined in the Temple, and for the incessant tortures endured by the young son of Louis XVI.

Let our adversaries come forward who pretend that they can destroy all our assertions with a stroke of the pen, for we want contradictors ; that truth may appear clear and beautiful to all, it is necessary that she should come victorious out of this contest, which we earnestly desire to bring on.

Attention ! all you who compose the great family of France ! This question interests you all : for you ought all to feel assured, that you cannot, by means of a falsehood, be deprived of your civil and political rights : for if you desire to be protected by the law, you must desire that that protection should be given to all our fellow-countrymen.

And, in fact, if the law is, I will not say violated, but only forgotten, in regard to your neighbour, who shall guarantee to you, that the oversight shall not be greater to morrow, the violation more

manifest? who shall say that that violation shall not even reach yourself?

Well: to this subject of general interest, we ask but one thing: attention. For ourselves, we engage that our proofs shall be complete. We will shew the reason which the government had for making believe that the Dauphin was dead. We will explain its uneasiness, its feverish anxiety, when it was apprehended that the rescued child had been welcomed in La Vendée.

We will shew the governing powers of that period, in spite of the pretended death of the Dauphin, pursuing the young Capet\* by their agents, in various provinces, and having him brought before the tribunals.

When these facts shall be well established by us, when it will be impossible any longer to doubt that the young Duke of Normandy was saved, Oh! then the question will increase in importance; for we shall have to associate our readers with a life of constant uncertainty and suffering; we shall shew them a young child received by faithful hands, whilst false reports turned the attention of the government in other directions.

We shall associate them with the griefs, the fears, the anxieties of this child. We shall make him grow before their eyes, and when they shall

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\* (G.)

have traced the progress of his life, we will shew them the young Capet, the son of Louis XVI, the Duke of Normandy, returning, after a long and painful exile, to demand the attention of his fellow countrymen. It is not a crown that he claims, but a name, and the title of a citizen of France, which he will be proud to leave to his children.

We do not conceal from ourselves that this task is difficult, that we shall be fettered at every step; but it is a work of conscience, of conviction, and not to undertake it would be cowardice.

But whilst we, on our part, bring to it our devotion, we have a right to hope for, nay, to exact the attention of the public: for it is a great matter, a great political lesson, a Royal existence broken by the hand of the people; it is a great matter, a king's son coming, after forty years of exile, to demand of this same people, its attention and goodwill, and to make it the judge of the question of his life or death; it is a great matter to require of the magistrates, as an act indispensably necessary to justice, the examination into, and judgment on a case, the interest of which consists in the claim set up to the noble title of a citizen of France.

**M<sup>e</sup> BRIQUET,**

*Advocate of the Royal Court.*

*Paris, February, 1836.*



LETTERS FROM THE COUNT DE PROVENCE,  
AFTERWARDS LOUIS XVIII\*.

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*To the Duke of Fitz-James.*

*Versailles, May 13, 1787.*

“Here is, my dear duke, the assembly of notables drawing to its close, and yet the great ques-

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\* These letters, professedly written by the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII, are of so atrociously wicked a character, so calculated to blacken his memory for ever, and what is more startling, that of Charles X, that the Editor would gladly have avoided being the instrument of increasing their publicity, by inserting them in the present volume, (could the omission of any part of the original work have been justifiable,) without some better authority than the note which accompanies them, and, which, in point of fact, is none. It is but justice, however, to the French Editor, to state, that he is not only perfectly satisfied of their authenticity, upon very different grounds, but maintains that he could prove it incontestably in a court of justice; though, from prudential motives, he declines *publishing* his proofs. Unfortunately, there was a time when the princes of the blood royal were not the best friends of Louis XVI and his queen; and the Count de Provence, at the beginning of the revolution, proved himself any thing but what he ought to have been, a firm supporter of his brother and the throne.

Although these letters, if genuine, are explanatory of the treatment which the prince has received from his family, they do not, whether genuine or otherwise, affect the question of his identity.—*English Ed.*

tion has not been touched upon. You cannot doubt that the notables will not hesitate to believe from the documents which you sent them, more than six weeks ago, that *the king's children are not his own*. Those papers give the clearest proofs of the queen's guilty conduct; you are a subject too much attached to the blood of your sovereigns, not to blush at bowing before these *adulterous fruits*\*.

"I shall be absent, but my brother d'Artois whose committee does not hold its sitting, will preside in my place. The fact in question once averred, it is easy to infer the consequences.

"The parliament, which dislikes the queen, will not make any great difficulty; but, if it should have the fancy to raise any, *we have the means of bringing it to reason*.....In short, we must attempt the blow†."

(Signed) LOUIS STANISLAS XAVIER.

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*To the Count d'Artois.*

"All that fortune could devise most fatal has been

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\* (O. 2.)

† Extracted from the memoirs entitled "The real Duke of Normandy; or, a refutation of many impostures," by Gabriel Bourbon le Blanc, consulting advocate; for fuller particulars, the memoirs themselves may be consulted, from which we borrow the quotations which will be given hereafter.—*Note to the French Edition.*

united against us for more than *eighteen months* : but it seems that she is going to relent, and to look upon us with somewhat more favour. What does it signify to us, in fact, that Condé has obtained, to our prejudice, the command of the army furnished by the King of Prussia and the Emperor; *If the blow which is preparing* is struck it *alone will be worth an army*. Sixty mountaineers of the Assembly, and the *English Ministry* will remain to us ; with such succours every thing may be hoped for.

“ ..., The reed that bends lives longer than the *oak* that breaks. You will be the *oak* in your turn, my brother, and God knows what will be the result!.....”

(Signed) LOUIS STANISLAS XAVIER.

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*To the Count d'Artois.*

“ It is done, my brother, *the blow is struck* ! I hold in my hand the official news of the death of

the unfortunate Louis XVI, and have only time to forward it to you.

“ I am informed also that his son is *dying*.

“ You will not forget how *useful to the state their death* will be. Let this reflection console you; and remember that the Grand Prior, your son, is, after me, the hope and the heir of the monarchy.”

(Signed) LOUIS STANILAS XAVIER.

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*George III, King of England, to the Duke of Angoulême\*.*

MY COUSIN,

“ I write you this letter to acquaint you that, it

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\* It is unnecessary to point out to an English reader the impossibility of this letter being a genuine document; unfortunately it is too evident. At the same time I am bound to declare my conviction of the perfect good faith with which the original

being our royal will and pleasure to deliver France from the oppression under which she groans, *especially since the death* of our brother and cousin, His Most Christian Majesty, as also to place one of his direct heirs upon his throne, we invest you with the command of the army which we send for this purpose, and recognize *in you alone*, the right to the regency of the kingdom during the minority of Louis XVII, son of the late king.

“ That if the said child should happen to die, we will and intend that *you should reign after him, in immediate succession, without delay or division*, to the exclusion of every *pretender, direct and indirect*; under the express condition, however, of your fulfilling the wishes of His Majesty, Louis XVI, by causing the princess Maria Theresa, his daughter, whom he destined to be your wife, to ascend with you to the throne, thus become yours.

“ Being desirous to give authority to our royal decision and conduct, we proclaim before God, and in the face of all the world, that *they who conspired against the safety, power, and life of the late king, have excluded themselves from the here-*

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was Published by the French editor; his knowledge of the person by whom it was communicated to him, together with certain corroborative particulars, does not allow him to imagine that he has been deceived; nor do I believe that he has been intentionally, though I cannot have a doubt that the letter is a fabrication.—*English Ed.*

*ditary line of succession to his crown ; interpreting thus the State Laws of France, and those of Charlemagne, which, though they render the princes of his house not amenable to the tribunals of ordinary justice, have not forbidden Princes, their peers, from becoming, by unusual means, the organs of divine justice.*

“ On which I pray God, &c.

Given at Westminster.

(Signed) DUNDAS.

(A.) *First letter, concerning the concealment of the Dauphin.*

GENERAL,

“ Your letter of the 6th inst. reached me too late, and the first plan has been executed, *because it was time*. To-morrow his new guardian is to enter on his office: he is a republican, named Cos-

mier, a worthy man, according to what Barras says, but I have no confidence in persons of that sort. I am much embarrassed how to get food to *our prisoner*; but I shall take care of him, and you may be at ease; the *assassins* are *cleared off*, and the new municipal guard do not the least suspect that the *little dumb child has taken the place of the infant king*.\*

"Now, the only business is to get him out of this *cursed tower*: but how? Barras has told me, that, on account of the strict watch, he can undertake nothing. If it were necessary to remain there long, I should be uneasy with regard to the health of the little one, for he has very little air in his hiding-place, where the good God himself would not find him, if he were not Almighty; and he has promised me to die, rather than betray himself.

"I have reasons for believing him. His sister knows nothing about it, and prudence obliges me to talk to her of the little dumb boy, as if he were really her brother. This unfortunate child is very happy, and, *without knowing it*, plays his part so well, that the new guard is perfectly persuaded that he *will not speak*; so there is no danger.

Send back speedily the faithful bearer of this, for I have need of your assistance. Follow the

advice which he will give you by word of mouth,  
for it is our only way to succeed.

LAURENZ.

*Tower of the Temple, 7th November, 1794.*

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(B.) *Second Letter.*

GENERAL,

“ I have just received your letter. Alas! your request is impracticable; it was very easy to get the victim up stairs, but to get him down, is, at this time beyond our power, for the watch kept up is so extraordinary that I have fancied myself betrayed. The committee of general safety, have, as you know, already sent the monsters, Matthieu and Reverchon, accompanied by M. Harmant, de la Meuse\*, to verify our dumb child's being really

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\* A highly interesting narrative from the pen of M. Harmand de la Meuse, was published in Paris, after the restoration of the Bourbons, in which the particulars are given of the visit to the Temple here alluded to, and of his interview with the poor child whom he supposed to be the Dauphin.—*English Ed.*



the son of Louis XVI. General, what means this farce? I am lost in conjecture, and know not what to think of the conduct of Barras. Now he purposes to take the dumb child out, and to put a sick child in his place. Are you apprized of this? and is it not a snare?

“ General, I have many fears, for much pains is taken to let no one enter the prison of our dumb boy, in order that the substitution may not become public; for if any one should carefully examine the child, it would not be difficult for him to discover that he was born *deaf*, and is therefore naturally *dumb*. But to substitute another child for him!—the sick child will speak, and that will be the destruction of our *half-saved* one, and of me with him. Send back as soon as possible, our faithful messenger, and your opinion in writing.

LAURENZ.

*Tower of the Temple, 5th February, 1795.*

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### *Third Letter.*

GENERAL;

*Our dumb boy has been safely conveyed into the palace of the Temple and well concealed. There he*

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will remain, and in case of danger will be taken for the Dauphin. To you alone, general, belongs this triumph. Now I am easy. Command me at any time, I shall be ready to obey. *Lasne will take my place whenever he pleases.* The most sure and effectual measures are taken *for the Dauphin's safety.* Consequently, I shall be with you in a few days, and will tell you the rest myself."

LAURENZ.\*

*Tower of the Temple, 3rd March 1795.*

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(C.) *Extract from the Register of Deaths of the*

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\* We are informed by Lacretelle, in his history of France, Vol. xii, p. 367. that this person, who is incidentally mentioned by him in his account of the supposed death of Louis XVII, in the Temple, and who is spoken of in high terms by Madame d'Angoulême in her "*Recit des Evenemens, &c.*" for his respectful and kind behaviour towards her, at the period to which these letters refer, was a Creole, and that he was banished by Bonaparte to Cayenne, *as a dangerous Jacobin.* From the first of these particulars, we have a kind of indirect testimony, to the veracity of the Prince's account of the substitution under the auspices of Josephine, and also to the authenticity of these letters; inasmuch as it is far from improbable that Josephine, who was a Creole herself, may have been acquainted with Laurenz, and aware of his trust-worthiness. His banishment to Cayenne proves that Napoleon had some cogent reason for wishing to be rid of him: and it may fairly be questioned, especially after the very favourable mention made of him by the Duchess of Angoulême, whether he was transported for his jacobinism. or on account of the important secret of which he was known, by the hater of the Bourbons, to be one of the very few depositaries.—*English Ed.*

*24 prairial, of the year 3 of the Republic, (12 June 1795).*

“ Certificate of the death of Louis Charles Capet, on the 20th of this month (*8th June*), at *three o'clock in the afternoon\**, aged ten years and two months, native of Versailles, department of the Seine and Oise, resident in the Tower of the Temple, section of the Temple :

“ Son of Louis Capet, last King of the French, and of Marie-Antoinette-Josephine-Jeanne of Austria :

“ Upon the declaration made at the Town Hall by

“ *Etienne Lasne*, aged thirty-nine years, keeper of the Temple, *dwelling at Paris, in the street and section of the Rights of Man, No. 48 :*

“ Calling himself a neighbour :

“ And by

“ *Remi Bigot*, workman, *dwelling at Paris, Old Temple Street, No. 61,*

“ Calling himself a friend :

“ According to the Certificate of Dusser, Commissary of Police for the said section, of the 22nd of this month (10th June).

(Signed) LASNE, BIGOT, & ROBIN,  
Public Officer.

A correct extract, &c.

M. A. Gozzoli, in a pamphlet intitled: "YES, IT IS THE SON OF LOUIS XVI," *Paris, July 1836*, in speaking of the certificate of the death, makes the following observations :

" Who is the first deponent? *It is Lasne, the guardian of the prince.* Lasne had been chosen by the committee of general safety to discharge this office: he ought to have presented himself before the civil authorities, as special guardian of the deceased; as such he could sign, but only as such: how comes it that he did no such thing? He lived at the Temple, as his predecessors had done; and, like them, he had received strict orders never to leave the child. It was therefore very falsely that he gave his residence as elsewhere than the Temple: it was falsely again that he took the title of *neighbour*; the only one that belonged to him was that of guardian of the captive: thus he deceives, both as to his quality and his residence.

" And this Remi Bigot, this workman of Old Temple Street, who comes in his turn to certify the decease; who represents himself as the friend of a child of ten years, of a prince, a state prisoner, whom nobody approached without a written order from the committees! This Remi Bigot, who had no occupation in the Temple, who had neither the power nor the right to enter it, who perhaps did not even know the features of the son of Louis

XVI: whas he in common with such witnesses as the law requires ?

\* \* \* \*

“ I appeal to the sincerity of the public: I ask if all the features of falsehood are not manifest, if even the falsehood itself does not bear the stamp of remarkable clumsiness ? The death of the child takes place on the 8th of June, and the guardian Lasne, in defiance of the law which required him to declare it *immediately* to the civil officer, the guardian Lasne, delays doing so for *four whole days* ! and the authorities, which were informed of this important decease, do not interfere themselves to see the injunctions of the law enforced ! they wait the witnesses' good pleasure ; or, what is more likely, wait till witnesses can be found. The principal witness, then, has hesitated a good deal, he has shrunk back for four days, before the enormity of the lie ! Yes, every thing shews it, every thing proves that he has only half yielded, that concessions have been made to his scruples : so Lasne assumes the quality of a neighbour, he pretends that he resides out of the Temple ; for then he can maintain, in case of need, that the person who signed the act of decease on the 12th of June, was not the man, who, from his situation, must have known the truth, was not the inhabitant of the Temple, the guardian of the prince. but a *stranger* and a *neighbour*.

“ This death, in confirmation of which too

many proofs could not have been brought forward; this death, which was to resound through Europe, which was to have so much influence over the acts of a hostile political party, over the future destinies of France, the republican government makes it its business to stifle the news of it, and does every thing to turn away public attention! In vain does it depend upon their will to prevent even a shadow of doubt, to surround the bed of death with witnesses, whom no one will refuse to believe; they choose, themselves, to sow the seed of suspicion, and to authorize mistrust. Into that chamber where the victim is visibly declining, where death is robbing him of his existence by little and little, why not bring some of the friends, or servants of the royal family? The land of exile has not received them all, nor the scaffold devoured them all. There are several left, even at Paris, whose presence and whose sympathy are not unknown; they would eagerly attend, at the first summons, happy to soothe, with their tears, the last moments of a prince whom they have surrounded with their respect and love. And his sister, whom they keep under the same bolts, a prisoner, only a few steps distant, why is she not present when her brother dies? Why deprive the poor orphan of the embraces of that tender friend, that companion in misfortune? The authorities have lately promised to re-unite them; and they break their promise, at the very moment when

humanity, as well as policy, make it imperative on them to fulfil it ! Ah ! if they act in this manner, it is not from motives of barbarous rigour ; but, from imperious necessity ; it is because they know that at the sight of this substituted child, this instrument of falsehood, the first exclamation of the princess would be, *this sick child is not my brother.*"

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(D). Extract from the *procès verbal* of the autopsy\*, drawn up in the Tower of the Temple, the 21st Prairial of the year 3, (9th June, 1795), by Doctors Pelletan, Dumangin, Jeanroy, and Lassus.

" Having all four arrived, at eleven o'clock in the morning, at the outer gate of the Temple, we were there received by the commissaries, who took us into the tower. Upon reaching the apartment on the second floor, in an inner room, we found the dead body of a child, who seemed to us to be about ten years old, *which the commissaries told us was that of the son of Louis Capet, and which two of us recognised as the child which they had attended for some days*; the above mentioned commissaries

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\* Post mortem examination.

declared to us that this child had died on the preceding day, towards three o'clock in the afternoon, &c\*.

“ Is it thus, I ask, that witnesses so well informed, that physicians who had attended the prince, ought to have spoken ? Wherefore this language, more than circumspect ? Wherefore these doubtful expressions ?

“ *Which the commissaries told us !*

“ They told you ? but did not you know it already ? who, better than yourselves, could know this sick child, whose pains you had relieved, whose agony you had watched, step by step ! why then throw from yourselves, upon the commissaries the care of certifying his identity ? why decline to certify it yourselves ?

“ *And which two of us recognised as the child which they had attended for some days.*

“ Recognized as whom ? as the son of the deceased Louis Capet ? No : but as the child whom they had attended for some days, which is a very different thing. But if they had seen the prisoner prior to his illness, to his captivity, if they could have declared on their soul and conscience, that he was the son of Louis Capet, they would have done so in a straight-forward manner ; their language dictated by positive certainty, would have been positive itself.



"To this natural reflection, I have answered before-hand; I have said that before they took the place of Dessault, before they entered the Temple, the doctors Pelletan and Dumangin, had never seen the Duke of Normandy\*.

\* \* \* \*

"On the 21st prairial, the year 3 (9 June, 1795,) the deputy Sevestre ascended the tribune of the convention, and made the following report:

(E.) "Citizens; for some time past the son of Capet was suffering from a swelling in the right knee, and in the left wrist; on the 15th floréal the pains increased, the patient lost his appetite, and fever succeeded. The celebrated Dessault, medical officer, was appointed to visit and prescribe for him: his talents and probity assured us that no care would be wanting, which humanity could dictate. However, the disease assumed a very serious appearance. On the 16th of this month, (4th June, 1795) *Dessault died*. To take his place, the committee appointed citizen Pelletan, a well known medical officer, and with him was joined citizen Dumangin, first physician to the hospital of health. Their bulletin of eleven o'clock, yesterday morning, announced alarming symptoms in the patient: *and at a quarter past two in the afternoon†, we received the news of the death of Ca-*

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\* (H.)    † (C.) (D.)

*pet's son.* The committee of general safety have charged me to make this known to you. *All is verified : here are the procès verbaux which will be deposited and remain in your archives.* \*

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“ Dessault died by assassination\* ; Choppart died by assassination ; both victims of their strict integrity. At the sight of this dying unknown child, substituted for the young prince whom they knew, they did not understand that the government, surprised by the escape of their prisoner, wished to conceal it from the world. They were required to become accomplices by their silence—this they refused, their refusal decided their fate : and they descended to the tomb, offered as victims to a frightful necessity, sacrificed to the needs of a policy which, to keep its secrets, was reduced to have recourse to murder.

“ It will be said, if this is only your presumption, it is not enough to bring conviction.

“ It is enough, at least, to authorize doubt, to check hasty judgment, to invite persons of good faith to obtain all the light they can upon the subject. This is what we are always asking, what we ardently wish for ; we, who were once as unwilling to be convinced as you are. We do not

say, you must believe us, because we say so; we beg you to examine the matter.

Be mistrustful, but at the same time be of good faith. You desire proofs, many proofs? you shall have such as are irresistible. Every thing will come in its time: the escape of the prince, the murder of the doctor Dessault, all will be proved. The year 1795 is not so very remote,—there are men still living, who saw, heard, and themselves were actors in the affairs of that period. Restrained as yet by a sacred oath\*, their tongue will be loosed before the civil tribunal: they will carry their auditory, in thought, beneath the inaccessible vaulted-roofs of the Temple; they will describe to it the alternations of hope and fear, the anguish of that memorable night, in which the last scion of a royal family, decimated by the scaffold, saw the gates of the prison, where his childhood was languishing to death, set open by devoted hands.

“As to the murder of Dessault, it is scarcely possible to have any doubts, with the numerous documents that prove it. I will only quote one which I take at hazard. The following may be read in a pamphlet published in 1831, by M. Labreli de Fontaine, formerly librarian to the late Duchess dowager of Orleans.

(F.) “M. Abeillé, medical pupil under Dr.

Dessault, at the time of his violent death, has declared to whoever would hear it, in France and in the United States, where he has since sought refuge, that the murder of that doctor immediately followed the report which he made, to the effect that the child to whom they had introduced him was not the Dauphin, whom he knew perfectly well. The *American Bee*, edited by M. Chaudron, mentions this fact in an article inserted in 1817. Mme. Delisle, an inhabitant of New York, and now, at Paris, has declared that she has heard this circumstance mentioned by M. Abeillé himself, and has moreover read the above cited article in the American journal."

" According to this report, it was on the 8th of June, at a quarter past two in the afternoon\*, that the news of the death of the prince reached the committee of general safety. This official assertion is very strange, in face of the *procès verbal* of autopsy by the doctors Pelletan and Dumangin.

" It was at three o'clock†, say these two physicians, supported by the authority of the Commissaries of the Temple, that the child breathed his last,—at three o'clock, mind : and the committee of general safety, which was sitting at the Tuileries, at a considerable distance from the spot where the event took place, affirms that the news reached

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\* (E.)    † (D.)

it at a quarter past two! If the doctors Pelletan and Dumangin,—if the Commissaries of the Temple have spoken truth, (and their version of the story is the only one worthy of belief), we must, of necessity, come to the conclusion that the organ of the committee—that the committee itself, has lied. For, making the very smallest allowance for what is probable, if we calculate the time necessary to certify the reality of the decease, by the cooling and stiffening of the body, the time necessary for a person to get over the distance from the Temple to the Tuileries, it is impossible that the government could have been informed before four o'clock.

“ It is manifest that accuracy in dates is of the utmost importance for establishing the truth, in a question of this nature. But this minute accuracy in facts and details, was in nowise necessary to the government of the Convention: they knew that no one would care to dispute their account, they did not fear contradiction.

“ Observe then, what brevity, what careless indifference of expression! *ON THE SIXTEENTH of this month Dessault died.* Yes, but by what kind of death? was it in consequence of an illness of any length? it is naturally to be supposed so—the committee no doubt intended that it should be so supposed, since they are silent upon the subject—and the apothecary Choppart, who supplied medicines for the child, and who, by an unaccount-

able coincidence, died at the same as his friend Dessault, no mention is made of him: great care is taken not to inform the public that they both died suddenly, on the same day, as if struck by a thunder-bolt, while in the full enjoyment of health.

“ Nevertheless, these details, which were omitted in the report, were of the greatest moment. The government, which of its own act, and on its sole responsibility, had condemned an unhappy orphan to a long and cruel imprisonment, was accountable to the country for the fate of that orphan; it owed to France the faithful recital of the smallest circumstances relating to him; it owed it to itself to annihilate, by the clearest explanations, the accusations which were beginning to be spread abroad.

“ Dessault dies, and his death is unaccounted for; he is buried hastily; and what is incredible, no note is to be found among his papers relative to the confidential mission on which he had been employed; no trace of the reports which he made every day to the committee of public safety is discovered by his family; all has disappeared.

“ *All is verified*, said the deputy Sévestre in conclusion. *Here are the procès-verbaux which will be deposited and remain in your archives.*

“ What is verified in this laconic mockery of a report, unless it be the manifest intention of telling nothing? and can such a statement be considered

an authentic testimony ? where are the *procès-verbaux* here referred to, which are produced to the assembly, but the reading of which is dispensed with *Procès-verbaux* ? at that time they did not even exist : for the *procès-verbaux* of the the post mortem examination, the order for the burial, the register of the decease, are all three posterior to Sévestre's report ; and, hereafter, when search shall be made in the archives of the Convention, for the discovery of these pretended *procès-verbaux*, it will be impossible to find one.

In the same pamphlet, may be read what follows :

*“ The republican government has proved by its acts, subsequently to the 8th of June 1795, that it was convinced of the existence of the Duke of Normandy.*

*“ It has proved it, for it has made repeated searches, in all parts of the French territory, to regain possession of its fugitive hostage. The Dauphin died in the Temple, say you ? and you accumulate proofs in support of this statement :—the report of the deputy Sévestre,—the official announcement of the Moniteur,—the public registry of deaths,—the funeral procession which passed through Paris at full speed. Well ! I answer that whilst all this was taking place, the description of the deceased had been sent to the provinces, with*

orders to arrest him ; I answer that children who were travelling were subjected to the strictest examination ; that they were required to give up their family papers and passports ; I answer, that, on the slightest suspicious word which escaped them, or of which they were the object, their persons were immediately secured. I will give an instance.

(G.) “ M. Morin de Guérivière, then about ten years old, was travelling in a post chaise, under the protection of a M. Jenais-Ojardias, agent of the Prince of Condé ; he arrived at M. Barge-Réal's, at Thiers, (Puy-de-Dôme,) with whom Ojardias left him in charge, during his absence on a journey, which he was obliged to make to Lyons. But the *gendarmes* who surrounded the little traveller, when he alighted from the carriage, who followed him to M. Barge-Real's, hearing the latter say, that he considered the child a sacred charge ! . . . immediately it is the Dauphin ! there can be no doubt of it. The local authorities are informed, they immediately repair to the spot, draw up a *procès-verbal*, and M. Barge-Real is constituted, to his great great surprise, responsible guardian of the young Morin de Guérivière.

“ The error could not be of long duration ; Ojardias returns, he is summoned and interrogated, and when the mistake is made manifest, a written order, delivered into the hands of Ojardias himself,



puts an end to the detention of the supposed Dauphin.

The following is the tenor of this order :

LIBERTY.

JUSTICE.

“ *Du Puy, the 22 Messidor, year 3 (10 July, 1795.)*

EQUALITY.

HUMANITY.

“ J. P. Chazal, Representative of the People, delegated by the National Convention in the departments of Puy-de-dôme, of the Upper Loire, of Cantal, of the Aveyron, and Lozère to the *Procureur-Syndic* of the district of Thiers.

“ I have heard Ojardias, he has justified his conduct; *the charge made against him is false*, I authorise you to rescind the orders which detained *the child*, in Barge-Réal's house, as also any which may have been issued against Ojardias's liberty.

“ Health and Fraternity :

(Signed) J. P. CHAZAL,

“ A true copy :

“ The *Procureur-Syndic* of the district of Thiers.

(Signed) BRUYERE-BARANTE.

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"It is M. Morin de Guériyère who relates this important circumstance, in a pamphlet, entitled *Recollections intended to serve as a supplement for the completion of the proofs of the existence of the Duke of Normandy, son of Louis XVI.* He adds that he has had an exact copy made of the above order, by MM. Esney and Guiffrey, notaries in Paris, and that he has deposited the original in a place of safety."

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"In a luminous\* dissertation, a writer whose name we do not know, has undertaken to refute M. de St. Gervais, author of two memoirs published in the year 1831, under the title of *Authentic Proofs of the Death of Louis XVII.*

"We feel it our duty to extract some passages from it. They relate especially to the pretended proofs drawn from the post mortem examination.

"The death of the child attended by the phy-

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\* See the pamphlets of M. Bourbon Leblanc. *Le passé et l'avenir explained etc.*, p. 232, and following, Paris, 1832, Brison, Bookseller, Rue d'Enfer, No. 60.—Note to the French Edition.

sicians from the 5th June only, took place on the 8th of the same month.

“ The examination of the body was ordered and made the next day. M. Pelletan was the operator, in the presence of three physicians, one of whom was M. Dumangin; the two others, MM. Jeanroi and Lassus, had not watched the progress of the illness . . . .

“ MM. Dumangin and Pelletan were not acquainted with the Dauphin, before they were admitted to attend the child, who was there, (in the Temple,) the last three days before his death\*.

“ These two physicians, then, could have no other proof of the sick child's identity with the Dauphin, than the assurance of it which was given them, either by the guard, or by the commissaries to whom the *surveillance* of the son of Louis XVI had been committed.

“ Not having known this child before their first visit to the Temple, they had no *direct and personal knowledge* that the young patient was the Dauphin . . . .(p. 233.)

“ Observe accordingly with what caution they express themselves in the *procès-verbal*†: “ We found in a bed the dead body of a child, who ap-

(H.) \* At the time when MM. Pelletan and Dumangin were appointed physicians to the prisoner in the Temple, they had never seen the son of Louis XVI; M. Pelletan owned this himself, some years ago, to an illustrious personage, who is still living.—(Le Passé et l'avenir, note, p. 232.)—*Note to the French Edition.* † (D.)

peared to be about ten years of age, which the commissaries *told us was* the body of the son of Capet, and which two of us *recognised as the child whom they had attended for some days.*" Thus, then, the physicians do not take upon themselves to attest that they recognised the *body before them* as that of Louis XVII, but only that they were *told it was that of the son of Louis XVI.*

" If they had acquired *convincing and personal* proof, that the young patient was Louis XVII, *by any words* which might have fallen from this child, during their attendance on him, or by any avowal which he might have made in answering their questions, how could they have confined themselves to saying: we found a dead body, which the *commissaries told us was that* of the child whom we were attending, without adding a single word in confirmation of *what they were told!*

" But if the escape really took place, without doubt it would have been effected unknown to these commissaries, who were changed every day, so that several months might elapse before the some individual commissaries\* might have returned to guard the young prisoner of the Temple . . . .(p. 234.)

" Their simple declaration, just cursorily men-

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\* There were forty-eight sections, each of which had a civil committee composed of six members, which made a continual succession of two hundred and forty-eight individuals.—*Note to the French Edition.*

tioned by the physicians in their *procès-verbal*, appears to us quite insufficient in such a matter :

“ 1st. Because no *special act of their declaration* is produced.

“ 2ndly. Because, even if there were one in existence, it would still be necessary, in order to establish the truth, to prove that they had not been practising an imposition ; though they would have had the greatest interest in doing so, if the infant king had been carried off, either with their consent, or without their knowledge. . . .

“ 3rdly. Because the commissaries who were present at the post mortem examination, perhaps saw the body then, for the first time ; or, at soonest, on the evening preceding the death of the child ; since the same commissaries remained only *twenty-four hours* at a time, on guard at the Temple ; since they succeeded each other, one by one, and the number of the individuals, who, by their office in the *civil committees* of Paris, had a right to be appointed commissaries, was so great, that the same individual had not occasion to re-appear in attendance till after the lapse of some months.”

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“ The physicians declared moreover (in the report of the post mortem examination) that all the disorders of which they had given the details *must have been* the effect of a *scrofulous disease of long standing*, and that to that the death of the child must be attributed.

“ But it is certain that in the month of December, 1794, that is to say, six months before the death of the child in the Temple, the prisoner was in good health ; that after the month of February following, he was less cruelly ill-treated than he had been.

“ Is it then probable that the same child should have died of a *scrofulous disease of long standing*, when it is seen that some months previously his health was good ?

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“ The Journal du Commerce of the third of December, 1832, in an article in which it gives an account of the work entitled, *Secret History of the Directory*, expresses itself thus :

....“ We will pass over what follows to arrive at the 11th chapter, in which the historical interest commences ; it is there that a series of important disclosures is made....

“ The first informs us of the existence of a secret committee of the convention, who decided on the fate of the Bourbons, then living in France, and who prevented the revival by some second Cromwell, of the strange project which the English had conceived of marrying Madame Royale to Robespierre.

“ The second of these disclosures is not less curious ; but unfortunately it is incomplete. *It relates to the young Louis XVII ; it appears certain that the public has been deceived as to the real time*

and place of his death. Cambacères\* acknowledged this, but he would never reveal what he knew on this point.

"We shall be led to believe that there was some great mystery concerning it, and that this deputy was acquainted with it, when we remember with what consideration the restored Bourbons treated this regicide, and the eagerness with which they took possession of his papers, after his death†.

"The object of this illegal seizure, which for the moment deprived the heirs of the arch-chancellor of their family papers; was to make a selection of such papers as might disclose these royal mysteries. This examination took place under the greatest secrecy, at the office of the Minister of Justice; and it has never been known what the government found among these papers which seemed to occasion it so much alarm."

\* "Cambacères avait eu de grands torts envers la maison de Bourbon, mais il se les était fait pardonner par de grands et secrets services. Il avait des liaisons mystérieuses avec de puissants personnages."—*Mémoires d'une Femme de Qualité*. Vol. 5. Ch. 5. p. 73.

Why should any services rendered by Cambacères to the Bourbons have been kept *secret* after the restoration, if they were not discreditable to either party? Any *liaisons* with him must of themselves have been so discreditable to the Bourbons, that the mystery observed respecting them, is not surprising; but the more such *liaisons* needed an apology, the greater was the need to proclaim his services, if they could have afforded one.—*English Ed.*

† After the death of the ex-Minister Fouché\*, and the ex-Director Barras†; their papers were also submitted to a similar investigation.—*Note to the French Edition.*

\* (T.) † (A.) (B.)

“ A very respectable ecclesiastic recommended by M. de Grimaldi, although sufficiently recommended by his own merits ; was presented in the month of May, 1816, by the Duke de Maillé ; and upon his informing Monsieur, that a pious person, whose veracity had been proved, by events which had taken place, announced the actual existence of the son of Louis XVI, at the simple mention of this fact, Monsieur lost that gracious manner which so peculiarly distinguishes him, and sent the ecclesiastic to the Bishop of Amyclée.”

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“ M. de Guérivière is an artisan and a manufacturer ; he is admitted to the Louvre among the inventors of works of French industry—he thought that he had been unjustly treated, and he made a complaint : it was to the Count d’Artois that he addressed it, and the *Quotidienne* of Novembre 6th 1823, contains the following article :

“ H. R. H. Monsieur has been pleased to receive a declaration, which was made to him by M. Morin de Guérivière, inventor of a new kind of ornament, the manufactory of which is No. 2, *Rue Chapon*.

“ M. Morin had the honor to lay before H.R.H.,



a document which declares that at the time when it was reported that Louis XVII had escaped from the Temple, *he was arrested\* on suspicion of being that august child,*" &c.†

" M. de Guérivière adds to his recital the following dialogue, to which he prefixes this observation :

" Being ignorant of the hostile sentiments of Louis XVIII towards the Duke of Normandy, I thought myself sure of obtaining the favourable consideration of that monarch, by informing him, that during the revolution, I had been, in consequence of a mistake, arrested and detained as the Son of Louis XVI‡.

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## DIALOGUE.

### AN AGENT OF LOUIS XVIII.

" The business which brings me here, is the petition that you have sent to the King within the last few days."

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\* (G.)    † p. 25.    ‡ p. 23.

## DE GUERIVIERE.

“ Well ! what is there extraordinary in that ? Conceiving that I had reason to complain of an act of injustice, I appealed to the King as judge of my complaint. It is true, that, the better to gain his majesty’s attention, I added to my petition some details respecting my arrest at a former period at Thiers, where I was taken for the Dauphin, *said* to have died in the Temple ; however, before doing so, I had communicated my intention to M. Hinault, head of the central police.”

## THE AGENT.

“ That is the best part of your business. *It is fortunate for you that you were acquainted with that gentleman.* For the last two days I have been making enquiries about you. I know now that you are an honest man, and that is what determined me to come and see you ; but I cannot tell you anything more till you have given me your word of honor that you will never mention to M. Hinault what I am going to confide to you,”

De Guérivière gave his word, and the agent having taken from his pocket a roll of papers, and shewn him that he belonged to the counter police of the palace, continued in these words :

“ You will perceive from this the reason why I am anxious not to be known to M. Hinault.

“ I proceed to the business. You have been seen, for the last two days, walking for several hours together, in the Court of the Carousel, waiting for the count d’Artois: you presented a packet to him at the moment when he alighted from his carriage. *Without being aware of it, you caused GREAT ALARM* in the palace. I do not know how it came to be reported there that Louis XVII had presented himself at the Tuileries.

“ I was immediately ordered to set some spies at work. The following day, some *femmes de la halle* must have come to you; the same day you must have received a visit from the Marquis *de Rivière*. When I had obtained by myself and my agents the information which was necessary, in order to discover rightly who you were, I made my report as was my duty; but although this report was correct, circumstantial, and conceived in the best manner for tranquillizing the minds of people, I dare not yet flatter myself that I have succeeded in clearing up all the doubts, or in dispelling all the uneasiness which your proceeding has occasioned. However, you need be under no alarm; no harm will happen to you, and I will not conceal from you that this is partly owing to your acquaintance with M. Hinault.”

DE GUERIVIERE.

“ What you have just told me, sir, confirms me

more and more in the opinion which I entertain, that the Dauphin is still living ; but tell me what line of conduct would you have pursued if you had discovered in me the *son* of Louis XVI ?”

#### THE AGENT.

“ The situation which has fallen to me is not such as I ought to hold, considering all that I have done for the Bourbons ; but he who now governs us does not otherwise recompence the old servants of the King his brother. Accordingly, I will own to you, that if you had been Louis XVII, as I thought for an instant you were, my intention was to throw myself at your feet, to warn you of your danger, and to save you from the implacable resentment of your powerful enemy. Believe me that the most devoted subject of Louis XVI, would not have delivered up the son of his King to the dagger of an assassin\*.”

“ After this account, M. de Guérivière passes on to an interview which he had with a person in connection with the court, who advised him to keep the original of the order for his liberation,

\* p. 24, 26.

The agent, head of the counter-police of the Palace, who is here mentioned, was called Desmarres ; in the year 1823, he kept a picture shop in the Court of the Palais-Royal, which he afterwards moved to the passage Véro-Dodat, No. 2.—*Note to the French Edition.*

after his arrest on suspicion of being the son of Louis XVI, escaped from the Temple, and on no account to give more than a copy of it, certified by two notaries.

“ This person at first maintained that nothing was more improbable or more chimerical than the *existence* of the Orphan of the Temple; but, overcome by the weight of facts, more decisive than all the objection which could be urged, he exclaimed :

“ Well, Louis XVII is living, I know it ; but *the dearest interests* of France forbid that he should now ascend the throne of his ancestors ; a general confusion would be the consequence, for that prince *would never consent to ratify the treaties concluded with the foreign powers*. Since you appear to be so well informed, if any plot is made in his favour, you will not fail to be acquainted with it ; and in that case it will be your duty, without delay, to give information of it to the keeper of the seals.

....“ Preserve with care the document that you have just shewn me ; a day will come, perhaps, when it will be of more value to you than you think.”

“ After this conversation, the person, who still held in 1832 a high office, went to the Duchess of Angoulême, whom he visited very often.”

“ Such is the recital of M. de Guérivière, to which he adds that M. de *Tourzelles*, no doubt

the Abbé *Allègre Tourzel*, after having congratulated him on his having been arrested as the son of Louis XVI, said to him : “ I know from *good authority*, that this Prince is living, and that his health is not at all injured by the dreadful sufferings he endured in the Temple. My conviction on this subject is so strong, that I have not feared to declare it openly to the King himself, and to tell him that the crown he wears does not belong to him.” . . . .

M. de Guérivière concludes his pamphlet with some reflections, which appear to us of great weight, and the substance of which is as follows :

“ I was arrested, not as *pretending* to be, but as *supposed* to be, the Dauphin *himself*.

“ On my presenting my passport, announcing my real name, the commissary would not believe it : he would see, in me, not a Morin, but a Bourbon : it was only on its being satisfactorily proved, that the authorities were mistaken in the person, that the deputy Chazal ordered my release.”

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“ M. Labreli de Fontaine, in his pamphlet entitled

*“ Disclosures respecting the Existence of Louis XVII, Duke of Normandy,”* has the following passage :

“ The first article of the secret treaty of Paris, 1814, explains the manner in which the powers of Europe had permitted the Count de Provence to occupy the throne of France; the following is the substance of the article :

*“ That although the high contracting powers, the Allied Sovereigns, have no certain evidence of the death of the son of Louis XVI, the state of Europe and its political interests, require that they should place at the head of the government in France Louis-Xavier, Count de Provence, ostensibly with the title of King, but being, in fact, considered in their secret transactions, only as Regent of the Kingdom for the two years next ensuing, reserving to themselves during that period, to obtain every possible certainty concerning a fact which must ultimately determine who shall be the Sovereign of France, &c.”*

“ M. Labrelli adds this note :

“ Being at Venice in 1812, Signor Erizzo, formerly a senator of Venice shewed me a proclamation of the Count de Provence, dated from Verona the 14th of October, 1797, in which he only assumed the title of Regent of the kingdom. If Louis XVII really died in the Temple, why did not his uncle take the title of King\* ?

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\* It is known, from good authority, that during the reign of

(I.) I, the undersigned, Nicolas Hyppolite P....  
 Count D...., Maréchal de Camp, retired from  
 the army, declare that I am ready to depose  
 upon oath in a court of justice:—

“ That in 1797, two years after the pretended death of the son of Louis XVI, I was positively informed by Mme. de G.... that the Duke of Normandy had escaped from the Temple, and that he had not been able to leave the Temple, until after the death of the child, whom the Committee of Public Safety had substituted for him.

“ I learned besides, that on his escape in 1795, he was taken to the house of a Lady of German extraction, whose husband had been killed on the 10th of August, and who lived at Paris in the Rue de Seine.

“ I went again on foreign service; and while with the Prussian army in 1810, I learned from some officers that my Prince was not dead, and that he was detained in Prussia.

“ The conviction I had of the existence of the son of Louis XVI, led me, in 1815 and 1816, to wait upon the Dauphiness, (the Duchess of Angoulême) to speak to her on the subject of her brother; she answered that she had no certainty of his death in the Temple, but that she did not know what was become of him.

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Louis XVIII, a court sycophant had a false certificate fabricated of the death of the Dauphin in foreign lands after his escape.—  
*Note to the French Edition.*



“ I have since learned, that the German woman who had charge of the child, married again.

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(J.) *Declaration de J. B. B. . . . , Butler to Louis XVIII, from 1814 to 1815.*

“ 1st. At the time of the pretended death of the Dauphin, a man called La Pierre, a turnkey in the Temple, declared to me that another child had been substituted in the prison, in the place of the son of Louis XVI\*.

“ 2nd. During the time that Pichegru was concealed in Paris, he frequently came to my house : once he remained a fortnight, and dined and slept there. He often told me that the Duke of Normandy was living, and he did not conceal from me how much he was interested for him.

“ 3rd. From 1814 to 1815, having charge of the King's cellars, I had frequently occasion to hand the wine at the King's table, and at that of M. de Blacas, where the allied Sovereigns often dined.

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\* (A.)  
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The Arch Duke Constantine of Russia, said one day to the Duke de Berri, speaking of the son of Louis XVI, 'And the prince, have you any news of him?' 'I have heard nothing of him,' answered the Duke de Berri.

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*Deposition of a Physician on the Trial of  
Richemont.*

"In 1811, I was visiting physician to an hospital, in which were a great number of patients. One day, when I was going my rounds, I saw a woman whose name was Simon\*; I heard her complain of the regulations of the hospital; she said: '*If my children were here, if they knew I was here, I should not be so badly off.*' 'I answered, 'I don't see what they could do for

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\* An English gentleman, a near relation of the editor's, travelling by the Diligence from Paris to Calais, early in last November, spoke of the Dauphin to his fellow-travellers, when he was told by a royalist French lady, who did not appear to know any thing of the present claimant of the title, that it was certain that the Dauphin had not died in the Temple; and she pointed out to the gentleman the place where the wife of Simon had died, who, she said, had declared that the Dauphin had escaped.  
—*English Ed.*

you, more than what is done for you here.' 'Oh!' said she, 'you don't know of what children I am speaking; I mean my little Bourbons, whom I love with all my heart.'—'Your little Bourbons!'—'Yes,' said she, '*I had the care of the children of Louis XVI.*—I was astonished at these words; she repeated them; I said to her, '*But the Dauphin is dead.*'—She answered, '*No, he is not!*' And then she related to me how the Dauphin had been carried off, whether in a bundle of linen, or in some other manner, I cannot positively say.

"I asked her other questions, but I learned nothing further."

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(K.) On the 26th of September 1792, I obtained admittance into the Temple in the disguise of a mason, whose services were required for some repairs that were to be made in the prison inhabited by the King.

It is of me that Cléry speaks in his memoirs. By means of this disguise, I saw....the angelic Louis XVI....for whom I shall mourn to the last hour of my life. Choaked by my tears, I could not speak.... "*My friend,*" said the good King, "do not grieve;

remember that we should submit with resignation to the afflictions sent us by heaven....” The King offered me his hand.

Overcome by this excess of goodness, I drew back, and falling on my knees, “*Sire,*” said I, “*I swear . . .*” but the King interrupted me.... “*No, no, my friend, don’t swear, it is imprudent !*”

The King was very much agitated ; he walked backwards and forwards in the room, clasping his hands, and raising them to heaven, saying, “*But my children, my dear children, what will become of them ?.... Great God, hasten the hour of the sacrifice !*”

I had come under the pretext of fixing some bolts on the door of the King’s room, to execute a commission to his majesty. I was engaged in it, when they called from the foot of the stairs, “*Come, workman—make haste—come.*” Whilst I hesitated to go down, a second call obliged me to depart. “*Go, my friend,*” said the King, “*or you are lost.... May God watch over you !*”

And God has granted the prayer of Louis XVI, and God has watched over me ! for it was I who delivered Louis XVII into the hands of Charette\*.

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\* It can hardly fail to strike every reader that the testimony of this witness, which *seems* intended to establish the fact of the Dauphin’s being placed under the care of Charette, in La Vendée, does much more than corroborate the statement of the Prince himself, at page 71, who speaks of his having merely once seen three persons in uniform, “one of whom he was told was General Charette.” The only explanation of this difficulty which the French editor thinks it prudent to give, under present circum-

If any one enquires :

“ By what means General Charette and I obtained possession of him, and where we took him to ?”

This is what I shall not hesitate to tell, and to prove, when the proper time is come. Till then, a solemn oath binds me to silence.

A witness, whose business lay near the private

stances, is to state frankly, that the above testimony does not in fact refer to the *real Dauphin*.

At the time of his being concealed in the Temple, to favour his escape afterwards, by putting the government, as it were, upon a wrong scent, other children were sent from Paris in various directoins. One of these was despatched into La Vendée, as may be supposed. A friend of the French editor's, who served under Charette, remembers perfectly a child being shewn to the Vendéen army as Louis XVII. So completely did the *ruse* succeed, that, in the year 1795, when the revolutionary government was negotiating with the Vendéen chiefs for the pacification of that province, and the withdrawal of the republican troops, the delivery up to them of the person of the Dauphin, supposed to be in La Vendée, was stipulated for as a *sine quâ non*. The truth of this,—I write on the authority of the French editor,—is attested by the *Moniteur* of that year. It was in reference to that negociation that the proclamation of Charette's, which will be found in a subsequent page, was made.

What is here stated will not be sufficient to satisfy the curiosity which may be felt, as to the motives which led to the insertion of the above testimony in the French work. But it must be plain to every reasonable mind, that to attempt to satisfy the curiosity of the public upon this and many other particulars, might be a most imprudent course. Let it be remembered that there is nothing that the unfortunate Prince and his advocate so ardently desire as the permission to bring forward *all* that they have to bring forward, *in the proper place*.—*English Ed.*

apartments of Louis XVIII, overheard one day an animated conversation between the King and the Duke de Berri. The prince was vehemently urging his uncle to acknowledge his cousin, the Duke of Normandy. His Majesty persisted in a positive refusal, observing to the prince, "What would become of you if I were to consent to acknowledge him?" "Oh! uncle," nobly answered the Duke de Berri, "justice rather than a crown." This conversation took place but a very short time before the assassination of the unfortunate prince.

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M. F . . . . had a brother who was a member of the Committee of general safety, at the time of the pretended decease of the Dauphin. The two brothers lived at the same hotel in Paris. A messenger came from the Temple, to inform the member of the committee that the son of Louis XVI was dead. He immediately went to the prison, and on his return, he could not conceal from his brother that the certificate of the death was false, and that the Dauphin had been taken away.

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(L.)      *Examination of the Prince.*

I had already been five days in my new prison,

when two persons came to visit me. After they had saluted me coldly, one of them drew from his pocket a roll of paper, and sat down at my little table, whilst the other who remained standing, proceeded to put me to a formal examination.

I perfectly recollect both their questions and my answers.

“What is your name?”

“Charles Louis,” I answered quietly, and without allowing myself to be intimidated by the tone of authority, which this man assumed towards me.

“Who are your parents? what are their names?”

“The king, Louis XVIth. was my father, and Marie-Antoinette, the queen of France, my mother.”

“When did your parents leave the Tuileries?”

“I cannot tell the exact date.”

“Was it in summer or in winter?”

“It must have been in summer, for the weather was beautiful, and the sun very hot; It was early in the morning.”

“Were you in the carriage, or on foot, when you escaped with them?”

“We were not escaping!....we were all on foot.”

“Who were the persons who accompanied you?”

“I was with my father and mother, my sister, and my aunt.”

“There were others besides; why don't you name them?”

" Yes! there were several others ; but amongst them all, I only remember the name of Mme. de Tourzel, my governess."

" Did you walk, or were you carried ?"

" I walked between my mother, and Mme. de Tourzel ; they both held me by the hand."

" Where were you taken to ?"

" I don't know the name of the place we went to."

" But at any rate you can describe it to us ?"

" Yes! it seemed to me like a great theatre."

" Did you remain long there ?"

" No! we were taken into an enclosed seat, in front of which there was a grating, which, however, did not prevent one from seeing and hearing every thing that passed in the Hall below. This seat looked to me like a great square box."

At these words my examiner laughed: no doubt at the comparison I had made; he then continued:

" What was going on in the Hall ?"

" I can't tell you, for I only heard a confusion of voices, without being able to distinguish a word."

" When you left that place, where were you taken to ?"

" After having crossed a sort of court planted with trees, we came to another building, consisting of several small apartments: and I stayed with Mme. de Tourzel, in the innermost one."

" And where did you go afterwards ?"



"Two days afterwards I was taken to the Temple with my family."

"Who were the persons who shared your captivity?"

"My father and mother, my sister, my aunt, M.M. Hue and Chamilly, Mme. de Tourzel, her daughter Pauline, the Princess de Lamballe, and one other lady, whose name I do not remember."

"Did you all live together in the same room?"

"No! there were several rooms; we had each one; my sister and I, however, slept in my mother's room."

"You never saw your father, then, after that day?"

"On the contrary, he was with us almost all day: besides, we were often taken to his room in the morning. But soon afterwards he was not allowed to have any communication with us; after which, I never saw him but once,—the day on which he took leave of us, for the last time."

"Did your father come to the room you lived in, or did you go to his room?"

"They took us, my mother, my sister, my aunt, and myself, to the room where my father had his meals; he was waiting for us there."

"Was your father alone then?"

"No; Cléry was with him."

"Any one besides Cléry?"

"No one but him and ourselves."

"When you left your father, where were you taken to?"

"To my mother's room."

"From that time did you always remain with her?"

"Yes! till the moment when torn from her arms, I was taken away to another prison, and given up to the mercy of a savage gaoler."

"Whom do you mean?"

"A monster—Simon."

"Who were the people who got you out of the Temple?"

"I don't know them."

"But how was your escape managed?"

"I was put into a large wicker basket, and carried out concealed in it—at least, I imagine that was the way I got out of prison."

"You must have been very ill watched, for such a plan to succeed?"

"A woman who had lately been sent to take care of me, and one of the public officers, a municipal officer, I believe, were present at the time; no doubt they were both in the secret."

"Where were you taken to?"

"I can't say; because I lost all recollection, almost immediately after I was put into the basket; upon recovering my senses, I found myself in a bed, at the foot of which stood a woman, whom I then saw for the first time."

"What was her name?"

"I never knew it; I used to call her *mamma*, for she shewed me all the care and tenderness of a mother."

"How were you separated from that woman?"

"One night I was taken by force from her."

"Who took you?"

"I don't know,"

"Where were you taken to?"

"I don't know that either."

"You must remember the place you were living in, before your last embarkation?"

"Certainly; I think I see it still."

"Well! what was it called?"

"That's what I can't tell you."

"But at least you can tell the names of those who are so devoted to you?"

"I never knew them."

"You lie."

At this insolent word, pronounced in a tone still more insolent, I felt the colour rise in my cheek; I could not control a gesture of indignation which my examiner perfectly understood. He added, hastily, with an ironical smile: "What! you don't know the names of the persons who were living with you; it's impossible, incredible, I tell you; you lie!"

At this renewed insult, I could with difficulty restrain my indignation; I should probably have given vent to it, had I not considered the situation

in which I was placed. Having overcome the first feeling of anger, I said with tolerable calmness; "Sir, I have never lied!....I have answered with truth all the questions that you have hitherto been pleased to put to me; but I will now ask you, in my turn—who you are—and what right you have to come here to question me; for I know you not."

"And what does that signify to you?....Is it at all necessary that you should know who I am....or that you should know my name....However, if you will make known to me the names of the persons who have been living with you, perhaps I may consent to tell you who I am, and what I am called here?"

"Even on that condition, I would not tell you one, supposing I knew them all.

"Recollect yourself—perhaps you may have cause to repent of such obstinacy—I repeat it, nothing will lead to any improvement in your situation, but the most perfect openness on your part, together with the disclosures which I demand from you?"

"I have already told you, Sir, that the faithful friends who have hitherto accompanied and protected me, have never told me either their names or their rank."

"Did you never question them on the subject?"

"I did—once or twice."

"Well?"

“ They gave me to understand that such a communication on their part, might be attended with fatal consequences to them, in the event of their falling into the hands of their enemies or mine, who, they told me, were in fact one and the same. Calling to mind the fidelity and devotion of which they had already given me so many proofs, this answer satisfied me; and, trusting entirely to them, I continued to give them my full confidence, without ever renewing my enquiries.”

“ You will tell me, I hope, the name of him who was last with you ?”

“ You know it, perhaps, better than I do.”

At these words my questioner stooped towards his colleague, and though he spoke in a low tone, I perfectly distinguished these words: “ What forethought! what cunning! in truth we have to do with very dangerous people.”

I did not understand what he meant by these expressions. Afterwards, addressing himself again to me. “ At least,” resumed he, “ you will tell me the name of the place where you left that friend ?”

My eyes were at length opened, and I became conscious of the hostile intentions towards myself and my friends, which dictated these questions. Perhaps I had already told too much! I instantly, therefore, resolved not to answer any other questions that might be put to me, and to make known this determination by signs only.

My examiner resumed: "What was this man? Did he belong to any profession?"

I made no answer; but by a negative motion of my head.

"Don't you hear me?"

I again shook my head.

"Do you mean not to answer me?"

Here I made him understand, by an affirmative nod of my head, that he had exactly guessed my meaning.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "that is to say you don't mean to speak any more! very well." And turning over quickly, and with an air of vexation, the remaining leaves of the voluminous roll of papers he held in his hand, he wrote something at the end of the last leaf, affixed a kind of seal to it, and retired with his secretary, after darting a menacing look at me.

As for me, I looked with composure, and with an air of pity at these two men, as they departed without even attempting to explain to me the object, or motives of the long and minute examination to which they had subjected me. I remarked, however, that he who had acted the part of secretary, had, as fast as the questions were put to me, carefully taken down my answers in writing.

The day was drawing to a close, and soon after my examiners left me, night came on, and I was already asleep, when two people came to take me, and put me on board a little vessel, which was

just setting sail. The passage was very short, and I had hardly disembarked, when a carriage that was standing on the shore approached us. My conductors made me get into it, and having placed themselves by my side, our journey continued. I was not allowed to get out of the carriage even when we changed horses, and the carriage was always closely shut. I did not know through what country we were passing, nor what was the object of this journey. After some days we stopped; my two keepers got out; they conversed mysteriously together, and though it was night, I saw through the door which was left a-jar, one of them set off suddenly, making a sign to his companion to wait for him.

An hour elapsed, after which he reappeared, and ordered the postillion to drive on. We reached at length what appeared to be our destination. My eyes were bandaged, and we went on a short way farther. When my eyes were unbound, I found myself in a small room; near me was an old woman, to whose care I was doubtless about to be confided. Forgetting the presence of this stranger, I drew from my bosom the portraits of my family, which Marie had given me; and whilst looking at these precious likenesses, I endeavoured to forget the mysterious misfortunes which appeared to surround me with such invincible fatality.

I was occupied in the contemplation of these

objects so dear to me, when two strangers whose voices announced their presence, entered my room, where they continued their conversation for some time without troubling themselves about me, which gave me time to conceal the miniatures from them. Upon a sign from the eldest, I arose and approached him. He then said "Imprudent friends have rendered your ruin necessary—but, we do not want your blood. The only death which threatens you is that of your name.—Never expect to enjoy your paternal inheritance.—As for the traitors who may hereafter endeavour to bring you forward, let them know that *we have with us, him whom they know is to take your place.*"

"My friends," answered I, "will have courage enough not to yield to threats. I know their devotion, and I have faith in the holiness of my cause."

"Well then! *your friends will perish*, and their death perhaps, may not save you."

"Your threats are useless, for they will not change my resolution."

"No more than that will change your fate—however," added the man, looking at me steadily, "these are our orders and instructions."

Hitherto this man had only been insolent to me, from this moment he became brutal in his language, and endeavouring to assume an air of authority, and with a tone of voice which he considered solemn he added: "A voluntary renunciation of



the rights of your birth is required from you—on this condition you will be allowed a secure asylum in a convent.”

“ You may kill me, I am in your power ; but to make me renounce the rights which I inherit from my birth, to require that I should deny the noble name I bear, you will never accomplish that—Leave me Sir, in peace, and depart.”

“ Your mother too would never yield,” muttered the wretch as he withdrew. “ You are your mother’s own son, and the same fate awaits you.”

And this man at length relieved me from his presence taking his attendant with him.

After so many sufferings what had I further to apprehend ?

The answers to the questions which were addressed to the Prince are recorded here from recollections which may vary a little in the details, but which are in the main correct. It will be easily seen that there has been no attempt to make them coincide exactly with the circumstances related in the narrative of his life. The sagacity and discernment of the Prince enabled him to elude fully satisfying the hostile enquiries of his cruel persecutors.

In order to prepare beforehand the most powerful obstacles against any possible appeal on his part, under whatever circumstances might arise, his enemies shrank from no crime ; therefore in conformity with the threats they had uttered against

him, they considered how important it was to destroy his resemblance to the royal family, and to obtain this result three men who were clothed in black had the frightful resolution to inflict an atrocious torture upon the offspring of so many crowned heads, the son of their ancient Kings.

The heart sickens at the contemplation of such acts of barbarity. Entirely masters of their defenceless prisoner, these three persons suddenly entered one evening into the room of the new prison to which he had been taken since his examination. An order being given to the nurse, she withdrew. Then, whilst one of them bound His Royal Highness to the back of a chair, another held his head, and the third, drawing a portrait from his pocket, and casting his eyes alternately on the picture and on the prince, made a sign to his accomplices; who, provided with small instruments of many points, (which may best be compared to a bunch of needles) struck him several times on the face. He soon felt himself covered with the blood which flowed profusely from these innumerable and imperceptible wounds. This act of barbarity being accomplished, the assassins washed his face with a sponge which had been dipped in some kind of liquid; they then retired, without having uttered any other sounds but a sort of fiendish laugh.

The nurse then returned; she hastened to un-

bind the prince, and to render him every assistance; he was unable to utter a single word.

The next day his face was so much swelled, that his eyes were entirely closed; it gradually became so much worse that he experienced the most acute sufferings. He bore them, nevertheless, with firmness; but an insupportable itching, which tortured him with excruciating irritation, having succeeded to the intense pain, made it impossible for him to refrain from rubbing his face, which was covered with a thick crust: having removed the greatest part of it, which came off like a mask, his face was covered with blood, and the swelling round the eyes, being by this means, in some measure reduced, he again saw the light.

The skin of his face was become spotted and indented like a plate of copper, beaten by the hammer.

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SPANDAU, AUGUST 3rd, 1815\*.

*To H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême, Paris.*

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,

This day—a day of love and joy to the Prussian

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\* The 3rd of August is the *jour-de-fête* of the King of Prussia.  
—*Note to the French Edition.*

nation, recalls to me my lost happiness. Alas ! nothing remains to me but the sad and bitter recollections of our flight to Varennes. It is in you that I repose the small share of confidence that I can feel in any human being.

I know that it is attempted to conceal my existence from you ; but a time will come when all traitors shall be punished. Oh ! I remember the day, when he, who is now my enemy and my persecutor, came to take leave of me ; it was one evening, a short time before our departure for Varennes. I cannot tell the exact date, but I remember the fact as if it had only just happened.

It was already late in the night, when our good mother, accompanied by Mme. de Tourzel, approached my bed, and awoke me by embracing me. I was immediately dressed like a little girl by Mme. de Tourzel. in my mother's room. Alas ! that excellent mother, why can she no longer bear witness in my favour ? But you my dear sister, you, and Mme. de Tourzel, if she is still living, with whom I quitted the Tuilleries, are not you both undeniable witnesses to my existence ? Alas ! perhaps, my deceived sister still doubts it ; she must, however, know that no one but myself can tell her what happened during that night,—whose feet trod upon mine, as I sat hidden and crouching at the bottom of the carriage. Recollect the command of my good mother when she ordered me to maintain a perfect silence, whatever might

happen. I did not breathe a word, though my aunt moving hastily, gave me several blows, which hurt me very much.

But now I am suffering far more serious pain ; for I am seeking the sister I have lost, to know from her, whether she will at length put an end to the painful situation, which my disguise led me to consider, at that time, as a scene in a play. Ah! I feel it, this cruel uncertainty may perhaps never end, since the man who carried me in his arms, when we changed the carriage in the course of this journey, is no longer in existence. That happened, I believe in one of the suburbs of Paris ; I will not exhaust myself in regrets and useless complaints ; I will rather transmit to my beloved sister the account given to me by one of my faithful friends ; it may perhaps serve to enlighten her.

During that melancholy journey, a man of the name of Valery, must have accompanied us as courier. The wretch must have given notice, a short time before our arrival at Varennes, to the traitors who arrested us there. He thus prepared every thing for our arrest, by order of Lafayette, *and with the consent of our uncle*. Is this Valery still living ? if so, it would be easy for you to obtain at length the proof of the criminal ambition of him, who has never ceased to persecute me.

I cannot venture to communicate to you in

writing certain other particulars, respecting this event, not knowing whether this letter may reach your hands or not.

Adieu, my dearest sister, my prayers and blessings follow you wherever you go: be assured that I shall never forget you,

Your unhappy Brother,

CHARLES LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*From the Duke of Normandy to the Duchess of Angoulême at Paris.*

(M.)

SPANDAU, MARCH, 1816.

My dearly beloved sister, forgive me, if rejecting all court etiquette, the tenderness of a brother, who has never forgotten you, dictates these lines; for I declare it to you; I am living. I myself, your own brother. Require from me any proof of it, I engage to give it to you, but on one condition:

that you will allow me to come to you, and in the strictest privacy; having no wish to disturb the peace of our family, or to interfere with its happiness; and desiring above all things, that our country may continue to enjoy that internal peace, of which alas! it has been too long deprived.

Doubt no longer of my existence, have I not suffered as much as you, and together with you, in the Temple? To convince you of it, must I recall to your recollection, the day when I saw you again with so much delight, after having been so cruelly separated from our good mother, and our virtuous aunt? Well then, recollect that that same day you were dragged before the judges, and that no one in the world, but I, myself, your brother, could describe to you the place where I saw you afterwards; no, none but I could repeat to you the iniquitous interrogatory to which those men, those monsters dared to subject you, as well as my virtuous aunt.

These facts alone ought to enlighten you, to convince you of the truth, and thus justify the request which I now make to you. And yet there are many other secrets, I could confide to you, if I were not afraid to trust them to paper.....

If you should not dare to judge for yourself, you might apply to the king, our uncle, Louis XVIII, whom I have acquainted with all this, by a messenger that I have sent to him; without, however,

having confessed to him, that I had written you  
this letter..... \* \* \*

(N.) The messenger alluded to in the above letter, is a person named Marsin or Marassin. The Prince had rendered services of the highest importance to this individual. Being informed of the mystery which hung over the existence of his benefactor, and knowing that it was his intention to go to France to assert his rights, he offered to assist him in this delicate enterprise. In consequence of this offer of service, the Duke of Normandy entrusted him with a secret mission, delivered to him papers establishing his royal origin, and dictated the line of conduct he should pursue. —Marsin or Marassin who in some respects resemble the prince in appearance, set out for Paris, taking with him the documents in a small tin box....It was not long before the messenger was arrested by a police, ever on the alert, since the time that they had apprehended the sudden appearance of the lawful heir to the throne.

Imprisoned at Rouen, a half-idiot was substituted in his place, to whom they gave the name of Mathurin Bruneau. This Mathurin Bruneau was condemned as an imposter, pretending to be Louis XVII. The forthcoming judicial proceed-



ings will reveal several particulars on this head, which will expose the impostures. Marassin, it is said, is now in Paris, destined according to current report, to act the part of Dauphin, when the case shall be brought forward in court.

The following extract will be found in a work entitled, "The evenings of His Majesty, Louis XVIII, collected and arranged by the Duke of \_\_\_\_\_"

"If there were found so many credulous admirers of the story of the Iron Mask, it was to be expected that there would not be wanting intriguers, who, taking advantage of the peculiar situation of the King, my nephew, (who sunk to the grave *within the narrow and mysterious limits of a prison*) would not hesitate to assert that he is still living, more especially, *when even the place of his interment is unknown*.... To Hervagault, who dared to call himself Louis XVII, even under the iron rule of Buonaparte; has succeeded Mathurin Bruneau, who now demands from me his sceptre : this man, as well as the other, has his partisans, followers, courtiers, in short, others whose ambitious views are founded upon his. The law in condemning him, will not ensure the triumph of common sense; it is even said, that there are two men, one, really my nephew, who has been kept out of the way since his arrest, the other, a well known rogue, who is to act his part at the

trial ; and that the sentence pronounced against him, passing him by, will, in effect fall upon Louis XVII.

“ So then—my niece is an unnatural sister—I am a monster of an uncle, Monsieur is without loyalty and honour, and his sons are prepared to usurp the crown of their cousin-german.”

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M. Décazes, the favourite and all powerful minister of Louis XVIII, gave orders to the censorship of the Press, on the 2nd of December, 1817, to prevent any mention being made of the trial of Mathurin Bruneau, which was then beginning, excepting *from the account given by the ‘ Journal de Rouen,’* which was instructed to represent the proceedings in this cause in a ludicrous point of view\*.

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The author of the Manuscript Bulletin entitled “ Queries for the year 1817,” expressed himself in the following manner :

“ A mysterious personage was arrested at Saint Malo, on the 15th of September, 1815, because he declared himself to be the son of Louis XVI. If he speaks the truth, why is he not acknow-

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\* Mémoires d'une Femme de Qualité, Vol. 3. Ch. 12. p. 179.

ledged? if he is an impostor, why is he not brought to trial?

“ He was sent with an escort of gendarmes, from St. Malo to Rouen; where, on the 29th of January, 1816, he was lodged in the prison called the Bicêtre. Since the crime was committed at St. Malo, why was he not proceeded against in that town? Why place amongst condemned prisoners, an individual against whom there exist nothing but suspicions?

“ It was not till May 1817, that, after having been removed to the Conciergerie at Rouen, he was examined before a magistrate. Why this delay in an affair which touched so nearly the interests of the august family of the Bourbons? Why, when a firebrand of civil war is thrown into a province, not hasten to extinguish it? Why, if the matter concerned only a madman, or an impostor, inflict upon him beforehand, the cruel punishment of two years imprisonment?

“ Whoever the prisoner of Rouen may be, justice is due to him as well as to another; and it is an offence against religion, morality, and the laws, to punish him before he has been condemned.

“ All those who attended the son of Louis XVI in his early years, have not been cut off by death; why then, since gifted with a prodigious memory, the prisoner of Rouen enters into the most minute details concerning the childhood of the interesting heir of so many Kings—why not confront him

with Mme. de Tourzel, who was his governess, with the Abbé Davaux who was his tutor; and with the woman Simon, who was his gaoler? why not instantly silence imposture, instead of allowing public opinion to remain suspended, concerning details, which prejudice will reject with too much scorn, which credulity will welcome with too much enthusiasm, and which the spirit of faction may render formidable to the public peace.

“ Finally, whoever the prisoner of Rouen may be, he is a man, and as such, has a right to the protection of the laws.

“ He is either *innocent* or *guilty*; if he is innocent, he has a right to his liberty; if he is guilty, death alone\* can expiate the enormity of his crime.

“ And since it is true, that there is no proof that Louis XVII died in the Temple, every Frenchman who loves his country, the Bourbons, and Liberty. must desire, even for the honour of the royal family itself, that a public and solemn decision, should establish the truth irrevocably.

“ They will exclaim with us “ Why for these two years past, has he not been brought to trial?”

“ The case of Charles Philippeaux, or Mathurin Bruneau, or whoever the condemned prisoner of

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\* Article 87, of the Penal Code.—*Note to the French Edition.*

Rouen may be, carrying on the imposture, whether to serve his own ends, or those of a concealed and powerful party, did not even give occasion to the serious examination of the question: *whether or not the Dauphin had really died in the Temple?* Nay, more—the author of the above Manuscript Bulletin was classed among the most *dreadful revolutionists*, and the declared enemies of *legitimacy*. “What does he mean,” was said, “by speaking to us about Louis XVII, when Louis XVIII is on the throne? so much the worse for Louis XVII if he is still living—he comes too late.”

“Besides we have here the official certificate of his decease; there is therefore no doubt of his death; and, therefore, every appeal in his favour, must yield to the evidence of this public document.”

M. Labreli de Fontaine confutes this extraordinary reasoning in the following terms\*.

“One or other of these things must be true; *either the Duke of Normandy is dead, or he is still living!* If you assert that he is dead, facts are brought forward which refute your assertion. Among these facts there are some, which, for the establishment of their proof, require your assistance; grant that, and the proof shall be given;

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\* Vide New Discoveries concerning the Escape and Existence of the Duke of Normandy. p. 14. Paris, 1832.—*Note to the French Edition.*

withold it, and we shall conclude with reason, that you shrink from the acknowledgment of a truth of which you are convinced, and which you are interested to conceal. *If he is living*, the deed\* which you bring forward is FALSE; if you rest in a mere denial, the presumption is still against it, and public order is concerned, that every possible means should be employed, to ascertain its truth or its falsehood; it is the duty of all to endeavour to dispel the obscurity, in which some of the circumstances of our first revolution are still involved; imposture must be confounded and truth established. To shun the light is to avow the fear of it; to flee from it is to yield the victory.

“ Among other circumstances which tend to destroy the confidence which might have been placed in the official record of the decease of the Dauphin, is the statement of the physician Des-sault, *that the child to whom he was introduced, WAS NOT THE PRINCE WHOM HE HAD SEEN AND ATTENDED FORMERLY*†.

“ M. Labreli de Fontaine concludes with this observation, which must strike with remorse all those who have hitherto opposed themselves to the manifestation of the truth; “ If the Duke of Normandy was really dead, why, at the restoration, was there not a special annual funeral service ap-

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\* (C.) † (F.)

pointed, as was done in memory of Louis XVI ? Why—but because the latter was really dead, and that it was perfectly well known that Louis XVII was still living.”

And this librarian of her late Highness the Duchess Dowager of Orleans, concludes his pamphlet with the proclamation, which, towards the close of the year 1795, General Charette addressed to his army ; in which are found the following passages :

“ And you are about to lay down your arms ! what do I say, you would lay them at the feet of the reigning murderers ! From the hands of those who have pillaged and massacred you, you would receive those insulting gifts ! Those who have burnt down your houses, offer you indemnities ! Yes ! they will rebuild your houses, but it will be with the bones of your murdered brethren ; it is with your blood that they will cement the buildings. Go then, base and treacherous soldiers ! Go, deserters of the noble cause which you dishonour ! abandon to the caprice of fortune, to the uncertainty of events, the *Royal Orphan* whom you swore to defend—or rather *lead him captive in the midst of you, conduct him to the assassins of his father !*.....Have no pity for his tender age, for his engaging charms, for his helplessness, for his misfortunes—and when you are in the presence of your new masters, in order to make yourselves

more worthy of them\*, cast at their feet the head of your innocent King.—(*Pamphlet by M. Bourbon le Blanc.*)

It may reasonably be presumed that the papers which were seized upon the man who was so mysteriously kept out of sight, and the information which was obtained through him, served for a foundation to the lying pretensions of the swindler Richemont. This supposition explains how that impostor was enabled to deceive, for a time, those who had not the means of detecting the imposition. Those papers, carefully preserved by the "*Roi philosophe*," were destroyed, after the death of that monarch, by him who succeeded him on a throne which belonged to neither of them.

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\* Upon reading this proclamation, the question naturally occurs, how is it that the fact of the Dauphin's escape did not become matter of general notoriety?—How far the public mind in France may have been impressed with a belief of the young king's escape, and to what extent rumours to that effect may have been current at the time, it is impossible now to ascertain. There is reason to believe that such an impression was very prevalent, though from the suspension of all intercourse between this country and France at the period in question it was not known to be so here. Of this, indeed, the suspicion excited in 1814 in reference to the death of Josephine, mentioned in a former note—the report which arose in 1816 on the occasion of Martin's mission to Louis XVIII, mentioned in a subsequent one, and the information given to the editor's relation respecting the wife of Simon, may be considered proofs. And whilst this volume has been preparing for the press, it has come to the editor's knowledge, on the authority of an English lady and gentleman who were amongst the *detenus* at Verdun, that the Dauphin's escape from the Temple was spoken of amongst the officers of the garrison there, as an accredited fact; and, that during a subsequent residence at Versailles, they had repeatedly heard the same.—*English Ed.*



Louis XVIII, in an extract which we have quoted from his memoirs, mentions that the place of the *pretended interment* of his nephew was unknown. A feigned search was made by his orders the better to impose upon the credulity of the public. He knew perfectly well that at the time when the escape became known, the body\* of the child who died in the Temple, which had been deposited in one burial ground, was taken up and buried in another, in order to destroy every trace of an interment, of which it was dangerous to leave any sign. This precaution had not escaped those who had seen with so much vexation, the unfortunate victim of their ambitious policy, snatched from their grasp.

Here follows a declaration made to the police, and signed Charpentier; reported in Peuchet's work, p. 344, on the search made for the exhumation of the body of Louis XVII.—“ Collection de souvenirs Contemporains, ou Mémoires de Tous, tom. 2.

(O.) “The 25th prairial, year 3. (13th June 1795,) about five o'clock in the afternoon, a person came to my house, sent by the revolutionary committee of the section of Luxembourg, with orders that I should attend the committee immediately; which I did. There, one of the members or-

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\* That is to say the coffin which was *supposed* to contain the body. See page 69.

dered me to come again that evening at ten o'clock with two of my workmen, each with a pickaxe.

" At the appointed hour, we all three arrived at the committee room; where, after having waited till eleven o'clock, one of the members, in his scarf of office, without entering into any explanation, made us get into a hackney coach, which brought us to the farthest extremity of the *Jardin des Plantes*. He then made us get out and accompany him as far as the burial ground of Clamart, maintaining a profound silence all the time. Here I must remark that this whole proceeding seemed wrapt in impenetrable mystery. The carriage in which we set out from the committee room was neither preceded nor followed by any escort.

" When we entered the burial ground, it might be about half-past eleven o'clock; the person under whose directions we had come, ordered the man who had opened the door to us, to retire. This man, whose house was probably within the limits of the burial ground, did not require to be told twice, but immediately obeyed. My workmen and I waited, and in a few minutes the member of the committee, having satisfied himself that there was no one present but ourselves, made us come forward on the right hand side, but not more than eight or ten steps from the entrance. He then told us that we must make haste to dig, in the spot on which we stood, a grave, three feet in width, *by six in length*, and as much in depth; we obeyed his directions

as far as concerned the width, but two workmen not being able to dig together in the space of six feet, we were obliged to extend the grave to eight feet in length.

" We had already exceeded, by more than a foot, the depth required, when we heard the sound of a carriage, which soon stopped.

" At the same moment we were desired to leave off our work, the door of the burial ground opened and we saw three other members of the revolutionary committee alight from the carriage, wearing their scarfs like the one who had brought us there.

" We all saw a coffin from eight to ten inches wide, and *four foot and a half long*, which the members of the committee, assisted by the coachman, took the trouble themselves of lifting down, and of placing at the entrance of the burial ground, after which, I and my workmen were desired to go out.

" However, in a few minutes we were re-admitted, and we remarked that the coffin had in the mean time been placed in the grave, and that it had been covered about five or six inches deep with dirt.

" We were desired to fill the grave, and that being done, we were ordered to heap the earth, and to tread it down with all our strength.

" We concluded that the *object was to conceal*

*as much as possible all traces of the earth's having been lately disturbed in this spot.*

“ All being thus completed, as far as we were concerned, we were expressly charged to observe secrecy, on the subject of the business in which we had been employed. We were even told that *if either of us were guilty of the least indiscretion he would be easily discovered.*

“ *Ten francs* were then given to each of my workmen, and I was promised a reward which I took good care not to go and ask for, for many reasons, and which, without these reasons, would scarcely have tempted me, especially as I had heard one of the four members of the committee say, laughing; ‘ *Little Capet will have a long way to go to find his family.*’

If the body examined by the surgeons had been really that of the son of Louis XVI, his remains would have been found, and it would have been considered a duty to deposit them in the vaults of St. Denis with those of his ancestors: for during a period, transitory, it is true, and under melancholy circumstances, Louis XVII had been king and head of that family, which reigned fifteen years over France, and seemed, in the time of its prosperity, to forget that a son of the royal martyr had ever survived. This apparent indifference was but the effect of a deep laid policy, which feared to call the attention of France to an as-

serted fact, the falsehood of which had already become matter of public notoriety. If a pompous funeral had passed through the streets of the capital, pretending to convey, with religious respect, the remains of a King of France, to place them among those of our former sovereigns ; if the official announcement of this melancholy ceremony had appeared in the papers, we doubt not that more than one voice would have been raised to cry shame upon the profanation. This consequence was dreaded, and it was for this reason that, while on the one hand a feigned search was made for the pretended remains of the dauphin, but really of the child buried under his name, the heart of the child was refused, when offered by M. Pelletan, a devoted subject of the monarchy, who had preserved it from the day on which he was appointed to perform the post mortem examination.

The operating surgeon had written :

*“ After having divided the skull in a transverse direction, on a level with the sockets of the eyes, to examine the brain of the son of Louis XVI, which I had been directed to do, I replaced the top of the skull, and covered it with four strips of the skin which I had sewed together ; afterwards I wrapped the entire head in a cloth or handkerchief, or it may have been a cotton cap, fastened under the chin or the nape of the neck, as is usual in such cases.*

*“ These materials will be found, if, indeed, they*

*have not been destroyed by decay ; but CERTAINLY THE TOP OF THE SKULL MUST STILL REMAIN, WHICH WAS COVERED WITH THE PIECES OF LINEN CLOTH OR WITH THE COTTON CAP\*."*

In the pamphlet entitled, "*The existence of Louis XVII, proved by facts and prophecies*," p. 16 and 17. the author, M. Fortin, makes this judicious observation: "When Louis XVIII ordered, for *mere form's sake*, that search should be made for the pretended remains of the Duke of Normandy, *whom he well knew to be living*, the doctor, M. Pelletan, an estimable and respectable man, well known in Paris, was not summoned to deliver up to the authorities the heart of the child he had opened in the Temple in 1795, he did not offer it to the government, which could not have been ignorant that it was in his possession : but this was the time, if ever, to make a disclosure. Why have these facts been passed by unnoticed ? why have they not been made public, in order to enlighten France, and undeceive the nation on this point ? Louis XVIII and his clergy were perfectly acquainted with the history of the Duke ; they knew that no one could have his heart, *physically at least* : scruples assailed them ; they con-

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\* Paris, Aug. 17th, 1817, signed Pelletan. See *Mémoires sur Louis XVII, par Eckard, pièces justificatives*, p. 490.—*Note to the French Edition.*

sulted, and it was decided to abstain . . . . . otherwise, what should have prevented the government from taking the first skeleton that came to hand, and producing it as that of the Duke of Normandy ?”

There is some inaccuracy in this author's account. We have read the address which was then presented to the Bourbons, by the family of M. Pelletan, making them an offering of the heart, which they thought was that of the Duke of Normandy; the Duchess of Angoulême herself had personal knowledge of it. Notwithstanding repeated and urgent solicitations to the government to obtain an answer, which was ardently desired, an absolute silence was maintained,

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SPANDAU, MARCH, 11, 1817.

*To H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême.  
Paris*

Up to this moment I have received no answer to any of the letters that I have addressed to you

or to the King. My heart excuses you ; but the case is different with respect to Louis XVIII.

To convince you of the dishonest intentions and bad faith of this uncle, I beg you to address yourself to a certain M. Lebas : this man was employed by my foster-mother after my escape from the Temple. He was sent at that time, as I know positively, to the Count de Provence, but could not obtain an audience.

My foster-mother was the widow of a man who, like many others, had lost his life in our service\*, by the hands of the revolutionists. I do not know the name of this worthy woman ; I only know that her second husband was a Swiss, and that she made acquaintance with him through this M. Lebas.

The family of this man, and of M. Lebas, then resided at Geneva. Madam, if you have received my letters, and if you are not among the number of those who conspire against me, you have now the power and the means of enquiring for this M. Lebas, at Geneva. In order to assist you in making such enquiries, apply to the sister of Robespierre, who, if she is still living, has a thorough knowledge of the connections of M. Lebas, who was well acquainted with the lady whom I have mentioned to you as my foster-mother. If you



wish to spare yourself the trouble of these enquiries, let me come privately to you ; two lines from you will suffice, I will answer for the rest. Believe me, let my existence be no longer a subject of doubt to you : have sufficient moral courage not to yield to a delusion, persisting in which will render you guilty. In fact, if I had died in the Temple, my persecutors would have been eager to show you my mortal remains, in order that you might have no doubt of my decease. Now I ask you, did they ever place before your eyes a corpse which they told you was mine ? Weigh this circumstance well in your mind, and you will no longer reject your unhappy brother, who still loves you.

CHARLES LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

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The sister of Maximilian Robespierre, who is mentioned in this letter died at Paris whilst these letters were printing. Louis XVIII had assured

her a pension of six thousand francs\*, evidently to secure her silence; it is thus, that the taxes raised from the sweat of the people contributed to reward treasons, while on the other hand, old and devoted servants of the monarchy dragged on a painful existence in a state of abject want.

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(P.) SPANDAU, SEPTEMBER 4th 1819.

*To H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême, Paris.*

MADAM,

My heart cannot deny itself the happiness of

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\* A pension originally granted by Bonaparte.

*Quarterly Review, No. CVIII, p. 517.*

The Quarterly Review notices the continuance of the pension granted by Bonaparte to the sister of Robespierre as an instance of the mild and forgiving spirit of the restored Bourbons. Undoubtedly this is the most pleasing light in which it can be viewed, and most consistent with Christian charity. It is however, impossible to believe the history of the Duke of Normandy without being convinced that he has been treated most vilely by his family: and it must be admitted that the motives supposed in the the above passage, apparently for the original grant of the pension by the Bourbons, would have been of equal force to prevent its being discontinued by them, whatever may have been their predecessor's motive for granting it.

considering you still as the object of its affections, though you have not noticed the letters that I have addressed to you. A voice within assures me that you sympathise alike in all the afflictions of my lot, and in the moments of happiness which cheer my sad existence.

I have reason to believe that my marriage is known to you; I therefore hasten to inform you that my young wife presented me with a daughter on the 31st of last August; the child is as beautiful as an angel. In recalling your features to my memory, I see them in the face of this child. I dare not give her your name, it would bring to my mind too painful recollections; but I have given her that of *Amélie*. This choice will preserve in my memory, the details of our unhappy journey to Varennes, and should convince you that I have not forgotten the events of my early childhood; I except, however, the date of the day, in the night of which, our good mother, accompanied by Mme. de Tourzel, woke me for this journey, and dressed me in girl's clothes, I do not know whether you remember what I said to mamma and Mme. de Tourzel about this singular dress. For my part, I still remember distinctly, as if it were but a moment ago, that I thought we were going to act a play. Alas! I then little foresaw how melancholy a drama it would be. . . . Who would have told me that so many years afterwards, I should give my first child the name of *Amélie*, which you bore

during that journey? Ah! my sister! if you could be witness at this moment, to the mingled feelings of joy and sorrow in my heart; I am sure you would no longer reject your brother.

I ask you again have you not received my letters, or are you still misled by a guilty uncle? Is it not he, in fact, who from time to time has raised up impostors who have arrogated to themselves my rights and have assumed my name? or Madam, have you yourself, no belief in my existence?

I will remind you of the terrible day when we were removed from Versailles to Paris. I have not forgotten the faithful garde-du-corps, who ran by the side of the carriage, during that fatal journey. Neither have I forgotten the monster covered with blood, running with his murderous weapon in his hand, in the midst of a band of cannibals, who carried on their pikes, in front of the carriage, the heads of our unhappy friends!....How are my few moments of happiness embittered by these frightful recollections!....Alas! I can then no longer hope to be re-united to those beloved beings, in whose care I was, when we quitted the Tuileries by night, to return soon after prisoners to that palace! Ah! my sister! remember the question you then asked me, and the answer that I made to you. You fixed your eyes on me with uneasiness, you took me by the hand and asked me what we were going to do. You cannot doubt but that your

brother alone, can tell you where, and in what room this took place, and what horrible circumstance happened to us at Varennes; but *I will endeavour to forget it*. Let me only find a sister again, and on this condition I will forgive my persecutors.

CHARLES LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

(Q.)

SPANDAU, MARCH 27, 1820.

*To His Highness, Prince Harttenberg.*

SIR,

You must be aware, from the papers that you demanded from me in 1811, in the name of your sovereign, by the president of the police, M. Le-coque, that I have completed my thirty-fifth year. You know me and you are not ignorant of the name under which I live here. I am now the father of a family, and it is therefore incumbent

on me, as a sacred duty, to give my children at least the name that belongs to me. The silence that you have maintained till this day leads me to presume that you are also among the number of my enemies ; far from asking justice from you, I demand only, sir, the restitution of my papers. I have no intention of attempting to disturb the tranquillity of my country, but I demand, for my children's sake, that my real name should be restored to me. If you can do nothing for me without the consent of your sovereign ; or, if you will not accede to my just demand, I beg that you will deliver me a passport to Paris in my lawful name.

If you should again neglect to answer my letter, I shall find means of approaching the king, for truth should never fear.

CHARLES LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

BERLIN, JULY 17, 1831.

MR. COMMISSARY,

In acknowledging the receipt of the letter that

you have done me the honor of addressing to me, dated the 13th instant, on the present situation and the wishes of him whom you call the Duke of Normandy, it is my duty to transmit it to my government, and to confine myself to this answer to you.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

L. J. DE CORDOVA,

*Spanish Ambassador.*

*M. Pesold, Syndic of the town of Crossen.*

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(R.) The *Constitutionnel* of the 27th of August 1831, No. 239, contains the following article :

“ The Leipzig Gazette publishes the following advertisement which is certainly rather curious :”

“ At Crossen, a short distance from Francfort

upon Oder, resides, *under a feigned name*, the son of Louis XVI, Louis Charles, Duke of Normandy, and, after the death of his elder brother, Dauphin of France.

“ To satisfy public opinion respecting him, he is writing a history of his life and sufferings. Intending to have it printed, he wishes to enter into an agreement with a publisher.”

Address, post paid, to his agent, Pezold, Commissary of Justice, Crossen.”

(S.)                      CROSSEN, JANUARY 15th 1832,

*Monsieur Albouys, Advocate, Cahors.*

SIR,

I am desired by M.... my *client* to present his compliments to you, and to thank you for the proof which you have just given him of your kindness and confidence.... He ardently desires that the day may soon arrive which will at length reveal *the truth* and place it in a *true light*. He desires it the more earnestly that you may be



satisfied that *you have not interested yourself in a false and groundless pretension.*

We are glad that *you have had the goodness to write* to the Duchess of Angoulême. If you receive an answer we wish that you would let us know the contents.... Instead of M. d'Argoult, which I think you have written, I meant to name the Count d'Agoult, formerly (1829) ambassador from France at the court of Berlin, with whom M.... *my client* had a long interview, though he received no answer relative to his demands.

" . . . . . With regard to the observations made in your letter, I take the liberty of making a few remarks to you.

" 1stly.—in order to prove his existence, or that his death in the Temple was never satisfactorily attested, *he persists in declaring that his sister knows it perfectly.* If you still wish for other evidence by which you can more speedily inform yourself, have the goodness to address yourself to M. de T. ex-officer at Paris, No. . . . . Street, near the Ecole de Medecine, who has a *perfect knowledge* that the son of Louis XVI was carried off from the Temple. He asks among other things for an explanation which my client *hesitated* to give *in the first instance* relative to *the seals* on the papers already mentioned.

" 2ndly.—As to his identity, that is no doubt the principal point to be proved: all things considered, it is scarcely possible not to believe that

the government of my country *has no reason to doubt of his identity*....

As I have the honour of writing to a man who knows the laws and is thoroughly acquainted with them, it is sufficient to say that our criminal law inflicts the severest penalties on all *false defamations*\*, and, after examination had, the sentence is executed rigorously and without delay; and this offence has also been punished in other countries†.

The *Austrian Observer* of last year announces that a person was arrested at Modena, in 1820, named Bourlon who called himself the Duke of Normandy, &c. After communication had been made to the French government, he was imprisoned at Milan till 1825‡.

“3rdly.—A negation sometimes resolves itself into an affirmation: of this the present case is an example. *The usurpation of a title* which the government calls in question, imposes upon it the obligation of proving that the claimant is an impostor§.

Such a proceeding would also be much less difficult to a government which has so many means

\* The assumption of a name is considered as an injury to the family concerned.

+ The prosecution is the same in the Austrian states as in Prussia.

‡ This Bourlon is probably the pretended Baron de Richeumont, the false Duke of Normandy, mentioned by Sylvio Pellico.

§ According to the German law, it is for the prosecutor to establish the proof of his charge, following the law of right; *Actor incumbit onus probandi*.—Notes to the French Edition.

at its disposal, than the demonstration of the truth would be to an individual, if circumstances put it out of his power to prove his claim in such a manner as the law requires.

“ 4thly.—As regards nine-tenths of the individuals who have attempted to act the part of the son of Louis XVI, it is to be considered whether all these were willing themselves to support their pretensions in a court of justice. To judge of this, it should be known on what *proofs* and *circumstances* they have founded their claim; but however that may be, after the imposture of all these individuals has been exposed and punished, why extend to *him alone* an indulgence which he does not ask for, and has never sought.

“ 5thly. As to the *possibility of involuntary error\**, I have to observe, that, far from betraying any intellectual weakness, it must be admitted that he is *clever* and *sensible*, that his *judgment is good*, and that his conversation is interesting. It is very good of you to attach any value to the circumstance of my interesting myself about him, and most certainly upon *conviction*; but I hope the time is not far distant when his case *will speak for itself* most convincingly . . . when the truth of

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\* There can be no *involuntary error* in the case. His early childhood, his education, his residence at Versailles and the Tuileries, the journey to Varennes, the affair of the 10th of August and the confinement in the Temple, are matters which admit of no uncertainty.—*Note to the French Edition.*

his assertions will be acknowledged, when justice will no longer be denied him, and his unhappy situation will be relieved.

“ 6thly and 7thly.—With regard to his *papers*, which, as proofs of his legitimacy, *are of so much weight*, I will give an account of them to you, as soon as I have received them\*.

“ 8thly.—Evidently it is my client that the *Gazette de France* mentions: at least he calls himself Naündorff....he is a *watchmaker*, a trade that his friends taught him for his amusement....By this trade he has been able to live and provide for himself....

“ (*Signed*) PEZOLD.”

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In addition to this letter there follows :

“ I have received a letter from one who interests himself in the affair in question, but whose name I am not yet authorised to mention.

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\* These papers were seized after the death of M. Pezold, who was poisoned. (G. 2.)—*Note to the French Edition.*

' . . . . I return a thousand thanks to Divine Providence for enabling me to make known my conduct towards . . . .

' . . . . Notwithstanding that . . . . took upon himself to carry off several papers, I have found fifty documents fully substantiating the existence of His Majesty ; for instance, the manner and by whom he was taken from the Temple, &c.

' . . . . I can prove all that I state ; *and there is not a sovereign, who did not, in 1818, receive letters from me on this subject.*

' I will always affirm that he was carried off from the Temple by one of my friends.'

*" Pro verâ copîâ in fidem publicam testatur a 15 januar. 1832.*

*" (Signed) PEZOLD, Notar."*

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" What must be inferred from this letter and from the note that follows it ?

" That the client of Pezold, the Commissary of Justice, does not wish or intend to take advantage of any thing which is not true and well founded ;

" That the advocate Albouys wrote to the Duchess of Angoulême.

“ That in 1829, the claimant had a long interview with the Count d'Agoult, Ambassador from France, at the court of Berlin, relative to his claim.

“ That the claimant is convinced that the Duchess of Angoulême, his sister, is *perfectly aware* of the truth of his existence ;

“ That a M. de T. . . . has certain knowledge that the son of Louis XVI was carried off from the Temple ;

“ That, as to his *identity*, the Prussian government have no doubt of it ;

“ That considering what has taken place in Prussia and the actual laws of that country, it was impossible that the least doubt of his *identity* with the son of Louis XVI, could exist at the court of Berlin ; and here it should be observed that it is a Prussian magistrate who is writing ;

“ That it was *upon conviction* that the Commissary of justice at Crossen, undertook the cause of the Claimant.

“ And that this magistrate thought that the affair must speak for itself, and that he knew where to find documents which proved the sincerity of his client.

“ With regard to the note certified by the notary Pezold, who is the same as the Commissary of Justice, it clearly establishes that as early as the year 1818, in Prussia, in France, and in other European countries proofs were delivered and deposited

in places of safety which certified the existence of the Orphan of the Temple\*.

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Copy of a letter written by the Prince to the Editor of the *Comet*, a paper published at Leipsic, and inserted in No. 132 of the third year, on the 1st of August, 1832†.

*Crossen, July 18th 1832.*

SIR,

Princes who fear not the truth, still more those who wish to hear it, ought at least to desire that the press should endeavour to contend against those abuses which under certain circumstances may escape the notice of even the most enlightened monarchs. At the same time I think that the liberty of the press, however salutary in itself, might become a dangerous weapon in the hand of vice, if it were left without restriction; but every one should enjoy the sacred privilege of speaking the truth, so long as he makes himself responsible for what he advances; for these reasons I am

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\* Pamphlets by M. Bourbon le Blanc.

† We call the attention of our readers particularly to this article.—*Note of the Editor of the Comet.*

persuaded that the following article may be inserted verbatim in the *Comet*. I therefore expect the publication of it from you, Mr. Editor, and that with the greater confidence as I know that you always defend with pleasure the cause of the oppressed.

I should declare to you at the same time and in the most solemn manner, that I have spoken the truth with the strictest accuracy, and in witness of it I affix my seal and signature.

I rely on the justice of every German, and of every Frenchman, that they will not be astonished at my exposing all these truths to the light of day and in the face of my persecutors.

Finally, I undertake to prove all that I state to any one who will present himself to me, in an honest and open manner to endeavour to contest my statement.

Accept, Sir, the assurance of my high esteem.

LOUIS-CHARLES,

*Duke of Normandy.*

The decrees of the Almighty will be always incomprehensible to men; it seems even as if Providence selected its victims designedly. It will not be supposed however that I assert this as a



a truth, for such a thought should be rejected by reason, seeing that it is contradicted by the unbounded mercy of God. The supreme Being desires good absolutely; but man urged by the violence of his passions, throws himself into an opposite course, and becomes for the most part the instrument of his own sufferings and of his own destruction. Happy is he who does not bring misfortune upon himself by his own misconduct. if the blow which strikes him comes from God, the King of Kings will sooner or later put an end to his sufferings, if such be his will; do men reap in this world of trial otherwise than they themselves have sown.

The attention of Europe has been and will still long be fixed on the fate of the last descendants of the ancient family of the Bourbons! and who now will dare to doubt that God has laid His mighty hand upon them?

Under the government of Napoleon, no one dared to claim the name of Louis XVII; but scarcely had the Bourbons returned to France, when numbers feared not to usurp it, and appeared suddenly decorated with this title. And what was the cause? All Europe is interested in procuring light on this subject, and it is with pain that I find myself, as it were, forced to furnish it; however, I am certain beforehand that those who can appreciate the delicacy and importance of the struggle, which for so many years I have had to

sustain with myself, will at least not refuse me the sympathy which my long sufferings have a right to expect from them.

I have been reproached on every side, for having too long maintained silence upon all that relates to me . . . I affirm here that I have concealed from no one the secret of my birth; on the contrary, I have told it, and I repeat it every day to whoever will hear it. I knew the authors of my ills, but I knew also that they had not willingly lent themselves to the execution of the diabolical projects of those who guided them. It was this conviction which determined me not openly to claim my rights; to this is to be added, the affection that I bore to her whom I had known in my infancy—to my sister; I hoped to see her one day Queen of France, and this idea was sufficient for me. It was this fraternal affection which induced me to keep silence, persuaded as I was that her tenderness would one day ameliorate my fate, especially if I recalled to her memory circumstances known to her alone. For this reason, I wrote to her in 1816; in vain I awaited an answer; I thought it right to address myself to Louis XVIII; but what was my surprise, on learning that a certain Mathurin Bruneau\* had already appeared in my name!

Several facts having come to light, during six-

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\* (N.)

teen years captivity, many reflections suggested themselves to my mind, but at that time my situation constrained me to keep silence, in conformity with the prudent counsels given me in the year 1811 by M. Lecoque, the president of the police in Prussia; moreover, the hidden designs of my persecutors, and the ill usage to which I was exposed, were sufficient motives to impose upon me greater prudence and circumspection in future, and to induce me to wait with patience for a more favourable opportunity, especially as I had reason to fear that all my endeavours would produce no other result than that of delivering me again into the power of my enemies.

During my residence at Spandau, I subsisted entirely on the produce of my own labour, and yet I soon found myself in the enjoyment of a modest competency which was destroyed in 1824 by an event as unfortunate as it was unexpected.

Worn out by so many renewed misfortunes, I wrote a second time to Louis XVIII through the Count d'Artois, to whom I addressed my letter; I hoped that this new application would have led to a more favourable result, when I was struck by the most fatal blow; I was accused of having set fire to the theatre of Brandenburg, near to which I had been residing for the last six months. Having demanded the names of my accusers, I

was informed that the prosecution was instituted *by order of the regency\**.

I leave it to any man who has nothing to reproach himself with, and who nevertheless suddenly finds himself accused of a crime, to picture to himself my astonishment! It is in vain for me to endeavour to describe it. If this new misfortune had been the result of accident, it would perhaps have occasioned me less uneasiness, but I had too much reason to believe that some wretches had been employed to ruin me. The magistrate himself, M. Voigt, seemed unable to comprehend this charge, and the proof of it was, that, when at the end of the examination which I underwent before him, I told him that I did not want the assistance of counsel; he replied, "My friend, you do not understand your situation; you must be defended by counsel, that the tribunal which will give judgment may the more easily ascertain your innocence." Upon this I chose M. Caprivi for my counsel.

On the 15th of October, 1824, two men were arrested, who were accused of uttering base money. They at first denied the fact in the face of their accusers; but three days afterwards, one of them being again confronted with them avowed the

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\* (F. 2.) M. Laprade's Letter from Dresden..

crime imputed to him, declaring at the same time, that he had received the false *écus* from me\*.

I had been at Berlin, and was but just returned home ; when, in consequence of the deposition of this man, and without any other ground of suspicion against me, I was arrested on the night of the 18th of the same month, and committed to gaol. Reasons are in vain sought to justify this arbitrary act, since nothing could be discovered in my house, notwithstanding that the strictest search was made there.

The affair was in this state when suddenly the cashier Neumann† declared himself against me, accusing me of having given him fifteen false *écus*, in a payment of six hundred and fifty which I had previously made to him. From this moment my ruin was decided, I was transferred to another prison, and still more strictly guarded.

My conviction that I was pursued by an unseen enemy, who dared not show himself, probably persuaded many that I was innocent ; for some individuals did not fear to send me advice, which, if I had followed it, might have proved my innocence. But as a hidden power paralysed all my efforts by means of suborned witnesses, who were made to give evidence against me, and by illegal proceedings on the part of the magistrate—

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\* (F. 2.) M. Laprade's Letter. (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal of Prussia. † (F. 2.) note.

M. Schultz—I sank at last, and was forced to submit to a disgrace as yet unexperienced by me among all my innumerable misfortunes.

An honest man, an impartial judge no doubt will say: “This cannot be; an innocent person is not treated in this manner; and if this man says that he has been so treated, he does not speak the truth.” And yet this is *the truth, and nothing but the truth*.

After a fruitless enquiry which lasted no less than a year, during the whole of which I remained in prison, I was condemned to a farther imprisonment of three years\*. This sentence was grounded on the evidence of the cashier Neumann, and on the 17th of August, 1825, I was removed by order of the judge, to a house of correction.

The just vengeance of heaven was not slow to manifest itself; the cashier Neumann tormented by remorse of conscience, hung himself†, thirteen days afterwards, on the 31st of August, in the same room where he had given against me, who had never known or offended him, the infamous and lying evidence which was the ground of my condemnation, although this man had not made his deposition *on oath*‡ as required by the laws of his country.

But the following fact is still more incredible.

\* (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal.  
 † (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal.

† (F. 2.) (O. 2.)

Being informed by an unknown person who was interested for me, that the father of my accuser had already been prosecuted as a coiner in the year 1821, I mentioned it to the judge, whose only answer was a threat to double my punishment, if I continued to deny the crime that was imputed to me.

To these words I calmly replied :

“ You know more of the coiners than I do ; the accusation made in 1821 is a proof of it.” He looked at me stedfastly, and answered in an almost angry tone : “ I give you my word as judge, that the man who was then accused, never had any connection with him who now accuses you.” “ If that is true,” I replied, “ I must give up the hope of drawing any inference in my favour from that circumstance, but then I beg you to certify in your *procès-verbal* the statement that you have just made.” In fact, this magistrate inserted in it the following sentence : “ It has been observed to the accused that the person charged with coining in 1821, had had no connexion with the other prisoner Engel.” That was the name of my accuser. I then thought I had reason to be satisfied on this head. But what must be thought of the word of a judge—of a counsellor of justice—of this Schultz—when it is proved by authentic records of the proceedings, that the man who had been informed against in 1821, was *the father* of my accuser Engel ?

It was proved besides that the latter had purchased metals for coining; and as I demanded that an enquiry should be made into the fact, his account-book was brought to him in prison, and he inserted in it a memorandum that he had bought these metals by my orders. An honorable man, a referendary of the court of justice, informed me secretly of this new iniquity; I reproached the counsellor Schultz with it; and to what subterfuge had he recourse? He made the gaoler depose to this effect: "That he had himself delivered the account-book to my accuser, but that he was positive that he had added nothing to it?"

If so, why give him the book at all? It was then only that he might verify that the writing in it was his own! . . . . M. Schultz countenancing so scandalous an abuse. it became a necessary consequence that I must lose my reputation for probity, and my character as an honest citizen.

It would have been necessary to a legal condemnation that the gaoler should have made his deposition *on oath*; but he did not; and though this man was a worthless fellow who was afterwards displaced for having shamefully neglected his duty, the tribunal did not the less receive his deposition, which was considered another proof against me, and was, in part, the cause of the sentence by which, notwithstanding my perfect innocence, I was pronounced the most despicable of men! Can



this iniquitous tribunal ever justify itself before God for the infamy it has cast upon me.

I will not trouble the reader with a recital of all the sorrows that I was obliged to endure, but in order that no one may think that I have advanced a falsehood, I will observe that I was at last permitted to present a petition to M. Mulher, the minister of justice, in which I appealed for a revision of my trial. It was to the justice of the king, to that of his ministers and to the power of the laws of the country that I appealed. In this petition I proved, among other things, that the judges who had condemned me, had been unfairly influenced against me....For how, in fact, could they have so condemned me, without disregarding all the rules observed in an ordinary trial?....But a day will come when full and signal justice must be done to me, for all that I have stated is true, and it is easy to ascertain that it is so, by consulting the authentic records of the trial\*.

Overwhelmed by my fatal destiny, I had however one consolation in my misfortune: although every endeavour had been made to ruin me, I was nevertheless acquitted of the first charge brought against me, that of having set fire to the theatre of Brandenburg.

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\* (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal.

All persons of upright mind and sound judgment will appreciate the iniquity of those of my enemies, who did not hesitate to accuse me falsely of an atrocious crime. Well! Providence seemed to have delivered me from this danger only to reserve me for new sufferings; was I not condemned to spend one part of my life in defending another? and nevertheless my conduct, my words, my intentions even were always irreproachable. The wound then made in my heart, which was afterwards so inhumanly torn open, is far from being healed; it still bleeds, and must bleed till the last moment of my existence.

It is well known to most of the inhabitants of Brandenburg, that I was treated by their magistrates with equal injustice and barbarity, and that I, who had never committed the slightest crime, received a humiliating remission of punishment. Four months before the expiration of the sentence to which I had been condemned—three years of imprisonment—the King of Prussia gave orders for my release. Great God! how bitter to me was this royal clemency!....Death would have been preferable to it....Yes, certainly, I should have preferred it to the new humiliation which was imposed on me. I consoled myself, however, with the reflection that I was a husband and a father, and that it was my duty to live for my wife and my children.

I was offered an humble situation at a distance

from Brandenburg, which I hastened to accept. For this purpose I repaired to Gassen in Silesia ; but woe to a liberated prisoner ! Liberty, that precious boon, becomes but a burden and an increase of difficulties to him. All who see and hear him, avoid and abandon him : he is pointed at as an object of scorn ; probably it was on this account that I did not obtain possession of the little employment which I had been led to expect, and I was soon reduced with my family to utter destitution. To increase my distress, my wife fell ill, and I was thereby deprived of the only consolation that remained to me. For the sake of my children alone, I was induced to enter again into relations with mankind whose society I had forsworn.

Scarcely had I found a home in which I could live in peace ; scarcely had I begun to obtain the confidence of some individuals, when the authorities seemed to take a cruel pleasure in divulging to those who were ignorant of it, all that had passed at Brandenburg, without reflecting, that this fatal disclosure paralysed all my resources and took from me the little bread, which by constant labour I was able to procure for my dear and innocent children. I ask, were not these too many misfortunes at once ?

Not wishing to keep up intercourse with any one, I worked night and day to endeavour to gain the small sum that was necessary to attempt a

journey into my country....But man proposes and God disposes.

On my return to Berlin, I had offered my services to the rich and powerful; all had repulsed me. Not knowing what to do, nor what would become of me, the idea occurred to me of throwing myself on the generosity of Charles X; and of placing myself, as it were, at his mercy. With this intention, I went one morning to the French Ambassador, at the court of Prussia, the Count d'Agoult, and I delivered to him\* a letter for his sovereign, with the full conviction, that, upon the details that I communicated to him, my uncle would make no difficulty of acknowledging and of assisting me. To give more force to my appeal I accompanied it with a trifling present—it was a little piece of workmanship by my own hands—the Count d'Agoult received me with courtesy, and promised to transmit the whole to his master, and to support my application himself. Suddenly, and not long after my visit, the ambassador was recalled by his court, and I received no intelligence either from the Count d'Agoult or Charles X; it was not till later that I learnt that my present had been received and kept; as to my letter I have reason to think it

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\* (S.)

shared the same fate, though I never ascertained the fact.

One night I was still in my workshop, though it was already very late, my mind absorbed in painful reflections which constantly assailed me ; I thought on my unhappy situation and seeing no hopes of improving it, I exclaimed involuntarily : " Alas ! all is lost ! " scarcely had these words escaped me, when I heard a voice behind me, say, " No ! all is not lost while fortitude remains ! "

It was the Commissary of Justice, the magistrate of the town, M. Pezold.

" Excuse me," said he in a friendly tone, " for having taken the liberty of listening to you. I have often observed you working till very late in the night....I have seen much and observed more in the course of my life ; I have guessed your sorrows, and if you consider me worthy of your confidence...." And saying these words he offered me his hand.

I was silent at first ; but having offered him a seat, he placed himself by my side, and we entered into a conversation in which M. Pezold principally endeavoured to revive in me the hope which I had lost ; he then wished me good evening and took leave of me ; it was past midnight.

On rising next morning, I was greatly surprised to find four *frédéricks d'or* wrapped up in a small piece of paper !

Notwithstanding all my conjectures I could not

guess from whence this money came; fortunately my benefactor soon betrayed himself, in a repetition of the same conduct towards me: it was M. Pezold.

So much generosity and delicacy induced me to break silence towards this magistrate. I discovered myself to him, and I gave him proofs of all that I stated. His first request was that I should authorize him to write to Holyrood.... He received no answer. My friend then addressed himself to the various cabinets of Europe, sending them the notes that I had communicated to him. But they were silent. We had recourse to the French ambassador at Berlin, the Count de Flahault, to whom was delivered\* a letter addressed to Louis-Philippe. This letter shared the fate of the others. At last we addressed ourselves to the representatives of France—the peers and deputies—But while we were waiting for the result, M. Pezold fell ill and died suddenly on the 16th of March, 1832†. I still deplore the loss of so true a friend, I still have present to my mind the visit that I made to his tomb. In contemplating the marble which covered the mortal remains of the best of men I could not refrain from repeating the exclamation which had escaped me three years before: “Alas! all is lost!....” And it seemed

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\* (K 2.) Letter to Louis-Philippe in which the former letter is referred to. † (G 2) Mr. Gaebel's letter to Mr. Laprade,

as if a voice repeated in my ears as before : “ No! not while fortitude remains.”

I again wrote out the history of my life ; I sent it to the supreme authority of the censorship : at the end of two months my manuscript was returned to me with the following observation attached to it:

“ The manuscript which has been sent to me and which is entitled : *Life and Adventures of the Duke of Normandy*, contains nothing contrary to good morals ; but it is such, that it is my duty to refuse permission to print it ; for if it were published, it might bring on diplomatic discussions, which would probably occasion the enquiry how the publication of it could have been permitted. This writing though it bears the stamp of invention and falsehood, might notwithstanding be made use of by a party which seeks every means to accomplish its designs. To this must be joined the nature of the lie and the assurance the author wishes to give that he is the *Duke of Normandy* ; it is evidently an insolent pretension. Whether it proceed from derangement of mind or from a guilty design, this pretension of the author must not be made public, which would happen nevertheless if the supreme authority of the censorship did not oppose its publication. We have a censorship and the governments that have not, may easily convince themselves of the necessity of it. I pass over in silence moreover that the watchmaker Naündorff is known to me by the records of the criminal

prosecution which he had to sustain before the *Kammergericht*\*; and besides, the contents of his manuscript clearly shew the intention that he has to lead those who read it into error.

“For these reasons, I must refuse the printing of this manuscript, which I return to you herewith, leaving you at liberty to use legal means if you wish to appeal against this decision.

*Berlin, April 19th 1832.*

“BARDUA.”

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This it will be seen is greatly to abuse the exercise of a power which should never be employed to persecute: I have no reason to fear the opinion of men, therefore I publish this document.

All that I have said is strictly true, and I say it in the face of those who have so cruelly persecuted me.

My biographical history has been in the hands

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\* The *Kammergericht* is the name given to the superior tribunal of the province of Brandenburg.—*Note to the French Edition.*



of the King of Prussia\* above a year: although his Majesty may perhaps feel himself shackled by imperious considerations, never at least have I experienced from him or from his cabinet any offensive treatment; with good reason I may ask by what right one of his inferior official servants assumes to himself the privilege of insulting me. M. Bardua affects to know me by the authentic records of my trial! Can any one pretend to know or appreciate a man by such documents?

I repeat it, I was condemned unjustly, and against all law.

I have appealed to the Minister of Justice for a revision of my trial; I await with confidence his decision.

If I am he whom I pretend to be, my long sufferings deserve at least some consideration; if I am not he, why persecute me in an underhand manner, and not bring me to public trial? Why have I been calumniated in the Hamburg papers? Alas! if I were but the son of a poor mechanic, perhaps I should not have been so unhappy! Is it feared that I should claim a crown, that birth-right of which I have been so unjustly deprived!

Let him who suspects me of alienation of mind awake from his error. Let him who considers me a mischievous and ill-intentioned person come

to me, he will soon be convinced that I desire no other revenge than pardon and oblivion, and that I would willingly do as much good to my enemies, as they have done evil to me.

I allow insignificant curs to snap at me, for nature has denied them the power of inflicting serious injury. But let the tigers beware of arousing the lion in his den, for he sleeps tranquilly, trusting in his strength. Let me then be left in peace.

For you, brave and loyal Germans, I have nothing but good to say of you. One only of your countrymen has joined my persecutors; I bear him no ill will for it, he did it ignorantly; and if ever the policy of Prussia should determine on my destruction, then, good Germans, think no more of me; but abandon not those for whose sake I shall ever be attached to Germany by ties as dear as they are sacred: I speak of my wife and children.

I sent the autograph letter signed Bardua, on the 19th of April 1832, to the editor of *the Comet*, begging him to insert it in his journal, but I think fit to add some observations, which will complete those which I have thought necessary to give above.

On arriving at Berlin in 1810, I made myself known to M. Lecoque, the President of the police. He supplied me with some money, observing to me that I must maintain the strictest silence on the secret of my birth, if I valued my life.

In 1824 I was accused of having taken a false

name during my trial. Being pressed by the judge to declare my real name, which I had for some time refused to do, I exclaimed at length, my heart torn with grief and indignation: "Well! I am a prince by birth\*, and on that account I do not consider myself obliged to tell you my name." The president then said to me: "How do you think to prove that to us?" I proposed M. Lecoque as witness to the truth of what I advanced. The president looked at me with astonishment and said: "Then we must apply for orders from higher authorities." And the matter rested there.

On another occasion being pressed anew to give similar proofs, I again appealed to the same witness M. Lecoque, to whom, as I believe I have already stated, I had delivered the papers† which I had preserved; one in the hand-writing of my father, and the other in that of my mother. The referendary Renné here said: "M. Lecoque can no longer give any information on the subject, he is dead!" upon which the judge answered sharply: "Who commissioned you to inform us of it....."

Never since that time have I been asked for proofs of my birth. Yet in the sentence of condemnation there appeared to the following effect‡: "Whereas, although the evidence given against

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\* (F. 2.) Laprade's Letter.  
 ‡ (F. 2.) (O. 2.)

† (Q.) Letter to Prince Hartenberg.

the accused Naüendorff is not sufficient for his conviction, yet in the present case a conviction is necessary, because he has conducted himself, during his trial, as an impudent liar, calling himself a prince by birth, and giving it to be understood that he belongs to the august family of the Bourbons."

But whence comes this conclusion ? . . . . Had I declared my name ? . . . . Had I said that I belonged to this family ? If I am to be punished for a claim which I never will renounce but with my life, I will ask, in my turn, by what right and according to what law ? . . . . But I think that the opinion of M. Bardua, expressed in his letter, printed verbatim above, is still more absurd.

My *chargé d'affaires*, M. Pezold did not confine himself to merely communicating, by my order, notes to the representatives of the kings of Europe, but he also furnished them with a part of my biography. This circumstance then was sufficient to have given rise to diplomatic discussions, and so much the more, as I then said: however incredible many circumstances of my life may be considered, that may not prevent my being one day seated on the throne of my ancestors.

M. Bardua pretends that my writing bears the character of falsehood ; be it so, he is at liberty to think so ; but that was no reason for him to refuse permission for the printing of my memoirs, and still less a ground for endeavouring to bring

upon me the disgrace of being considered by my contemporaries as an impudent liar; finally, if I am believed to be a madman, every one may judge of me by what I have here written; for all that I have said is but the honest expression of my thoughts, which is the sole aim of my words.

LOUIS CHARLES,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*Crossen, July 26th, 1832.*

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*The Comet of Leipsic* of the 1st August 1832, contains the following article:—

There is now living at Crossen, a man whose family is not known, and who is believed *by well informed people* to be the son of Louis XVI and of Marie Antoinette. I could not resist the great desire that I had to see a man who must have experienced such strange vicissitudes. I accordingly went to Crossen, and requested an interview with him, which he was pleased to grant me. Not-

withstanding the very visible traces of sorrow impressed on his melancholy countenance, I could not avoid recognising in his eyes dimmed by suffering, and in his whole air a great resemblance to the family of the Bourbons. He was at first silent and reserved; but he soon perceived the emotion which I was unable to restrain, and, reassured respecting the object of my visit, he exclaimed: "Yes, I am the son of the unhappy Louis XVI and of the still more unhappy Marie Antoinette, who perished by the revolutionary axe. . . . But I would willingly give ten years of my life to have been born the son of a poor artisan; I should not then have been the victim of odious persecutions and of such bitter sufferings."

This speech was delivered in a tone of deep melancholy, and bore the character of truth; and produced in me a perfect conviction of his sincerity; for joy may be feigned, but not grief.

"I could not help experiencing a strong emotion on seeing a Prince to whom *la belle France* had been promised from his tenderest infancy, obliged to resign himself to such deep affliction.

"He related to me several particulars of his private life; but, however great my curiosity, a feeling of propriety, and the fear of awakening painful recollections prevented me from entering into details which would too deeply have affected him.

"On leaving him I was lost in my reflections

on the designs of Providence in having thus preserved this descendant of a royal race. I still retain a lively impression of this interview.

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(T) *To H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême.*

MADAM,

Since the year 1795, I have constantly heard that the unhappy Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI, had escaped from the Temple, and that another child had been substituted there in his place. This hope, which was cherished in the hearts of all good Frenchmen, was become a sacred article of belief; it was entertained by me, at the time when I was placed about Josephine, the wife of Bonaparte; I then learned with certainty that her goodness, her respect and attachment to the royal family of the Bourbons, had led her, with the assistance of the minister Fouché, to rescue the unhappy descendant of our Kings, from the cruel hands of her husband, who had determined on his destruction.

I think, Madam, that those reports must have reached your Royal Highness. But Providence having permitted, that, during the last

fifteen years many impostors should have appeared, brought forward by a too culpable police, the truth had not yet reached you, notwithstanding all the enquiries by which your Royal Highness has endeavoured to obtain information.

If, Madam, I now take the liberty most respectfully to address this letter to you, it is because I am fully convinced that I have met with this Prince, so much regretted by all Frenchmen. Providence has permitted me to have personal communication with him; and for all those who have had the honor of knowing the King, your august father, and the Queen, your most unfortunate mother, it is impossible not to recognise Louis XVII by his striking resemblance to the august authors of his being.

Your Royal Highness, who till now has had no opportunity of discovering the truth, may be assured that God has permitted, that, after so many years of fruitless search, we should at length succeed in finding him.

At the feet of your Royal Highness, and with all the respect which I owe to you, I entreat your pardon for the liberty I have taken in addressing this letter to you; but God, my conscience, and the salvation of my soul, impose on me the obligation of informing your Royal Highness that your unhappy brother is living, and that he is now with us. I have no hesitation in assuring your Royal highness that I believe in the identity of



this unhappy Prince, as firmly as I believe in God, and in his divine Son, the Saviour of the world.

I am a person of little importance, Madam, but the sacred flame of my love and gratitude to your august and too unhappy family, has never ceased to burn in my bosom. Notwithstanding all my personal misfortunes, I am still ready to sacrifice the remains of my sad existence, if it can be useful to the son of your august father, whom God in his holy mercy seems to have restored to me, to repay me, at the end of my life, for all the sorrows that I have endured, from the cruel loss of my august masters:

I am, Madam,

With the most profound respect, &c.

(Signed) MARCO DE SAINT-HILAIRE, *née*  
BESSON, *formerly of the household of*  
MADAME VICTOIRE DE FRANCE, AUNT  
TO THE KING.

Versailles, Sept. 9th 1833.

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(U) To Mr. Gruau.

SIR.

At the time when the report of the death of the  
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son of Louis XVI was spread in Paris, I was the more surprised at it, as I had hardly heard that he was ill. One of my friends, whose name I have forgotten, from the length of time that has elapsed, came to warn me to give no sort of belief or confidence to the report of the death of the son of Louis XVI; that she had certain knowledge that he had been taken away; that I should see him again some day, but she desired me to keep the secret. Since that moment, I have cherished in my heart the belief of his existence. It could not have been without some object, that all the impostors that have appeared, were brought forward, and in my opinion, it was the wish to suppress the knowledge of the certain existence of the Dauphin; and to envelop the truth in such mystery, that it might be impossible for it ever to be ascertained, by making use of all the information that the true son of Louis XVI was in possession of; which, assisted by the connivance of the several powers of Europe, would render the recognition impossible; as is the case now.

I had often heard of various false Dauphins living in Paris, without having for a moment felt a wish to see them, convinced as I was, that the first thing which the son of Louis XVI would do, would be to seek for those who had been attached to the household of his father and of his mother,

and who had had the opportunity of knowing him in his infancy.

When M. Geoffroy, who resides at Niort, came to see me on the 14th of August, 1833, he informed me that there was then living at Paris, an individual who called himself the son of Louis XVI ; that he was enquiring of every one, for any persons, formerly in the service of his family, who might be still surviving ; and ardently desired to meet with Pauline de Tourzel, with whom he had been brought up. This lady is now Mme. de Béarn, and her mother's situation at the court of Louis XVI, was that of governess to the children of France. This wish appeared to me deserving of attention ; and in order to succeed in a plan which I had, and at the same time wishing to avoid compromising myself in any intrigue or imposture, I wrote a line to my friend Mme. de Rambaud to ask her to accompany M. Geoffroy, and to judge herself of the truth of this person's pretensions, no one being better able to do so than herself, since she had never left the Prince from the time of his birth till the 10th of August.

Madame de Rambaud recognised him\*, spoke to him of us, and brought him to me on the 19th of August 1833, assuring me that he was undoubtedly the Prince himself. She came in before

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\* (V.) Mme. de Rambaud's Letter to the Duchess of Angoulême.

him, and told me that it was impossible for me not to recognise him.

In fact, my husband\* and I soon recognised in him, notwithstanding much shyness, a slight embarrassment, and his difficulty in speaking French, a strong resemblance to both his father and his mother, particularly the countenance of Louis XVI so strikingly like, that it seemed to us as if the King himself was before us.

After a time, the Prince having acquired greater confidence, having found trusty and devoted friends, his shyness and constraint disappeared entirely ; then the likeness to his father's manners became still more striking.

It was easy to recognize in his figure the same child that I had so often seen playing on the terrace upon which the windows looked belonging to the apartments of the Princess whom I had the honour of serving. I persuaded my Prince to come to me and to make my house his home till he could find a better ; it was then that in long and frequent conversations, the Prince recalled to my recollection, many circumstances entirely of a private nature relating to his family alone, which I had heard of from my Princess.

The Prince reminded me of the whole arrangement of the furniture in his mother's apartment ;

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\* (W.) M. de St. Hilaire's deposition.

the different articles and their position ; the form and colour of the Queen's musical instruments, in short of such details as could be known only to those who had constant access to the private apartments of the royal family, who themselves had had no opportunity of seeing them after the 5th and 6th of October.

After the strictest investigation, the most scrupulous examination, I could not for a moment doubt the truth of his whole statement : it was then that I thought it my duty to write to the Dauphiness to inform her that we had had the happiness of finding her brother.

Our family was too well known to Charles X for us to take such a step, if M. de St. Hilaire and myself had not been fully persuaded of the truth of what I asserted. We would not have run the risk of deceiving the royal family in so important a matter, and they must have been themselves fully convinced that we were incapable of taking part in an intrigue.

Accept, Sir, etc.

F. MARCO DE ST. HILAIRE

*Versailles, July 10th, 1836.*

(V.) *To H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême\*.*

MADAM,

She who would have given her life for your illustrious parents, impelled now by a sense of duty, takes the liberty respectfully to address you, to assure you of the existence of your august brother. These eyes have seen and recognised him; many hours spent in his company have convinced me of it. It is to the Almighty power of God alone that we are indebted for the preservation of so invaluable a life; on my knees I return thanks to him for it, hoping that since it has been his divine will to preserve him, it is that he may be the promoter of general peace, and the author of happiness to all.

This conviction can come only from above.

His long sufferings, his resignation to the will of Providence, and his goodness are beyond description.

The knowledge I have of your royal highness's goodness, assures me that I have not taken too great a liberty in thus expressing the lively feel-

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\* See preface by the English Editor.

ings of my heart for those sovereigns so deservedly beloved by all who have preserved their fidelity inviolate.

I am with the greatest respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Very humble and very obedient servant,

DE RAMBAUD.

Madame knows that I had the honor of being attached to the service\* of her august brother, from the day of his birth till the 10th of August, 1792.

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In case my death should take place before the recognition of the Prince, the son of Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette, I think it my duty to affirm here on oath before God and man, that I met on the 17th of August, 1833, His Royal Highness,

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\* Journal de Cléry.

the Duke of Normandy, to whose service I had the honor of being attached from the day of his birth until the 10th of August, 1792; and as it was my duty to inform Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Angoulême of the fact, I wrote to her in the same year. I here subjoin a copy of my letter.

The observations which I had made on his person during his infancy, could leave me no doubt of his identity wheresoever I might have met with him.

The Prince had, in his childhood, a short throat, which was creased in a remarkable manner. I had always said that if I should ever meet with him again, this would be a decisive proof to me. Although from his present *embonpoint*, his throat is very much increased in size, it still retains its former flexibility.

His head was high, his forehead wide and open, his eyes blue, his eyebrows arched, his hair light, curling naturally. His mouth was like the Queen's, and he had a small dimple in his chin. His chest was round and full; I have recognised on it several marks, then not very prominent, and particularly one on the right breast. He had at that time a great bend in his back, and his carriage was very remarkable.

In short, it is identically the same person whom I have now seen, the difference of age excepted.

The Prince was inoculated in the palace of St. Cloud, at the age of two years and four months, in



the presence of the Queen, by Dr. Joubertou, inoculator to the children of France, and Drs. Brunier and Loustonneau. The inoculation took place during his sleep, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, to prevent an irritation which might have thrown the child into convulsions, which was always apprehended. A witness to that inoculation, I now affirm that I have recognised the marks of it, which were in the form of a crescent.

Moreover, I had preserved as a thing of great value to me, a blue dress which the prince had worn only once. I shewed it to him and said, to see if he would be mistaken, that he had worn it at Paris. No, Madam, I wore it only at Versailles, on such an occasion.

We have made an interchange of recollections which alone would have been indisputable proof to me, that he is actually what he asserts himself to be, the Prince—the orphan of the Temple.

DE RAMBAUD,

*Attached to the service of the DAUPHIN,  
DUKE OF NORMANDY, from the day  
of his birth till the 10th of August,  
1792.*

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(W.) I, the undersigned, Marco de St. Hilaire, aged 76, formerly gentleman usher in ordinary of

the chamber, to the King (Louis XVI), in attendance on H. R. H. Mme. Victoire of France, declare and certify before God and man :

1st. That the Prince Charles-Louis Duke of Normandy, born the 27th of March 1785, son of Louis XVI, and of Marie-Antoinette, is *living* ; and that of this, for the last sixteen months, in which I have seen him habitually, I have had the opportunity of thoroughly convincing myself.

2nd. That in consequence of the length of time which has elapsed since the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI, it would be difficult to find officers, formerly of the King's household, who can testify to the striking resemblance which this Prince bears to his august father ; because it is not sufficient for that purpose, to have merely seen Louis XVI, but it is necessary to have seen him *daily* and *in his privacy*, which the duties of my office afforded me the opportunity of doing.

3rd. That the Prince Charles-Louis has all the *features of his family*, the *manners, habits, and tastes* of his august father ; that he possesses likewise all his virtues, and that whoever has seen him once, and has had the happiness of conversing with him, cannot, if he has not lost all recollection of his august parents, and if he is candid and sincere, throw any doubt on his identity.

4th. That among the recollections of his childhood, the prince has reminded me of various an-

rangements and buildings, which were in the Park at Versailles, and which were destroyed immediately after the death of the king, and of which people, who are only 40 years of age, have never had any knowledge.

5th. That, in short, my conviction is so strong, that it is impossible for any one to overthrow it.

6th. That in making this declaration, I solemnly affirm that I am not influenced by any other motive, than a desire to render homage to truth and justice.

MARCO DE SAINT-HILAIRE.

*Versailles, Dec. 17th 1834.*

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(X.) *To the Curate of St. Arnoult.*

PARIS, FEBRUARY 8, 1834.

SIR,

Our cousin\* not having been able to write to

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\* It was by this designation that the Prince's friends spoke of him at that time.—*Note to the French Edition.*

you as yet, not having had a safe opportunity, I am commissioned to inform you of the distressing event, which was near plunging us in the deepest grief, if Providence, which watches unceasingly over the dear object of our affections, had not been pleased to preserve him to us.

At half past seven o'clock, on the evening of the 20th of January, our cousin wishing to walk to the Faubourg St. Germain, left us, my husband and myself, at the house of a friend where we had been dining, as well as M. de \*\*\* We proposed to accompany him, but he, apprehending nothing, and perhaps wishing to save the expence of a carriage, persisted in his intention of taking a little exercise, and went out: we let him go. He was to have returned in two hours.

Opposite to the house of Madame de \*\*\* is a tobacconist's shop, where our cousin stopped to buy a cigar: when there, he observed a man stop at the door, who appeared to examine him attentively. Notwithstanding this, our cousin, who suspected nothing, pursued his walk.

In passing through the passage of the Panoramas, two men, tolerably well dressed, examined him again with marked attention. In crossing the Palais-Royal, he thought he recognised the same individuals. It was then near eight o'clock, when at the opening of the *Rue de Chartres*, into the *Place du Carrousel*, in a badly lighted corner to the left, one of them struck him a sudden and

violent blow with a dagger, in the region of the heart, which met with resistance, from a medal of the Holy Virgin, into which it made a deep incision. In the mean while a violent struggle ensued; and the cane which our beloved cousin had with him was broken on the first assassin, with whom he fell, still holding with his left hand the right arm of his adversary. The second then, after having tried to release his companion, struck at our cousin again with a steady hand, and thrust his dagger into the region of the heart. Four other blows were afterwards given, but they only grazed the skin, and struck upon the medals; the cross and the chaplet were broken into six pieces. The sound of a carriage, which God in his goodness directed towards the spot, alarmed these wretches, who took flight, persuaded no doubt that their crime was consummated; for our cousin, whose courage is great, had had the presence of mind not to say a single word, nor utter the least complaint.

All bruised and wounded, his clothes torn, disordered, and covered with mud, our cousin rose, picked up his hat, regained the little street\*\*\* by by-ways, and arrived at Mme. \*\*\* at half-past eight o'clock.

It would be difficult, sir, to describe to you the pain and consternation which we all felt at this moment. He was attended with the most eager and affectionate solicitude. I washed his wound, which

was fifteen lines in width, and after having taken every necessary precaution, we returned to the habitation with which you are acquainted. Our dear invalid kept his bed six days; he had hardly any fever. However, a pain in the side having ensued, a doctor, recommended by a trusty friend, was called in. He was bled in the arm, and by degrees became better. The wound is deep, it has healed slowly; the pain in the side is not yet entirely gone, but he sleeps well, and has a good appetite, and we ought to return thanks to God daily, that so serious an event has not been followed by more distressing consequences.

These, sir, are minute, though incomplete details, but I thought that they could not be too long for you. M. \* \* \*, who has seen the traces of this dreadful crime, will supply the deficiencies in my relation.

Assure yourself, sir, that we have done all that was in our power on this unhappy occasion.

I recommend myself to your prayers, and beg that you will accept the assurances of my respect and veneration, &c,

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This letter, addressed by Mme. de St.-Hilaire to M. Appert, curate of St. Arnoult, and confessor to the Prince, requires no commentary: assassination has been one of the thousand means em-

ployed to prevent the triumph of the truth ; impostors are not assassinated—they are brought to trial.

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(Y) *Copy of a letter written by the Prince, Feb. 13th 1834, to his sister, H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême. Prague.*

MADAM,

Your Royal Highness wishes to know in what manner I escaped from the Temple. The Prussian cabinet might have given you this information, if they had thought fit to send you my memoirs which are in their possession, instead of confining themselves to addressing to you bare notes respecting me, which are as calumnious and injurious as they are ridiculous and absurd.

Besides, madam, it was the easier for them to enlighten you on this important subject, since as early as the year 1811, I had been obliged to

deliver to Prince Harttenberg\*, as well as to M. Lecoque, the president of the police at Berlin, the authentic proofs of my identity, which I then had by me. It was upon these same proofs that the government obliged me to become a *citizen*, and a naturalized *Prussian subject*, giving me hope of a degree of tranquillity and safety for the future, if I consented to be silent with respect to the circumstances which had preceded and followed my arrival in Prussia, and threatening me with a continued persecution if I did not submit to this injunction.

It seems to me that in this instance the King of Prussia has not acted towards me, consistently with the dignity of a monarch ; for if he did not believe me to be the unfortunate son of the still more unfortunate Louis XVI, why did he not bring me to trial? Have I not written several letters to him, in which I not only gave my address, but also signed myself with these names and titles which belong to me : *Louis-Charles, Duke of Normandy*. And still farther, after I had, in the Leipsic journal, the *Comet*, of the 1st of August, 1832, openly challenged him to declare in the face of all Europe that I was an impostor, and forger ; the ministry made no reply, but sheltered itself in a silence imposed no doubt by the embarrassing situation in

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\* (Q.) Letter to Prince Harttenberg.



which it had placed itself, and I was not molested in any manner. I am still waiting a reply from the King of Prussia, or his cabinet, notwithstanding the degrading punishments\* which the laws of Prussia inflict on any one who assumes a name and title which does not belong to him.

Alas! Madam, it is perhaps a happiness for me that you should have been deceived by the policy of foreign cabinets; but my heart has always told me that my sister was guiltless of the ills that I had suffered, and that she had mourned for them in silence. And this consoling thought has made me forget my misfortunes, and even led me to hope that I should one day see you again. It is this hope which now induces me to endeavour to satisfy, I dare flatter myself, your curiosity and your impatience.

Your Royal Highness no doubt well remembers that night so terrible to us all, when I was awakened roughly, and torn from the arms of my virtuous mother, notwithstanding my entreaties and my tears....I was then removed into the room which had been occupied by our august father....This room we were all acquainted with; I will not, Madam, relate to you the cruel treatment which I there endured; I will only remind your Royal Highness of the day on which Simon

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\* (S.) M. Pezold's Letter.

quitted the tower, after having left me in the charge of two new keepers. I believe that this happened in the month of January, for I was then always very cold; and though not able to specify the exact dates, I still very well remember that I was confined, the evening before Simon's departure, in the room which the good Cléry had previously occupied. I was ill then, and I became much worse.

From the moment that I was confined in the room of this faithful servant of my father, and afterwards when I was in the little turret, I would not speak to any one, nor answer any questions, because I was loaded with all sorts of abuse and ill-treatment by the wretches who surrounded me, never calling me otherwise than by the epithets of *Capet, wolf-cub, son of a viper* . . . and during the whole time of my confinement there, I saw no one excepting those whose business it was to throw me the coarse food allotted to me.

In this state, Madam, I remained for nearly a year, when suddenly, one morning, while I was yet asleep, two persons whom I did not know appeared before me, and carried me by force, from my turret into Cléry's room, who, probably was no longer in the Temple, for I had never seen him since my father's death. I was then in a deplorable state, almost dying, my clothes in rags, and covered with vermin. I was bathed, and clothed in a *carmagnole* and pantaloons of grey coloured cloth.

I also found a new bed, and in the ante-room a little stove which had never been there before.

Some days after, three men came to me, among whom was the person who guarded me constantly, and who was also one of those who removed me first out of this room, and soon afterwards out of the Temple. A woman was present when I was put, against my will, into a kind of large wicker basket, from which a child of about my own age and size, had been taken and placed in my bed. This circumstance took place a short time after three other men, whom I supposed by their appearance and conversation, to be physicians, irritated and even tormented me considerably, by the multitude of questions they put to me, and still more by the manner in which they felt me all over, turning me about repeatedly in all directions, although I did not answer their questions, and submitted with a very bad grace to what they required of me.

This Madam, is all the information that I think I ought to give your Royal Highness *in writing*, prudence forbidding me *to confide to paper* the mystery which envelops all which relates to this child who was substituted for me. Already the most culpable use has been made of the letters which I have thought it my duty to address to you. Some of them have even been taken advantage of to ruin me in your opinion. I have suffered enough, I have endured too painful trials; I know

too well the wickedness of some men, not to act henceforward with prudence. Nevertheless, I am ready to give to my sister, to your Royal Highness I mean, but to your Royal Highness alone, *and by word of mouth, indisputable proofs* which will remove all your remaining doubts, if any still remain; and it is on that account that I firmly believe that an early interview between you and myself is now become indispensable.

But if your Royal Highness should still think it right to refuse this interview, I shall then be obliged, much against my will, and with a wounded heart, to address myself to the French tribunals, and to invoke the protection of the laws of my native country, in order to obtain from them, full and speedy justice. The question will then be, whether or not a son has the right to bear the name of his father, and to reckon himself one of the family to which he has the happiness to belong; if indeed, to this hour, that has ever been a happiness to him. For, admitting for an instant that I am not the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI, and that I am in fact only an impostor or a madman, is that any reason for refusing a father, a family, a country, to this guilty impostor, or this unhappy madman?

Madam, the tender, respectful, and unalterable attachment which I have vowed eternally to my sister, induces me again to call the attention of your Royal Highness to the following

facts which I think worthy of your serious consideration.

At the beginning of the year, 1816, I sent by express to Louis XVIII\*, the documents necessary to prove my identity. What is become of the bearer of them? Where is he now? The copy of a letter which I had also entrusted to him, for you, Madam, is annexed to my memoirs. . . . Well! Madam, was that letter delivered to you? Did your Royal Highness receive no letter from Spandau? It would be difficult to me, I own, at this time, to repeat all that I then told you respecting our family, its captivity, and my long misfortunes; to mention all the facts that I recalled to your recollection.

At the beginning of the year 1824, I wrote again to Louis XVIII, giving him notice this time, that if he did not deign to make me any reply, it was my intention to go myself to Paris, there to sue publicly for my rights, and make myself acknowledged to be what I really am. But suddenly, and not long after I had written this letter, the theatre of Brandenburg, near which I resided, was burnt down; and, without knowing why or wherefore, I found myself accused by the government of Potsdam† of having set fire to this theatre; and yet I was promised to be left at large, and that this

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\* (N.)      † (F. 2.)

accusation should not be followed up, if I would engage never to quit the Prussian states, and more particularly the town of Brandenburg. . . . It is unnecessary to say that I was soon fully cleared from this charge, more ridiculous even than it was unjust.

In the month of June of the same year, I sent another letter to Louis XVIII, he maintained; the same silence as before; but a new incident occurred.

Accused of having delivered some false money\* to a poor wretch, that he might try to pass it, this time I was arrested and put in prison. Not having any difficulty in proving my innocence, I was soon set at liberty; but it is not the less true, that use has been made of this accusation to endeavour to ruin me in the opinion of your Royal Highness, and of the faithful friends I still had in France.

This subject reminds me, that while I was still in the Temple, Simon and Hebert wished one day to force me to confess that I had seen our virtuous mother and our unfortunate aunt *fabricate false passports*. The most barbarous treatment was made use of towards me; and poor child that I was, not knowing the bearing of my words, nor the consequences of what was required of me, I declared all that they wished; but I must also say, that when

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\* (F. 2.) (O. 2.)

this same Hebert wished to make me sign this declaration, I obstinately refused to do so. He then dragged me with violence from the bed in which I was lying, and sparing neither threats nor blows, he took a pen, pressed it with rage into my little hand, and thus made me trace on the paper, the words *Louis-Charles*, a false testimony, to a still falser statement.

I now, Madam, approach the accusation which, repeated against me even before your Royal Highness, has wounded me in the tenderest point: that of having united my lot with a woman *belonging to the lowest class of society*.

In 1818, I explained to you, Madam, as well as to the Duke de Berri, the motives which led me to form a matrimonial connexion, acquainting you at the same time, who the person was that I had chosen for my partner. Not receiving any reply, either from your Royal Highness, or from the Duke de Berri, without further delay I married; but not, as it has been said, a woman *of the lowest class of society*, but a young girl belonging to the highest class of citizens, whose father-in-law was an old and honourable officer. When I married, my wife was not sixteen; and if virtue, fortitude, and all the noble qualities of the heart, have ever been the portion of the members of my family, she has not, in these respects, belied the noble blood to which she has united herself.

This, Madam, is nearly all that I can say to

your Royal Highness *in writing*. I think that the details contained in this letter may be sufficient to induce you, to grant me at length the favour which I have so long and so ardently entreated, an interview with you. . . . If your Royal Highness still thinks it right to refuse it, I shall in nowise depart from the line of conduct which I have laid down for myself. . . . Alas! Madam, how happy it would be for me, if your Royal Highness's heart did not wait to be convinced of the truth by the judgment of others. . . . and in order to that it would perhaps only be necessary for you to allow yourself to be guided by your own feelings, which cannot be other than noble and generous: but, finally, if you should think that you ought not to yield yourself to their guidance, then God alone will judge between us. . . . and God is just! . . .

I am, madam,

Your Royal Highness's

Unfortunate but worthy brother,

LOUIS-CHARLES,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*Paris, Feb. 13th 1834.*



(Z.) *Incident which occurred at the Trial of  
Richemont.*

No sooner was the report spread that the Duke of Normandy was about to bring his legal claims before a court of law, and also to publish his memoirs, than party set to work, and put forward a Baron de Richemont, clothed with the name, title and pretensions of the real son of the King. The Police allowed him to remain at liberty, as long as he confined himself within the limits of the part that had been assigned to him; but Richemont soon took advantage of the credit which he had fraudulently obtained through this intrigue, and seriously contemplated a conspiracy against the government. He was immediately arrested and brought before the Court of Assizes de la Seine.

He was accused of

A plot against the King's life,  
A plot to overturn the government,  
Many offences of the Press,  
Clandestine printing,  
Carrying prohibited arms,  
And swindling.

The public knew before-hand that, in the examination he was to undergo, he would declare himself to be the son of Louis XVI.

On the day of the trial, groups of hired partisans

crowded the avenues of the Court; there were also some honest people there who were sincerely anxious to discover the truth;—suddenly, and in the midst of the solemnities of the trial, M. Morel de St. Didier, one of the Prince's friends, made his appearance. He delivered into the hands of the President of the Court, a letter signed by the real Duke of Normandy, in which he treated as a swindler the political juggler who was brought forward in opposition to him, in order to throw ridicule on his case, in the eyes of the public. The Attorney-General demanded the arrest of M. de St. Didier, and the Court giving judgment, after deliberation, pronounced a forcible decree, which declared according to law, that to claim to be the son of Louis XVI, is not a crime, and that there was no ground for acceding to the demand of the Attorney-General.

The following is the account given of this affair by the "Gazette des Tribunaux."

*The President.*—"The sitting is opened."

*An Individual in the Court.*—"Mr. President, I have a declaration to make in which justice and the gentlemen of the jury are concerned; I beg permission to make it before the commencement of the proceedings."

*The President.*—"Who are you?"

*The Individual.*—"I am M. Morel de St. Didier, I live in the Rue du Bac, and I am the bearer of a letter for the gentlemen of the jury, written by

the real Charles-Louis de Bourbon, the son of Louis XVI."

*M. Aylie*, (officiating as Attorney-General).—" Upon what plea does *this individual* come into court?"

*The Individual*, appearing offended: " Upon what plea? to serve the cause of Louis XVII and that of truth; I am the bearer of a declaration from the real Dauphin."

*M. Aylies*.—" I demand that *M. de St. Didier*, and his declaration be *given up to the authorities, to be dealt with as the case shall require.*"

*The Individual*.—" I appeal to the court."

The court retired to deliberate.

The court pronounced the following judgment, during the delivery of which the *most profound silence* prevailed:—

" Seeing that it is important to have a *procès-verbal* drawn up of the declaration made by *M. de St. Didier*, and also to have the document of which he is the bearer, laid upon the table of the Court, in the name of the individual he mentions:—

" Seeing that no law authorizes the arrest of *M. de St. Didier*;—

" The Court decrees that *M. de St. Didier shall be heard*, and that the paper of which he is the bearer shall be laid on the table, that a *procès-verbal* may be drawn up of the whole affair. . .

“ Also that there are no grounds for ordering his arrest. (*Great sensation*).”

M. de St. Didier comes forward bowing with dignity to the court ; he remains standing, ready to reply to the questions of the President.

M. de St. Didier is about fifty-five years of age.

*The President.*—“ Where is your letter ?” “ It is here.” “ In what character do you appear as the bearer of it ?” “ I am commissioned by him, whom in my conscience, I believe to be the real Duke of Normandy, to deliver this letter to the Foreman of the Jury.”

*The President.*—“ The Foreman of the Jury can take no cognizance of it ; give me the letter.”

The President breaks the seal ! “ Did you read it before you brought it here ?” “ Yes.” “ Is this that letter ?” “ I will read it and see.”

*The President.*—Read it *in a low tone*.”

M. de St. Didier reads the letter *in a low tone*.

This letter appeared to contain about four pages of writing ; during the reading of which the Jury shewed some symptoms of impatience.

*The President.*—“ I request the gentlemen of the Jury to have patience. The Court sets them the example ; it is the *first duty of a Judge*.”

In about two minutes time M. de St. Didier, returns the letter, declaring that it is the same as that which he had read before coming into Court.

*The President.*—"This letter is signed Charles Louis.

*M. de St. Didier.*—"It is entirely written by the prince himself. I have had nothing to do with the composition of it. The prince composed and wrote the whole of it."

*The President.*—"Who?" "He whom I conscientiously believe to be the real Duke of Normandy.

*The President.*—"We are not enquiring about that."

The President orders a *procès-verbal* of the whole affair to be drawn up.

*M. de St. Didier.*—"I announce to you that the Prince intends to claim his rights, by means of judicial proceedings. He will bring forward such proofs as will not allow any one....

*The President.*—"Very well; *when he comes forward, they will be examined.*

*M. de St. Didier.*—"He is incapable of intrigue, and if the government....

*The President hastily.*—"We have nothing to do with that, we don't want to hear what you have to say."

M. de Richemont asks leave to make an observation.

*The President.*—"Presently, wait till the *procès-verbal* is completed.

(M. de St. Didier remains standing; his head raised, his hand in his bosom.)

The clerk reads the *procès-verbal* in which the name of Louis XVII is introduced.

*M. de St. Didier*, (interrupting the clerk,)—"Excuse me I did not speak of Louis XVII, but of Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy.

*The President to the Clerk*.—"That does not matter."

(*M. de St. Didier* signs the *procès-verbal*, this letter is then resealed with an official seal, *se variatur*; and replaced in the cover.)

*M. de St. Didier*, as he signs, says: "*There is an important seal which will be explained hereafter.*"

*The President*.—"Very probably—sign the *procès*."

This incident gave occasion to depositions by many honorable witnesses, who energetically declared that they believed in the existence of the Dauphin, and that the accused was not the Dauphin.

The Attorney-General, Aylies, confined himself, in his speech, to the different heads of accusation, without referring to the report that Richemont had declared himself to be Louis XVII, excepting by the following short and judicious remarks:

"But, the accused will say, if I am Louis XVII there is no longer any swindling—that is true; and this is indeed the strongest point in the defence."

Richemont reproaches the Attorney-General, with not telling him who he is, since he maintains

that he is not the son of Louis XVI ; he declares that if he is in error in asserting this claim ; he does so at least in perfect sincerity.

Upon the sentence of the jury, who find Richemont guilty on all the counts excepting that of conspiring against the life of the king and that of swindling ; the court condemned him to twelve years imprisonment.

It will be seen that Richemont did not dare to maintain his imposture with the boldness he had shewn until the pitiful *dénouement* of this unworthy drama ; of this roguery, which had been already enacted in former times, particularly in the case of Mathurin Bruneau.

The author of the memoirs—the real Duke of Normandy—exclaims with reason :

“ He has condemned himself ; and his partisans must have been cruelly undeceived.—What ! M. de St. Didier comes in open court, to expose him to scorn as one who usurps a name and a title which do not belong to him ; the Attorney-General (no doubt mistakenly,) demands the arrest of M. de St. Didier, and Richemont does not join with him in requiring that arrest ! and Richemont does not demand that the writer of the letter to the jury should be instantly called upon to appear ! and Richemont does not insist upon being confronted with him—that moment if possible ! An accuser boldly presents himself, and Richemont, the audacious Richemont is mute and stupified !

“ The words of this accuser must then be very cutting and very powerful ?

“ The attack of the one bears the simple and sublime character of truth, and the defence of the other exhibits the sudden discomfiture of falsehood, which falls, deprived as by enchantment, of every degree of plausibility.

“ How does it happen that Richemont who was condemned to *twelve years imprisonment* in the month of *November* 1834, and who was placed under arrest at the time of his trial—How does it happen that this *dangerous conspirator* is allowed to be now at large and at his ease in England ?

“ We leave it to the clear sighted to answer this question for themselves.

The following is the letter of which M. de St. Didier was the bearer, and which was read by him in a low tone.

*To the gentlemen of the Jury summoned on the Trial of the Baron de Richemont, calling himself Duke of Normandy.*

GENTLEMEN,

If I am rightly informed the prosecution of the



Baron de Richemont has been undertaken solely with the view of casting ridicule upon any future pretension to the title of *Dauphin of the Temple*, a title which the real son of Louis XVI will not cease to claim to the last moment of his existence.

The person at whose instigation the prisoner Richemont now enacts this part; is well aware that the Dauphin escaped from the Temple by the contrivance of his friends, and that he is still living in spite of the atrocious persecutions of which he has been the object.

That person knows that the son of Louis XVI has escaped almost miraculously from the snares which were constantly laid for him by the usurper Louis XVIII, who was aware of his existence, and who was desirous of getting rid of him at any price.

The secret instigator of the impostor Richemont is not ignorant that the real son of the unfortunate Louis XVI, has in his possession all the documents necessary to prove his birth, and that it is in his power to establish by the most convincing evidence, his identity with the Dauphin of the Temple. He knows perfectly well, that on every occasion when the royal orphan made an effort to be recognised by his family, a new Louis XVII was put forward, an impostor, like him whom you are now called upon to try; and by means of this manœuvre public opinion was mis-

led and the voice of the real son of Louis XVI was stifled.

It was for this unworthy end, that at different periods, the impostors *Hervagault* and *Mathurin Bruneau* were brought on the stage.

It is well to call the attention of the gentlemen of the jury to the fact, that the prisoner Richemont never publicly claimed the title of *Duke of Normandy*, till a short time after the appearance in the French and German papers in 1831, of an advertisement\*, announcing the residence of the son of Louis XVI at Crossen in Silesia, and his intention of publishing the history of his misfortunes.

Gentlemen of the jury, and all you Frenchmen in whose hearts reign sentiments of honour and justice, learn that the son of your unfortunate king Louis XVI is still living; that Providence has preserved him, *possibly*, in order to put to confusion the infamous persons, who have had the baseness to resort even to the dagger to rid themselves of him, as the scars on his body bear witness.

Yes, Frenchmen, Louis XVII still lives, and relying upon the lively interest which the nation has never ceased to feel for the innocent son of the most unhappy of her kings, he will one day

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\* (R.)

loudly claim his right to his name, that sacred right which he received at his birth, and which the authentic documents he will produce, and the convincing proofs, he has it in his power to furnish, will not thenceforward allow any one to dispute.

CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*Paris, Oct. 28th 1834.*

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(A.2.)      *To Louis-Philippe.*

MY COUSIN,

You are aware that I am now in France, where I am about to lay claim before a court of law, to the name which belongs to me. You do not need the judgment of the court to be satisfied of my identity. You take too much part in the affairs of your government to make it possible

that you should be ignorant of so important a question. M. Decaze, besides, has it perfectly in his power to give you every information respecting me.

It is not my intention raise any discussion respecting my right to the throne, but I demand from the laws of my country, that an act should be annihilated which has closed for me all the paths of civil life.

I have at length found a counsel who will undertake my cause, and the most incredulous will not much longer be able to doubt the truth of my pretensions. I must confess to you, however, that my present situation is so much the more *painful* as *I know not whom I can trust* in this land of France which has ever been the object of my prayers and of my thoughts. My greatest misfortune is to have been born so near the throne; this has been the cause of all the unheard of sufferings which from my childhood have not ceased to overwhelm me. I have taken the resolution of addressing myself to you, not to ask from you a favour, but to tell you that *it is your duty to allow me all possible scope and liberty for the vindication of my rights.*

(Signed) CHARLES-LOUIS.

*Duke of Normandy.*

(B.2) *The Son of Louis XVI to the Foreign Powers, and to the French Government.*

*According to the ancient laws of the monarchy,* I alone, as sole surviving son of Louis XVI, am the *legitimate King* of France ; as such I consider it my first duty to save my country.

In every reasonable, just, and noble view of the case, *Kings exist only for the people, and not the people for Kings.* This principle, securing alike the power of the monarch, and the submission of the people, ought to be sacred in the eyes of every king, for it is the bond of union in every nation.

I repeat it: I *alone* am the *legitimate* king of France ; as such I here loudly protest before my God, and before all the nations of Europe, against every arrangement or transaction, whatever, in favour of the exiled royal family.

I solemnly proclaim the late kings, Louis XVIII and Charles X, *usurpers* of the throne of France, as well as their descendants, because they had a *direct* and *personal* knowledge of my existence.

I love my country, for I suffer for her, and not through her ; this love is sincere. Therefore, not wishing to disturb the peace and tranquillity of France, I here declare that I deposit in the hands of the French nation, the sceptre and the crown, the inheritance of my fathers. *I de-*

*mand nothing but my name, and the enjoyment of my civil rights\*.*

I am about to claim, before a court of law, the exercise of *those rights*, in the inheritance of the private property of their Majesties Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette, my father and mother, as Duke of Normandy, the last Dauphin of France.

As this claim is entirely foreign to every kind of *political pretension*, and as my presence in court is indispensable, considering the various particulars which I have to bring forward, and which I alone can or ought to produce, I have reason to believe that *my liberty will be respected*.

My rights as a Prince do not make me forget my duties as a man. It is not my intention that a *public and judicial proceeding, between me and my family, on account of my private interests*, should serve as a pretext to evil designing persons, or compromise the tranquillity of my fellow citizens.

I conclude, therefore, that the government will take the necessary steps, that I may not have the pain of reckoning in addition to so many misfortunes that of seeing myself the innocent cause of any disturbance. I have suffered many afflictions, I still endure all those which I owe to the injustice and disorder of human passions; but the greatest of all in my eyes would be to serve as the occasion

of any kind of tumult, which might compromise the liberty of a single individual, or disturb the tranquillity of the city,

*(Signed)* CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*Paris, July 17th, 1835.*

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The two following letters were not sent to the Duchess of Angoulême. They were written under these circumstances: the two journeys, of M. de St. Didier to Prague, and that of Madame de Rambaud, had taken place; when M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucault called upon the Duke of Normandy, and informed him that M. de Pastoret had received orders from the Duchess to examine into this affair, and to report to her upon it: and, in consequence, it was proposed to the Prince, that he should produce his proofs. It was arranged that two trusty friends, chosen by the Prince, should be the bearers of the documents proving his identity, which should be sealed with his seal; that these

two commissioners should wait upon her Royal Highness, accompanied by commissioners chosen from among the friends of the exiled royal family, and that the packet, (containing likewise the two letters of which we are speaking,) should be unsealed in the presence of the commissioners by the Duchess herself.

When it was seen that the Prince consented with so much readiness and frankness to a kind of arbitration, the result of which would evidently be to open the eyes of the sister, and lead to the acknowledgment of the brother, M. M. de Larochefoucault and Pastoret would proceed no further in the execution of the project which they had themselves proposed.

Let all persons of upright, and conscientious minds, reflect on this !

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(C. 2.) *To the Duchess of Angoulême.*

MADAM,

Considering the message which you sent me in 1834, by M. Morel de St. Didier, it is with reluctance that I determine to trouble your Royal



Highness with particulars which cannot be less painful to you than they are to myself: but your best friends urge me to it, and I feel that it is my duty, as it has always been my inclination, still to act towards you as a brother.

Weighty circumstances force me to rend asunder the veil which conceals many crimes, and which has remained drawn Madam, perhaps too long from consideration for your family.

Already my suit is commenced and I shall prove before the tribunals of France, how inadequate are the pretences with which it is endeavoured to palliate the violation of my most sacred rights.

The judgment of the public will have been pronounced upon my cause, even before they are acquainted with the full extent of the crimes and injustice of which I am the destined victim.

It is sufficiently painful to me to find Frenchmen propagating *by command* lies and calumnies against me, but how bitter must be my feelings, when I see my sister at the head of my oppressors! my own sister, who not content with protecting my enemies, assists them to crush my just pretensions, to annul the rights of which they seek to deprive me, and urges on the execution of measures which ought never to have obtained her consent!

I find myself utterly at a loss, Madam, when I endeavour to account for the offensive proceedings which you are constantly renewing against me, by

means of agents who mislead you. If I am mistaken, or if we are both deceived, why, then enquire of my commissioner; he has orders to give you every information, and to produce irresistible proofs of my identity. As for me, Madam, I am bound to declare to your Royal Highness, that my conscience tells me that I have done more than discharge my duty, both as regards the attempts I have myself made to obtain admission to you, and also by these last overtures which I am now making; and I have in consequence taken the irrevocable determination no longer to keep measures with any one.

I do not blind myself to my situation; I am in the hands of God, and am prepared for every thing. But I declare to you, Madam, that I will shortly make known the truth, and the whole truth, and I shall appeal to public opinion not only in France, but in all other nations. I have now said enough to your Royal Highness—Affection requires that I should once more address a few words to my sister, who cannot have forgotten the injunctions and commands of so tender and so unhappy a mother.

I conjure you therefore, by the ties of blood and of suffering by which we are united to put a stop to the odious calumnies\* which the agents of

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\* (F. 2.) M. Laprade's Letter.

those who are the enemies of us both, spread abroad against me, and which draw all eyes upon you in so painful a manner. Believe your brother; the consequences may be more distressing to you, than to him whose only wish is to save you all.

(Signed) CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

(D.2.) MADAM,

You must have heard that your brother had a natural mark of a singular form which the Queen used to call the *Saint Esprit*. Well! this mark I have on my person—it resembles a dove, as portrayed in the order of the Saint Esprit. *I send herewith the certificates of two physicians to this fact.*

You, Madam, also have a mark on your person. Your brother himself saw it when you were ill in the Tower of the Temple. If you have any doubts I will add that your brother can tell you on what part of your person this mark is.

Our aunt also had a particular mark ; you were aware of it, and you know very well what your brother means. Your brother and *he alone* can tell you the situation of that mark.

Nay more, your brother, *and he alone* can tell you what our mother used to do in the morning in order to get tidings *of that good aunt, before she or the queen had risen.*

My commissioners are the bearers of *a paper* of which our mother had received many copies in the course of the month in which I was given up to the care of Simon. Your brother *alone* can name to you the bearer of that paper, whom you know as well as he does.

Do not believe that your unhappy brother has forgotten the slightest circumstance ; *he alone* can tell you who it was that took me in his arms when we arrived at the Tuileries at night in 1791. You know very well who that person was.

*Recollect what our mother was doing then, and why she did it.*

In the course of the night of the 9th of August, a person came to sleep in my room : for what reason ? Who was that person ? whereabouts in my room did she sleep ? You know all these particulars perfectly well. Your brother *alone* can detail them to you.

If you can yet doubt that I am your brother, recollect the papers that were shewn to you after your return to France, relative to the conduct of

the Count de Provence. Those papers belonged to me.

If you have still a doubt remaining, recall to your recollection the man, who said to you at Varennes : *I know a secret*. That man has since been one of my most faithful servants, for he has made every reparation in his power, for the crimes which the Count de Provence induced him then to commit against our unfortunate father, and against us all.

Lastly, if all these particulars should fail to convince you, recollect what our mother was doing when she received what I send you herewith, and which she had then thought to be lost. To whom does it belong ? Who was the bearer of it ? You know it well.

If I do not forward to you, madam, the explanation of all this, it is because prudence compels me to be cautious ; you well know what was done in the case of the first prisoner of Rouen, in order to effect my ruin. My commissioners are instructed to enlighten you on that subject if you should enquire about it.

(Signed) CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

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(E.2.)      *The Thomas Cause.*

It is well known that a M. Thomas, calling himself a man of letters, obtained an introduction to the Prince, as a person sincerely devoted to his cause, and in this character commenced the publication of a newspaper, called *LA JUSTICE*, of which all the expenses were defrayed by his royal highness. Owing to the bad faith of this editor, the paper had but a short existence. After having dissipated in foolish expences a capital of more than 30,000 frs., urged on, probably, by a party, of which he was the tool, M. Thomas turned suddenly round upon his benefactor, and on the 9th of October, 1835, consummated his treachery, by giving him notice of an action, which he threatened to lay before the Attorney-General. Madame de Générès, whose noble and generous devotion to the Prince's cause annoyed his enemies; and Madame de Rambaud\*, whose overwhelming testimony they dreaded, were both comprehended in the summons, as accomplices in an alledged act of swindling.

M. Thomas was not led to act in this disgraceful manner, from having ceased to believe in the truth and identity of him, before whom he had so often respectfully bowed his head, and whom he

had so many times, both in writing and by word of mouth, been proud to call *his Prince*. Mercenary motives, and base political intrigues, were the only source of the insulting summons, in which “ *he notified and declared to M. Charles William Naundorff, calling himself Duke of Normandy*, that, in *falsely* assuming the title of Duke of Normandy, and pretending to be the son of Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette, M. Naundorff had imposed on the *simplicity*, and abused the *confidence* of the complainant.

“ That by means of *false names and titles*, he had succeeded in making the said M. Thomas a party to his attempts to claim the said titles.

“ That *in order thereunto*, he induced him to undertake the publication of a paper called *LA JUSTICE*, *promising to be answerable for all expenses attending the said publication*, and every day holding out false and delusive hopes with no other view than to deceive the public and the complainant ;

“ That the obligations contracted by him, *on account of this paper*, amount to a *considerable sum*, as will be proved ;

“ That moreover, M. Thomas finds himself liable to most annoying prosecutions ;

“ That the said M. Thomas *has received direct information from the Prussian Embassy, from which it appears, that the pretended Duke of Normandy is no other than M. Naundorff*, the

*son of a Prussian watchmaker who is still living:*

“ That, *all these circumstances*, besides occasioning the *ruin* of the complainant are of a nature to injure his reputation.

“ That the complainant upon the assurances, and at the request of the said M. Naüendorff and of those who were about him, announced in the said paper that he was about to institute an *action* for the recovery of his name.

“ That he applied to the President of the Tribunal civil de la Seine to appoint him a Counsel for that purpose.

“ That though five months have elapsed, *the proceedings* are not yet *begun*, owing to the premeditated delays of the said Naüendorff, who *withdrew himself from him* at the moment when the proofs of his identity should have been produced ;

“ That *this artifice* would lead to the belief that the complainant had been a party to the plots of the said Naüendorff, a conclusion which he most vehemently denies, having never had any other end in view than the disclosure of the truth in this mysterious affair ;

“ As concerning the two ladies, Mme. Generesse (meaning de Générès) and Mme. de Rambaud ; that the said ladies while more or less well *counterfeiting* an *unbounded devotion* to the pretended Duke of Normandy *have practiced all kind of artifice* to lead the complainant into the snare that was laid for him . . . .for which cause I . . . . .



hereby summon the before named.....  
 within *three days* from the date hereof, to perform  
 the *promises made* to the complainant relative to all  
 engagements contracted in his name, and also to  
 bring proof in justification of the claim to the  
 name and title assumed by the said Naüendorff;  
 in default of which he will lay a complaint before  
 the Attorney-General in his own name and in that  
 of other persons who have been deceived through  
 him, and who have empowered him to act for them  
 as he shall think fit, against the undue assumption  
 of the said titles by the aforesaid Naüendorff, and  
 against the said ladies as accomplices, as well as  
 against all others who may hereafter be pointed out;  
 reserving his right to proceed against them by every  
 legal means as he shall think fit, and to the intent  
 that the said Naüendorff may not be ignorant  
 hereof &c.

“ (*Signed*) VUILLEMOT.”

The Duke of Normandy, in order to deprive the  
 slanderous and malevolent of every possible pre-  
 text against him, replied to this insolent attack  
 by the following summons.

“ This thirteenth day of October, in the year of  
 our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty  
 five, on the petition of M. Charles-William  
 Naüendorff, registered among the citizens of the  
 towns of Spandau and Crossen, by an order spon-

taneously issued by His Majesty the King of Prussia\*, the production of all the papers, vouchers, testimonials and documents required on such occasions by the laws of the country being dispensed with, acting in the name and character aforesaid of Charles-William Naundorff, citizen of the towns of Spandau and Crossen, (although he is in fact Charles-Louis, Duke of Normandy, born at Versailles, in the department of Seine and Oise, on the 27th of March 1785, and was described as such in the registers of birth in France;) residing ordinarily at Dresden in the kingdom of Saxony....

“ Proceeding as aforesaid, before the civil authorities, in conformity with his actual position, and, till it shall have been otherwise ordered by law, solemnly protesting against the necessity he is under to enter his suit and defend himself in a name and character which had been imposed upon him by the will of others;

“ In answer to the summons notified to him on the demand of M. Auguste Victor Thomas, by M<sup>r</sup> Vuillemot, summoner, on the 9th of the present month.

“ I,.....  
the undersigned, summon the said M. Thomas, residing at Versailles with his wife, his mother in law, and his child in the rue Lafayette, No. 5, which is his real home; yet this notwithstanding, at the re-

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\* (1. 2.) Prussian State Gazette.

sidence chosen by him in Paris, rue de Seine-Saint-Germain, at the chambers of the said Me. Vuillemot . . . . . to bring, and within three days of the date hereof, deposit at the Registry of the *Tribunal de Commerce* of Versailles :

“ 1st. The papers, vouchers, deeds, and correspondence shewing the real character of the complainant in the matter of the publication of the paper, entitled *La Justice*, whether as proprietor, or as partner, or as merely providing the funds for the undertaking.

“ 2nd. An exact and particular account, duly certified by him to be true and correct, of the manner in which he has disposed of the sum of twenty thousand francs, delivered to him by complainant ; and of that of three thousand and some hundred francs, received from the subscribers to the said paper ; not including in this account divers sums advanced by complainant for the personal expences of the said Thomas.

“ 3rd. The registers of agreements and expences, the bills and invoices of the contractors, the receipts for salaries and duties, and, in short, all papers, books, registers, memorandums, entries and day-books, required to prove after examination and verification, a correct account.

“ Giving him notice, that, failing to comply with these three first articles, within the said time, and that time elapsed ; he is liable to be accounted a defaulter, and more given to calumny than

ready to fulfil the obligations of honesty and regularity which are binding on every principal in an undertaking, more especially, when entered upon on account of another; and the complainant reserving to himself the right of suing him at law, for the restitution of the said sum of twenty thousand francs unduly obtained by the said Thomas for the expences of a paper which only appeared during two months and a half.

“ And on the petition of the aforesaid, and at the aforesaid residence I have summoned the said M. Thomas,

“ 1st. To deposit at the Registry of the *Tribunal Civil de Versailles*, before the lapse of twenty-four hours, the documents which he declares to have received directly from the Prussian Embassy, establishing the facts, first, that the complainant is the son of a Prussian watchmaker; and secondly, that this watchmaker is still living;

“ Declaring to the said M. Thomas, that, failing to comply with this article within the aforesaid time, he will be accounted a slanderer, and prosecuted as such, according to the 367th article of the penal Code, before the judges appointed to take cognizance of such cases, together with his abettors and accomplices, if any such there be;

“ 2nd. To deliver into the said registry, a memorandum, or explicit and authenticated account of the state of his finances, at the time when complainant first entered into communication with him;

" 3rd. To deliver in at the same time, the written powers entrusted to him by the complainant, and subscribed by him from a draft prepared by the said Thomas, complainant expressly and formally revoking as far as may be needful the aforesaid powers, and declaring that he will provide by every legal means ordinary and extraordinary, against any use that the said Thomas might make of them ;

" 4th. Finally, to make known the names, professions, and places of residence of all persons, who, on what account soever, claim to be creditors of the complainant, the said Thomas affirming that he has letters of attorney to that effect ;

" Leaving it to the ladies de Rambaud, and de Générès, to sue as they shall think fit for satisfaction, for the insulting notice called a summons, which the said Thomas has dared to have served on them ;

" Declaring, moreover, that the above dated summons to which he hereby replies, is in the eyes of the complainant no other than an attempt on his purse, which the said Thomas has sufficiently drained ; the result of certain intrigues set on foot by men, who take advantage of a cause of an entirely civil nature, to further some political schemes ; and the last malignant effort of the chief of the priests and the pharisees, against the slow but *certain* progress of truth towards a complete triumph ;

“ And to the intent that the said M. Thomas should not be ignorant hereof, I have furnished him with a copy of the present writ.”

(Signed) GARRNIER *Junior*.

Registered at Paris, October 14th, 1835.

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*To the Editor of the GAZETTE DE FRANCE.*

SIR.

You have thought proper to dedicate the pages of your paper of the 15th of January to the discussion of the pretensions of a new Louis XVII, who, you say, comes forward under the patronage

of a Madame de Rambaud to play upon the credulity of the public.

"Your subscribers from this place and its environs, worthy country folk, whose sentiments on the subject of legitimacy are not *up to the notions and policy of the present day*, have seen with regret so respectable a paper as yours, treat with so little ceremony a question which is far from being clearly decided.... They expected, besides, from the opening of your article, to have found, instead of *sarcasm* and *abuse*, weighty and overwhelming proofs against the pretender; far from this, your article contains nothing but expressions of scorn and indignation....

"Such means are not calculated to *convince*: accordingly I own to you that you have produced conviction, but it is an *opposite sense to what you desired*.

"By this show of hostility, you have so strongly excited the curiosity of your subscribers on the subject of the pretender, that I am commissioned to request from you an exact detail of the proceedings, in the trial of M. Thomas, which is about to take place.

"You can the less refuse to comply with this request, as the charges which you make against the Duke of Normandy, are connected with this cause.

"I expect, therefore, from your sense of honor,

and from your impartiality, what I have a right to demand as your subscriber.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

(Signed) B. F.

*February 1st, 1836.*

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*Le Constitutionnel* of the 6th of February 1836,  
contains the following article.

“The absence of M. Berryer has occasioned the postponement, for three weeks, of a curious cause, which is before the Court of correctional police. According to newspaper reports, M. Auguste Thomas has laid before the Attorney-General a charge of swindling, against M. Naüendorff calling himself the Son of Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France. . . . The most curious part of the affair is, that M. Naüendorff, on his side,



accuses M. Thomas of slander, and in his statement assumes the name and title of Duke of Normandy, which he declares to belong to him.

“ On the subject of the proceedings respecting the pecuniary interests which are contested between the parties we pronounce :

“ That, M. Thomas being accountable for the sums he has received, is a debtor *ipso jure*, until his accounts have been examined and passed ; and that as he who has nothing can have nothing to lose, that he who had nothing can have lost nothing, and that M. Thomas having lost nothing, can have nothing to claim,

“ His only business is to defend himself from the severity of the law and of the tribunal, to which he has himself appealed.”

We add here a letter which was addressed on this occasion by M. . . . ., to the author of the pamphlet called “ The Real Duke of Normandy.”

SIR,

The postponement so unexpectedly obtained of the Thomas cause, and the not less unexpected in-

terposition of M. Berryer, appear to demand our most serious attention.

You have brought to light, in the clearest manner, the former conduct of those high personages, whose ambition led them to conceal the truth, in order to possess themselves of the rights of others. It is now the moment to lay open the infernal plots, formed by ambitious persons in a lower rank, in order to retain their influence over those to whose interests they have appeared to devote themselves, availing themselves of a specious pretext, while they had no object in view but their own interest. You have already in some measure disclosed the causes which led to their rejection of the legitimate claimant, with whom they did not find the means of satisfying their unsatiable desires, and whose liberal sentiments were too offensive to their pride. It would be well to follow the intrigue through its latest workings. Scarcely had the Prince appeared, when becoming better known, he no longer pleased these gentlemen, and they hoped to annihilate him by their contemptuous neglect. In 1833, the Prince was reduced to the most appalling distress! His wife and his five children, whom he had been compelled to leave for a time, had not for many months tasted bread, and the scornful royalists affected to consider him an adventurer. No one comes forward to enquire into his claims with any attention: he offers to

produce proofs of his identity—they are dreaded, and therefore they are shunned.

“ It soon became known, that, assisted by the generosity of some humble, but faithful Frenchmen, the prince was about to send a deputation to the Duchess of Angoulême; an attempt was made to impose upon him, through a false friend, who was to have been one of the deputation, but whose only object was to betray the secrets which he hoped would be confided to him. The faithful M. de St. Didier alone fulfilled this mission\*; but the delay in the preparations gave time to the adversaries of the prince to prejudice the Duchess against him; and while, without any plausible pretext, the stay of M. de St. Didier, at Prague, was uselessly prolonged, on the 28th of January, the life of the Prince† was attempted at Paris!.... Death must have ensued, had not Providence preserved him. A false friend of respectable family, had appeared to interest himself in his fate—this was another plot, still with the view of getting possession of his secrets.—Weary of these useless attempts, his enemies no longer allowed him and his family the means of obtaining the slightest assistance.

“ A singular testimony, however unworthy of notice it was thought to be, the testimony of the

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• (R. 2.)    † (X:)

peasant Martin attested his identity. Vainly was it attempted to deter this honest man from the assertion of what he knew to be the truth.

“ For seven months this testimony had annoyed the royalists . . . on the 8th of May 1834, Martin dies under circumstances of which the laws might have taken cognizance.

“ The most searching enquiries are instituted to discover from what source the Prince derives the means of supporting his family ; it is soon discovered that it is from charity alone that his only benefactors are those who look not for their reward in this world,—and, immediately intrigue is again at work—it now puts on the mask of hypocrisy, suggests scruples, and even goes so far as to abuse the authority of the church, to prohibit an act of charity.

“ Religion, always merciful, notwithstanding the misconduct of some of its unworthy ministers, opens to him anew some almost imperceptible supplies. The Prince is literally reduced, according to the words of the gospel, *to ask each day his daily bread.*

While his enemies were secretly working to reduce him to the last extremity ; the Prince had made a second application to Madame d'Angoulême. M. de St. Didier\* was this time accompanied by Mme. de Rambaud, who had had the

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\* (S. 2.)

care of the prince from his birth till the 10th of August, 1792\*. The Prince himself followed them, in hopes of obtaining an interview with his sister. The intrigues of his enemies, must, indeed have been very active and very effectual, to induce an aged man, a crowned head, to condescend personally to act the part of a courier, following that princess† from town to town, in order, by his influence, to obtain from her a promise, not that she would not acknowledge her brother, but that she would not, by granting him an interview, expose herself to the possibility of acknowledging him.

“The party were exulting in the success of this intrigue, when unpleasant tidings disturbed their enjoyment. The prince was projecting the publication of a newspaper, in which the truth which had so long been concealed, should be openly declared. The means for this undertaking were provided by the offerings of poor but generous friends. It was necessary therefore to introduce among these faithful servants, a Judas, ready to *misrepresent the thoughts, to calumniate the intentions, and to exhaust the resources of the Prince*. No one could be found more fitted than M. Thomas for the execution of this threefold office.

“Is it then surprising that the party should ex-

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\* (V.) † (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal. (S. 2.) Mme. d'Angoulême's admission to M. de St. Didier.

tend to him the ægis of their powerful protection. Is he not in fact their exact representation ? their very image, bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh ?

“ It may, nevertheless, be asked with reason, who can make him amends for the infamy he incurs ? How could he betray the Prince as he has done, if he had not, at least in his possession, the proofs which he alledges, the documents which he mentions ? or how is it, if he really possesses them, that he has not deposited them in court, after the summons he has received ? How is it, that, after this omission on his part, affecting both his honour and his honesty has been publicly noticed, he still maintains an obstinate silence ? How is it, that, lying under such heavy imputations, he is not impatient for his legal justification ? and how is it, that after a delay of several months he still meanly implores a further postponement for a few weeks ? What a disgraceful admission is this !

“ However the step is taken ; the object is to gain time. Will the interval be employed in endeavouring to seduce others into similar acts of treachery, or is it again intended to have recourse to the dagger of the assassin ?

“ The publication of the paper called *LA JUSTICE* having ceased at the moment when the Prince had declared his intention to endeavour, by legal proceedings, to obtain from his sister the recognition of his identity, the party, taking advan-

tage of the unsuspecting honesty of some very respectable persons, who were in communication with the Prince, succeeded in delaying the suit for some time, under the specious appearance of an accommodation; a vain hope! a delay of which M. Thomas was to make use so support his calumnies!

It is most probable that one intrigue will speedily be followed by another. The design is to weary out the patience of the injured party; at all events, to exhaust his last resources; but surely ere this the patience of heaven itself will be exhausted; and as six years ago its avenging arm struck the usurping and now exiled family, so shall its justice once more interfere to confound the infernal crew, who screened by hypocrisy, devise all sorts of crimes.

“ We have been much surprised by the introduction of a name of great respectability, but entirely unconnected with our cause.

“ What connection can there exist between M. Berryer, the deputy, and M. Thomas, prosecuted for dishonesty in his accounts, and for having asserted facts which he cannot prove? It was by the production at the fitting time, of the papers required of him, that M. Thomas might then have exempted himself from those punishments  
 • from which it is in the power of no man now to deliver him.

“ For our part, we do not admit that M. Ber-

ryer can act as under authority from the family of Prague. The oath which he has taken as an elector, and renewed as a deputy, forbids us to believe that a person of his character can entertain a sinister design ; that he can swear fidelity to the existing government, while he is secretly undermining its foundations. Relying therefore on the integrity of M. Berryer, we cannot hesitate to affirm that he has ceased to have any connection with the dethroned family ; if, however the contrary should be proved, we confess that the idea of such an equivocal allegiance, inspires us with the most invincible disgust.

“ However that may be, the enmity of the Royalists, Legitimatis, Carlists, Henri Quinquistes, against us, is purely gratuitous, the Prince having freely resigned to the French nation all political pretensions. He claims nothing but the acknowledgement of his identity from his sister, and his share of the wreck of some property of which he has a right to partake with her, for the support of his family. It is a cause of an entirely private nature, which should not excite any feeling, excepting that of interest for a long and heavy affliction. Every interference to delay, or to hinder this great act of justice, is a perfectly gratuitous iniquity. Examine, discuss the evidence, you have a right to do so ; but no tribunal in the world is entitled to refuse him this act of justice.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.



The cause was appointed to be tried on the 23rd of February 1836. The court was crowded to excess, from the importance attached to the case, it being known that M. Berryer was to appear as counsel for M. Thomas.

The president proposes that the parties should select five or six principal witnesses, on each side, from the numbers summoned.

To this they consent: M<sup>e</sup> Briquet, counsel for the plaintiff, informs the court that his client has had no other object in this prosecution than to compel M. Thomas to come to a formal explanation; and he now demands, as Thomas has at length appeared to answer in court, that record may be made, that his client renounces all claim for damages against the said Thomas.

Record is made of this generous renunciation, and all present appear struck by this noble proceeding.

Thomas is then heard; *he produces neither the famous Prussian documents*, nor any other that can give the slightest colour to the accusation of fraudulent practices. He acknowledges the having received twenty and odd thousand francs, and admits that he has never advanced any money, seeing that he possessed none.

The junior counsel petitions for a postponement of the cause for a week, but the court who are sensible that this is only a decent pretext in order that the defendant may not be overwhelmed by

the public withdrawal of a support which he does not deserve\*, refuses the postponement and calls upon the Attorney-General to speak, who sums up against Thomas.

M<sup>e</sup>. Briquet rises and expresses himself as follows :

“ Allow me Gentlemen, to address a few words to you not on the question at issue—on that head, the Attorney-General has left me nothing to say ; but it is possible that this cause may afford matter to the newspapers for jests, which might not be altogether harmless ; and as M. Naüendorff will continue to reside in France, it is necessary, Gentlemen, that his honour and integrity should be placed beyond doubt.

“ Gentlemen, you are aware that there has been a connection between the parties. But it was not M. Naüendorff, as M. Thomas represented, who sought him out ; but M. Thomas on the contrary, who obtained an introduction to M. Naüendorff.

“ You are also informed that M. Thomas, though at first incredulous, could not withstand the conscientious and confident assurances of the *honourable persons* who surrounded the plaintiff ; and, nevertheless forgetting his former words, you,

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\* A clear proof that M. Berryer considered Thomas's cause to be utterly indefensible, and that the court rightly appreciated the motive of the petition for a postponement is that Thomas did not venture to enter an appeal.—*Note to the French Edition.*

have heard him exclaim, that the persons who were about his employer, appeared to him of so extraordinary a description, that he thought it useful and necessary to separate him from his friends.

“ But that of which you are not aware, is, that at first there was no idea of a Paper, but of Memoirs, which M. Thomas was to publish on account of M. Naüendorff. Two thousand francs were, upon his demand, delivered to him for this purpose, and not a page of those memoirs has yet appeared.

“ However, the newspaper was ultimately decided upon; and although M. Thomas declared that he had not received a penny from his adversary, you have it in your recollection, that, upon cross examination, he was obliged to admit that he had received 20,000 francs.

“ Yet this sum had not been promised; the paper being the property of M. Thomas, he alone was to receive the profits of it, and all that was to be provided, was the funds necessary for the commencement of the undertaking.

“ It was not, however, 20,000 francs only, that were given to him for this purpose, but more than 30,000, of the expenditure of which no account has ever been received. What use did M. Thomas make of this money, he who presents himself here as the victim of the swindling tricks of others?

“ He bought carriages and horses which are not yet paid for; he engaged compilers and journeymen,

who are still his creditors. The upholsterer is unable to receive any part of his account. His cellar was filled with the best wines, for the payment of which the wine merchant still awaits M. Thomas's pleasure. The printer did receive a small sum, but only because if it had been refused, he would have stopped the printing.

"But the stationery, gentlemen,—ah! thereby hangs a tale.

"One day M. Thomas came to Versailles, in the greatest distress, bewailing his misfortunes to M. Naüendorff—the stationer was in pursuit of him, about to obtain a warrant for his arrest; and M. Naüendorff hastened to borrow 500 francs from M. de la Ferriere. Those 500 francs were delivered to M. Thomas to pay for the paper, and the stationer has never received a farthing! That is not all. This stationer offered M. Thomas to take back the paper that had not been used, and to deduct the amount from his bill. This he refused, and a few days after sold it at half price.

"Taking advantage still of the protection of M. Naüendorff, this worthy and honest M. Thomas, went to a M. Marcoux, and making good use of his employer's name, promising to the brother of Madame Marcoux, a profitable situation in the Newspaper Office, he obtained from M. Marcoux an advance of 2,000 francs. There was no risk; M. Thomas was about to receive part of his wife's fortune, and undoubtedly M. Marcoux should be

the first person paid. The 2,000 francs were given—so far, so good, gentlemen; but M. Marcoux's brother-in-law got no situation; the fortune of Madame Thomas had been paid before; and M. Marcoux, fearing to lose more money, does not dare to attempt a prosecution.

“ So much, gentlemen, for the honesty of this business. M. Thomas has often received money from M. Naüendorff, who trusting entirely to him, gave it to him *without a receipt*. This money has been spent by M. Thomas for I know not what purposes, and he it is who lays a complaint, he who after having thus abused the confidence of M. Naüendorff, was still lodged, fed, he and all his family at Mademoiselle Pitet's, at the expence of the accused! In truth gentlemen, this is a very dirty business and highly disgraceful to human nature, and unfortunately all the ignominy will fall upon a young man whose future prospects are for ever blighted.”

The Court then pronounced judgment, to the great satisfaction of all present, and Thomas being condemned, withdrew, accompanied by the mischievous friends who had advised him to such perfidious conduct.

If it could be necessary, after the decision we have just recorded, to bring any further evidence of the falsehood of the assertions respecting the information which Thomas said he had received from

the Prussian Embassy, it would be sufficient to wind up this article with the testimony of a brave and honest soldier, an officer of superior rank ; he writes as follows to M . . . . .

“ It is reported that you, Sir, have told several persons at Versailles, and particularly an Ecclesiastic not many miles from hence, that a person of your acquaintance had received *direct* from the Prussian Embassy, information from which it appears that a certain coterie affects to set up a Prussian watchmaker as the father of the Prince who since the year 1814 ought to have been on the throne which his uncle, the Count de Provence, usurped.

“ I called at the Prussian Embassy where I am known;

“ I confess, Sir, that I blush for my folly in taking such a step, and in fact I had to put up with the ridicule of those gentlemen, for supposing that the Prussian Embassy would meddle in so delicate a matter. This interview however, enables me to give *the lie direct to every infamous traitor* who shall dare again to utter such a falsehood!...”

Such has been the result of this disgraceful political manœuvre from which the most brilliant success was anticipated. The savage persecutors of his Royal Highness exulted beforehand in the infamy which they hoped to heap upon him. They argued that he would never dare to appear in court.

The contrivors of this intrigue who took such unworthy advantage of the inexperience and erroneous ideas of a young man, flattered themselves, that, the Prince allowing judgment to go by default, they would be able to avail themselves of the sentence to ruin him in public opinion. The attitude of truth, unlike that of imposture, is bold and majestic. The Prince appeared: the accused in his turn became the accuser and obtained a glorious triumph. M. Thomas, who, in the wildness of his anticipations thought to get the Duke of Normandy thrown into prison, was himself arrested by one of his creditors as he left the court, and taken to Sainte Pélagie. The public exposure and condemnation of the treachery and calumnies of this perjured editor of a paper, the motto of which was "*La Justice*," served only to confirm the truth of those facts of which he wished to destroy the belief. The truths of which he had been the publisher still remained unrefuted and uncontradicted.

It is impossible not to recognize the hand of Providence in the minutest circumstances of this remarkable trial.

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DRESDEN, MAY 1836.

(F.2.)      *To my Friends in France.*

MY FRIENDS.

Agreeably to your desire I send you some account of my journey. You know that I have travelled through great part of Germany, and that I have visited the towns of the kingdom of Prussia, where our unfortunate Prince passed some years of his unhappy life. Let those who are not convinced, and who reject our conviction as a chimera, come and make the same enquiries; they will soon cease to be incredulous, and to ridicule the greatest adversity ever heard of.

Let them come and interrogate all those who have known the poor watchmaker at Crossen, and they will soon rightly estimate the value of those contemptible articles in the papers, which dishonour their authors only. They will hear every where but one voice, to attest the probity and strict morality of him who is now so odiously calumniated, because he claims his most legitimate rights.

I could say whence all these articles proceed; and I have in my possession a letter, with the post-mark of Prague, which a person of a well



known name wrote, to the editor of a German paper, to induce him to assist in his base intrigues. The editor refused to prostitute his pen : your journalists in France have not been so scrupulous.

I wish to give you some information relating to that condemnation of Brandenburg, which they make so much noise about. It should be observed, that the Prince so little feared the light with regard to this affair, that he was himself the first to court publicity respecting it, causing to be printed in 1831 in a German paper, the *Comet of Leipsic*, all the details of this trial, with an appeal for a revision of it, addressed to the minister of justice at Berlin, and signed Charles-Louis, Duke of Normandy.

Monstrous iniquity of the judges, who have lent the authority of the law to aid an atrocious political persecution ! This fact is so little known in France, where it has been calumniously misrepresented, that you will be glad that I should give you some details concerning it.

It was in 1824 : the unacknowledged son of Louis XVI was a watchmaker at Brandenburg ; he heard that Louis XVIII was ill, he wrote to him then, hoping that the approach of death which threatened his uncle, would perhaps insure some success to attempts, frequently, but always fruitlessly renewed, for the last ten years. He formally announced his intention of setting out for

France, if his family still persisted in refusing to acknowledge him.

A short time afterwards, the theatre of Brandenburg was set on fire; his house, almost contiguous, was destroyed in the same conflagration: and while at the head of the inhabitants, he endeavoured to keep under and quench the flames, which threatened to consume the whole town, his little property was pillaged; he could only save his family and his papers. His friends generously came to his assistance to repair this disaster. Who would believe it? . . . It was under such circumstances that an order was received from the *Regency of Potsdam*, that he should be accused of this incendiary act, he who was the victim of it! but the absurdity of the accusation caused its being soon relinquished; and the magistrate, no doubt through secret instructions, contented himself with exacting from him an *oath that he would not leave the country without permission from the authorities*. Some days after, he accompanied one of his friends to Berlin, not thinking that going into the capital of the country was contrary to the oath exacted from him. Scarcely was he returned to his home, when he was arrested and imprisoned. A fresh order had arrived, to accuse him of having coined base money\*; in vain a search was made,

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\* (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal.

nothing was found which could give grounds for the accusation. The examination established no charge against him, the falsehood of two witnesses was proved by an *alibi*. During the examination relating to this affair, the accused declared that he *was a Prince by birth, that the proof of it was in the hands of the Prussian cabinet*. This declaration was communicated to Berlin, and increased severity was the consequence. The most iniquitous sentence which ever disgraced the annals of justice was announced to him, after a year of solitary confinement, in contempt of all the protecting forms of law, and in violation of the law itself\*.

The grounds of this sentence were in substance as follows :

“ † *Whereas although the evidence given against the accused, Charles-William Naundorff, is not sufficient for his conviction, yet in the present case a conviction is necessary, because he has conducted himself during his trial as an impudent liar, calling himself*

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\* Neuman, the receiver of the public monies, deposed, that a week before the accusation, M. Naundorff had paid him fifteen false *écus*; two other witnesses moreover declared that they had seen the accused throw into the Spree, at seven o'clock in the evening, the tools and materials used in coining; although the carriage that brought him from Berlin on that day had been delayed by an accident, and it was proved that it had not arrived till nine o'clock. Such were the grounds of this prosecution, the absurdity of which requires no comment.—*Notes to the French Edition.*

† (Q. 2.)

*a Prince by birth, and giving it to be understood that he belongs to the august family of the Bourbons....*

This unparalleled sentence inspires horror and disgust. Oh! it is not always the condemned who is disgraced by the condemnation!.... Thus he was punished as a *coiner*, not because he was guilty of *coining*, but because he declared that he was a *Prince by birth*.

A reason of state dictated this sentence! Like Judas who had sold his master, the cashier *Neuman*, the receiver of the public monies, hung himself\*, through remorse, in the same room in which he had given his evidence; but the unjust judge Schultz, who condemned the innocent under the pretext of pretended political necessity, did not say like Pilate: "*Crucify him, I wash my hands of it.*" Under this cruel trial of his fortitude I leave him to the judgment of one whose testimony cannot be suspected—the governor of the prison of Brandenburg, the Baron de Sackendorff.

I send you some extracts from a letter he addressed to me from Prussia:

"M. de Sackendorff solemnly declares, that the prisoner Naüendorff was distinguished by remarkably good conduct, that he lived quietly and apart from his companions in misfortune, resigning himself with fortitude to his unhappy situation. He

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\* (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal.

also declares his own conviction, after the most minute and particular observations, that the said Naündorff is a man of the strictest honour and morality; and, in the fullest sense of the term a worthy man; that he considers his condemnation to be the result of error in the administration of the law, and not the consequence of any fault in him; and that he is convinced that he will never swerve from his honourable principles either in prosperity or in adversity."

In another letter from the same is the following passage:— "His long misfortunes have not been able to efface the traces of his high extraction. Something noble and imposing in his whole appearance and in his style of thought betrays his origin and sufficiently distinguishes him. Indeed I feel convinced that had he been brought up as a king, he would have been conspicuous in that rank."

This declaration is a sufficient answer to all the calumnies sent forth from Prague and Berlin, and carried from Paris to Germany, and from Germany to France.

Will it now be pretended that it was not till the time of his trial that he asserted his princely claim? It is easy to answer by facts and indisputable evidence.

At Berlin, M. Weiler a watchmaker, who in 1810 immediately upon the arrival of the poor Dauphin in Prussia, had had dealings with him whom he then knew only by the name of Naündorff,

has undergone since, at various times and particularly in 1824, several examinations respecting the confidential communications made to him by M. Naündorff.

Weiler is dead and I have these particulars from his widow and relations ; one of them has told me as follows :—“ One day, when I was speaking to M. Weiler about M. Naündorff, I pressed him much to tell me what he knew of him, and who he was ; for whenever I had put this question to M. Naündorff himself he was silent or had only answered : ‘ That is my secret.’ Weiler replied, ‘ He is a man who has experienced great misfortunes, and who perhaps one day will make a noise in the world ; his birth may excite great interest.’ ”

“ ‘ I remember perfectly well,’ continued he, ‘ that, in 1811 or 1812, M. Naündorff, being come to see us in a turner’s workshop, replied in answer to the same questions ; ‘ *Well ! if I were born a prince, would that surprise you ?* ’ We laughed at these words—after that he never came again to the workshop.”

At Spandau he was on terms of intimate friendship with a professor of the name of Preiss, an excellent man enjoying the esteem and regard of all his fellow citizens. M. Preiss greatly valued the friendship of a man who appeared to him to be worthy of his highest esteem ; they often went to converse together in a garden which the son of

Louis XVI cultivated with his own hands, on the banks of the Spree, which bathes the walls of the fortress of Spandau. Often also, in the unreserved intimacy of friendship, Preiss had seen his tears, and had heard his sighs; but he had never been able to obtain information respecting the great misfortunes with which his life had been so cruelly embittered, only M. Naündorff told him several times, *that he had many enemies, and great enemies, who had destroyed his family, and continued to persecute him*; and, notwithstanding the importunate enquiries of M. Preiss and of Mme. Bluëber, the widow of a captain with whom he was also well acquainted, he always refused to give any explanation of these words, which, betraying a deep melancholy, sincerely afflicted these excellent friends.

One day, however,—it was in 1822,—the Prince had left the town of Spandau for some months, and was living at the ancient capital of the province of Brandenburg, famous for the electors of that name, whose dynasty is now on the throne of Prussia; he returned to Spandau to settle some business, and had accepted a lodging with his friend; the servant found one morning in the bed of M. Preiss's guest *a gold medal fastened to a black ribbon*; she brought this medal to Mme. Preiss, who gave it to her husband; he immediately recognised *the likeness of Louis XVI*, M. Naündorff, was gone out, and, when he returned, M. Preiss gave the medal to him, saying; *Here*

*is something that you have lost. it is the portrait of Louis XVI!* M. Naündorff, to use M. Preiss's expression, *immediately appeared alarmed and trembled*; and taking his friend by the arm, he pointed to the heavens and said: "*As true as there is a God above, that man was my father . . . . but never mention it, for the disclosure of this secret would be your ruin as well as mine.*"

When in 1824 the report was spread at Spandau that M. Naündorff had been imprisoned as a coiner, it occasioned general surprise and regret; M. Naündorff had always appeared kind, honest, and virtuous! During ten years residence he had acquired the esteem of all.

I dined at an innkeepers's of the name of Heintz; I had placed on the table before me the miniature of the Prince; this worthy man recognised it immediately: "*Oh gutt herr Naundorff! Schrr gutt herr Naundorff? Oh good M. Naundorff! excellent M. Naundorff,*" he exclaimed directly, taking up the portrait which he kissed with rapture.

"*He was,*" added he, "*noble, kind, obliging. Oh! why did he not remain at Spandau, with us who loved him so much, for at Brandenburg he has been very much persecuted, very unhappy! When I heard that he was in prison for uttering base coin, I did not believe it, and I do not believe it now; he was such a worthy man, so kind!*"

At Crossen, Colonel Netter, formerly of Blücher's staff, often visited the poor watchmaker, in his humble workshop; he always considered him



an honest, upright man, incapable of falsehood. In 1828 M. Naüendorff told him that he was born at Versailles, that his family were among the victims of the revolution; he gave him so many details respecting the interior of the palace of Versailles, that M. Netter, who had visited that palace with great attention in 1815, was immediately convinced that he had passed the first years of his childhood there; he remembers perfectly that M. Naüendorff asked him whether he had seen in *such and such parts* of the palace of Versailles and the Tuileries, certain articles which M. Netter was told had been removed during the revolution, and immediately after the death of Louis XVI.

Such testimonies speak forcibly, and cannot be overthrown by any efforts of intrigue. Let your journalists unworthily prostitute their pens for hire in the service of an infamous coterie; let them calumniate and endeavour to assassinate morally, him whom Providence has miraculously preserved from the dagger of the assassin; sooner or later justice will prevail, she will pierce the clouds, with which the passions of men obscure her: truth will triumph! The virtuous man, though long persecuted, will not groan for ever under the weight of oppression.

The remembrance of the son of Louis XVI. of the honest watchmaker, will long live in the minds of those who have known him. At Spandau, at Brandenburg, at Crossen, it has often been asked:

Who then is this virtuous man, who is a stranger among us, whom no one knows? what is his country, the place of his birth, of which he never speaks? who are his parents, whose names he never mentions? no doubt his existence has been clouded by great calamities, his life has been beset by great misfortunes; for, notwithstanding the nobleness of his features, and the loftiness of his bearing, a deep melancholy is stamped upon his countenance; he seeks solitude, he shuns mankind, as if mankind were his enemies! . . . .

Now that the illustrious victim has broken the silence which was imposed on him by necessity, now that all Europe knows that he claims the title of the son of Louis XVI, the mystery is solved; it is now explained why he never told his birth, his parents, or his country; why he preferred to live alone, and avoided the society of men; it is now understood why he was always clothed in black, for it is a fact well known to all, that, during the time of his residence in Prussia, he never ceased to wear the garb of sorrow; and how should he have done so, unhappy orphan, victim of so many calamities, persecuted by those who should have protected him!

It is also a matter of public notoriety, that on certain days of the year, he secluded himself to fast and weep; then he would have no other companion than his griefs and his recollections. In vain was he often questioned on the cause of this

extraordinary conduct; to those who asked him, he frequently answered, without choosing to give any other explanation, that *it was a vow that he had made.*

Among the days consecrated to his grief, there was one which could not fail to be remarked, because this day, which recalls a great crime, a great catastrophe, is engraved on the memory of all, is written in characters of blood in the history of all the nations of Europe; this day is **THE 21ST OF JANUARY!** and while in the midst of France his unnatural relations, displayed the proud pomp of a pretended grief, shed hypocritical tears on the tomb of a brother whose son they persecuted, and devoted to the execration of posterity, men of whom they were making themselves the accomplices; he, unhappy orphan, a living martyr, he also remembered the *21st of January*, and wept. And bitter were his tears; he wept in a foreign land, without a friend to weep with him, to share with him the weight of his grief. He raised no pompous monuments, but he wept and he prayed. . . . he prayed for France, for his persecutors. . . . for **his sister** also, whom wicked men have deceived, for that sister of whom he never thinks without the liveliest and tenderest emotion.

This date speaks eloquently, and the watchmaker of Spandau and Crossen, fasting and weeping on the 21st of January, cannot be an intriguer and an impostor; by this single trait, who

could fail to recognise the unhappy Orphan of the Temple.

I here subjoin a copy of a letter, which was written to me from Crossen, by one of the most honorable men of the country, who was acquainted for five years with the unacknowledged and persecuted Prince, of whom he was the friend and comforter. You will think that you are reading some pages of the ingenuous Michel Montaigne, with his old fashioned style and his gothic simplicity. I had addressed to him in writing some questions on the manner in which he had become acquainted with M. Naündorff at Crossen; under what circumstances he had known him, and by what means he had discovered the secret of his birth.

The following is what I received in answer.

*Copy of the Letter of M. Charles Gaebel.*

(G. 2.)

CROSSEN, APRIL 22, 1836.

TO M. LAPRADE,

“ It is with much pleasure, sir, that I reply to

your questions, which I consider as proofs of your impartiality and justice.

“ I have known M. Naündorff since November 1829. I visited him first in consequence of my wanting him to make a certain piece of mechanism for me, which could only be done by a very clever workman ; as such he had been recommended to me. I found that he was a watchmaker, in a small way of business ; that he taught his children himself, and did not allow them to attend the public school. His eldest daughter was then beginning to learn the piano-forte ; she appeared to be about twelve years old. A son, nine years of age, was beginning to write French, Latin, &c.

“ M. Naündorff received me in a very friendly manner, and the piece of mechanism which I wished to have made, suggested to him the idea of others, of which he might fairly have called himself the inventor.

“ He often promised, that in if the course of his business, he should discover that which he supposed me to be in search of, he would communicate it to me.

“ However, I did not follow up my original idea... He frequently observed to me, that learned men cannot discover the secrets of nature, because they learn only from books, and the suggestions of their own minds, while the lovers of nature follow her into her inmost recesses. I believed him, without knowing that he reckoned me

among the number of such learned persons . . . .

“ I saw him frequently, and we talked much on all human affairs . . . . on our religious faith . . . . and he appeared to me of a most amiable disposition. He was well acquainted with the afflictions of men, and was most desirous to assist every one by his advice and by his actions. He knew many useful remedies for diseases , and many owed their health to the good advice of my friend, or to the remedies which he had himself prepared.

“ When I found that he wrote badly, I instructed him in German writing. I spoke to him often of God, and of the necessity of the mediation of our Saviour, of my conviction of his divinity, of the truth of all the miracles recounted in the New Testament, of the necessity of prayer, &c . . . . My friend would shake his head, and say that he believed nothing of Christianity, that he was quite a heathen.

“ I could not comprehend such obduracy of mind ; I tried to convince him by every reason that I could urge in support of the truth.

“ In the spring of the year 1830, we were in the habit of rising early, and walking out into the country ; we read the New Testament together, and conversed on the most remarkable passages. He evinced a clear understanding, and a well disposed mind ; but the divinity of our Saviour and his resurrection appeared to him incredible. One day, when I was much distressed at his unhappy

state, he said to me : *My friend, I will disclose to you the cause of my infidelity . . . . I hate the Christian religion because it is professed by the most cruel of men . . . . They have taught me that this religion is but a name . . . . The actions of men should agree with their profession . . . . I have learnt by experience from my youth, to avoid men because they do not act as men ; shew me a man whose conduct is such as a Christian's should be, and I will both love him and believe in his religion.*

“ These conversations made me desirous to prove myself a friend and a true Christian to him, as well as to all others. His confidence in me led him to disclose the mystery of his birth and former history.

“ He gave me one day a manuscript, written by himself, which contained the most important facts of his life. This manuscript, which filled about half a quire, contained also his will, for he had written it under the impression that he should not live long.

“ He was then glad to have found a man, who was worthy of his confidence, and into whose bosom he could pour the overflowings of that grief, which the cruelty of men had forced him to confine in his inmost soul. In society he appeared cheerful, nay, almost gay; no one ever saw him weep; but when he disclosed to me the secret of his heart, he wept long, and the whole day that I remained there with him, the tears ran down his

cheeks, and he told me in few words, that great misfortunes had pursued and overwhelmed him, and that his own sorrows, and those of his parents, deserved the bitterest tears. The style of his narrative was that of one speaking from the dead, or as the voice of a holy man, whose thoughts are already raised above the sorrows of life.

“ I threw myself into his arms, I wept with him, I promised to be always a friend to him, and that he should find, in the sincerity of my friendship, the greatest alleviation his misfortunes would admit of. I felt the utmost compassion for a man who had suffered so cruelly; my feelings for him were full of commiseration.

“ I was acquainted with the history of this Prince and of his parents as it is commonly related but his manuscript was to me an interesting continuation of it. I now understood why he was ignorant of the sciences, of general history, of geography, and of religion. He acknowledged that he had never yet received the holy sacrament, and that he was an unbeliever.

“ I found every thing in him in perfect consistency; his hatred of the Christian religion, his infidelity, his keeping his children from school and from church, his ignorance of the sciences; his tears when he spoke of the death of Louis XVI, of his own childhood, of the love of his mother, of his sister &c., all was in the strictest harmony. In short I believed his story, and gave to this be-



loved friend the best advice that I could. I recommended him not to tell every one who he was; for I feared that all his misfortunes would be renewed if his birth became known. I feared the late king of France, Charles X, as much as Louis XVIII. My friend knew him well also, and followed my advice. He knew the history of the late kings of France perfectly; he read the papers with great interest, and particularly the articles on French affairs. He often told me that the kings of France were surrounded by false friends and blind counsellors; he had foreseen almost the whole history of the banishment of the Bourbons, and he did not declare himself to be a Prince of France until after that beloved family had ceased to reign in that kingdom. M. Pezold the syndic had so advised him. His documents were in the first place laid before our good King Frederick William III. He went twice to Berlin, but was unable to obtain an answer in a matter which concerns the most powerful personages of Europe, and his sister who is still living.

“ In the mean time two years elapsed, and at the beginning of the year 1832 our good Pezold died. I saw him during his illness; I spoke to him once quite alone. He was a great lover of justice; a right minded and very benevolent man, but his good deeds were done in secret.

“ It is to be presumed that he met his death unfairly. The cause of this must be sought for

in his protection of M. Naündorff; for that was noble and worthy of its object, fitted to convince the royal Prince, abandoned by all his relations, and persecuted by all the world, that all men are not contemptible though the greater part may be so.

“ M. Naündorff learnt French with ease, but on hearing him speak German no one would have believed that it was not his native language; indeed he spoke it most fluently, and knew no other language except a little French. I gave him an easy book to translate, and in a very short time he understood it and read it through. I then gave him *Télémaque*, which he was never tired of reading and admiring. This was a book written for him; he was so much pleased with it that he took it with him on his journey into Switzerland.

“ His conduct after his communications respecting his birth, became more open, more friendly, and more amiable than before. He cured many persons of their ailments; he carefully instructed his children; his faith in God was pure and firm, and his deeds gave proof of a salutary reaction in his mind. Formerly he had been careless of the truth, but now it was sacred to him. His intentions, in all things, were most pure and perfect, but his mistrustfulness frequently misled him, and even caused him to doubt the sincerity of my friendship. But I think nothing of this; I am very happy to hear that he is living, and I sincerely wish that his misfortunes may come to a close.

" I conclude this letter, recommending myself to your friendship, and I am, &c.

" (Signed) CHARLES GAEBEL, *Doctor.*"

Tell me now ; in this picture of the private life of a man, whose inmost feelings are thus disclosed by another, who has had every opportunity of studying, and becoming acquainted with his character : by another man, as good, as single hearted, as virtuous as himself, do you not perceive, in every line, the unquestionable stamp of truth ? do you not recognise the son of the most unfortunate of monarchs ! Listen to his words ; "*I hate the christian religion because it is professed by the most cruel of men ; they have taught me that this religion is but a name . . .*" Do you not seem to hear the unfortunate Mexicans answer Ferdinand Cortès and his cruel Spaniards : "*You preach to us a God of peace, and you cruelly destroy us ; a merciful God, and you are barbarous ! Go, you are but impostors, your God cannot exist ; for if he did, you would be merciful, and would regard us as brothers.*"

Be not surprised at it ; if ever the excess of unmerited misfortune has thrown a human heart

into the madness of despair ; if it has gradually driven from it nearly all religious belief ; if it has led it, step by step, to the appalling doubt of the truth of revealed religion, it is because this heart is the heart of a virtuous man, and that virtuous man has endured the severest sufferings.

Since that period, this divine religion has shed all its consoling influence on the heart of the unfortunate prince ; it has confirmed in him with the love of justice, an abhorrence of all hypocrisy.

Cast your eyes on the life of this man, take a rapid survey of it ; behold this son of a king torn by violence from the throne which he should have occupied ; see this poor child cast so young into a gloomy prison, abandoned to the hands of low and worthless gaolers who tortured him night and day ; then pass over, at one glance, twenty years of imprisonment, of constantly renewed sufferings ; behold the peaceful artisan gaining his bread by his daily labour ; contemplate this honourable citizen regarded with general esteem and friendship, whom neither his innocence his virtues, nor his misfortunes have been able to preserve from an infamous accusation, nor to defend from the punishment of a malefactor. And this is not all : it was reserved for him to experience moral tortures, more overwhelming than bodily sufferings ; he has found in his own relations his most cruel prosecutors ! Alas ! when Louis XVI, condemned to a most fearful

death, conveyed his last wishes to his son in a will that never can be forgotten, when he recommended him to pardon their common enemies, he was far from including among them his own brothers! . . . . How painfully must the orphan of the Temple extend the instructions received from his father! Those relations who were designed by nature to be his guardians and protectors, to support, to guide, and cherish him, have disowned him; they have seized on his inheritance, they have deprived him of his name! Those—his natural protectors, are become his persecutors; they have pursued him with calumny, and overwhelmed him with misery.

And this is the man who has for a time doubted the truth of a religion which taught him to expect from his fellow-men the sympathy of brethren: this is the exile who appeared cheerful, nay almost gay in society, confining within his own breast, his bittersorrows, shedding his tears in secret, but who, when alone with a friend worthy of his confidence, lays open all the wounds of his heart, gives way to tears for hours, nay for whole days; surely you will say with me: this is indeed the Orphan of the Temple.

It remains for me now to give you an account of the admirable family among whom I have had the happiness of passing several weeks; Madame is an angel of goodness and gentleness,

of great feeling, often in tears praying for France and for her husband.

The family consists of six children: Mademoiselle *Amélie*, to whom this name was given in remembrance of its having been borne by the Duchess of Angoulême during the journey to Varennes, is the eldest; she is nearly seventeen; of uncommon beauty; a living portrait of the beautiful Marie-Antoinette, her likeness to the Duchess of Angoulême is not less striking. She resembles the Queen not only in feature, but also in character, manners, and carriage.

More than once have I heard from her lips the touching narrative of their past misfortunes. When her excellent father, alarmed by the threat\* of new persecutions secretly quitted Prussia, and determined to go to demand in France the name which belongs to him, his family were suddenly reduced to the most appalling destitution; it was then that Mademoiselle *Amélie*, arming herself with noble courage, comforted her mother, and working incessantly at her needle by day, and during great part of the night, supported her mother and her brothers by the profits of her work.

She has often related to me that in her childhood, when she was not above five or six years old, her

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\* (O 2.) Letter of the Prince Royal of Prussia.

father used to take her on his knee, look at her tenderly, and say, *My child, how like you are to my poor mother !* He also often spoke to her about France.....

Madame was for a long time unacquainted with the secret of her husband's birth ; she only knew, and that before her marriage, that he was a Frenchman, born at Versailles; that his parents had perished in the revolution, and that great misfortunes had forced him to take refuge in Prussia. One day he shewed her a portrait, which she has since known to have been that of *Marie-Antoinette*, and said to her : *This is my mother : but you will never know who she was !*

Charles-Louis, who is six years old, has so strong a resemblance to Louis XVIII, that it is impossible not to be struck with it. Indeed the likeness is so remarkable, that in this child, but six years old, one would almost think one beheld the old Count de Provence. His forehead, his eyes, his countenance, his hanging cheeks, his aquiline nose, flattened at the end, his chin, every thing recalls exactly to the mind the head of the Family restored in 1815.

Edmond, who is three years old, resembles the Dauphin when a child. A portrait of this Prince, at the age of two years and a half, has been preserved by a late *heiduque* of the queen, to whom Marie-Antoinette herself had given it.

I brought with me to Dresden a copy of this

picture, which had been made with great care. Several persons of distinction have asked to be allowed to see it, that they might judge of the likeness themselves, which is so strong that a good painter taking a portrait of this child would only produce a copy of this picture.

You know that the resemblance of the Prince to the family of the Bourbons, and particularly to Louis XVI, and Marie-Antoinette, is so strong, that those who knew that unhappy monarch and his unfortunate queen, are forcibly struck with it.

Will it be said that all these resemblances, these striking likenesses, are but the wayward freaks of nature, coincidences which cannot be accounted for, but which prove nothing. It must at least be admitted, that there is something very extraordinary in these numerous coincidences, these likenesses which extend through a whole family, not only in outward appearance, but also in mental resemblance, in character, in taste, in habits, and in disposition.

Should it not rather be acknowledged that nature also offers her proofs, often more infallible than such as we are about to draw from our registers of state.

XAVIER LAPRADE,  
*Advocate.*



(H. 2.)\* *Citation of H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême by the Duke of Normandy.*

In the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty six, on the thirteenth of June, at the demand of M. Charles William Naündorff, registered among the citizens of Spandau and Crossen, by an order spontaneously issued by his Majesty the King of Prussia, (the production of the papers, vouchers and documents, required on such occasions by the laws of the country being dispensed with) having carried on in those two towns the trade of working watchmaker, at present without a profession, residing in Paris, No. 16, *Rue Richer*, for whom residence is chosen at the office of M. Dutilleul, solicitor, at the *Tribunal de Première Instance*, of the department of the Seine, living at Paris, *Rue de Seine, St. Germain*, No. 47, who will plead in the present suit: I, Louis-Jules-Garnier, summoner at the *Tribunal Civil de Première Instance*, of the department of the Seine, sitting at Paris, myself residing there, No. 17, *Rue-Montorgueil*, patented the first of March, No. 21, third class :

Have given in a citation at the office of the King's attorney, to Maria Theresa Charlotte of France, Duchess of Angoulême, residing at

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\* (1. 2.) Prussian State Gazette.

Prague, in the kingdom of Bohemia, and, for validity of the proceeding, to Louis Antoine of France, Duke of Angoulême, her husband, having been to the office aforesaid, and there spoken with one of the deputies of the King's Attorney, at the *Tribunal Civil de Première Instance* of the Seine, who has countersigned these presents :

And also at the office of the King's Attorney, to Charles Philippe of France, Count d'Artois, brother of Louis XVI, uncle of the demandant, having been to the office aforesaid, and there spoken with one of the deputies of the said King's Attorney, who has countersigned these presents :

To appear, at four months from yesterday, till which time this cause is adjourned according to law, before the president and judges composing the first chamber of the *Tribunal Civil de Première Instance*, of the department of the Seine, sitting in the *Palais de Justice* at Paris, at half-past nine o'clock in the morning, in order :

Forasmuch as the demandant is no other, as will be proved in the proper time and place, as well by documents as by witnesses, than Louis-Charles, Duke of Normandy, born at Versailles, in the department of the Seine and Oise, on the twenty-seventh of March, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five, of Louis Auguste, King of France and Navarre, and of Marie-Antoinette-Josephe-Jeanne, Archduchess of Austria, Queen of France and Navarre, his wife :

Forasmuch as it was falsely and for political reasons, that an act of the civil government declared his pretended decease, subsequently to his evasion from the Temple, where he had been confined, with all his family, from the 13th of August 1792: and that he will prove that the child deceased in the said prison had been substituted for him, to conceal the said evasion: and that he is really the identical person, who was taken out by devoted friends:

To see, order, and direct that the said act, declaring his decease, in case it should be objected, be pronounced null, as falsely attesting the decease of the demandant: and that he, in consequence, be reinstated in the enjoyment of all the rights pertaining to the quality of a French citizen.

Reserving his right, after judgment pronounced, to prosecute his claim against the Duchess of Angoulême, and all others who may be concerned, for the division of the property left by their parents.

And in order that the above-named be not ignorant hereof. &c. &c.

(I.2.) *Short observations on the arrest of M. de Naundorff, in suit before the Tribunal of the Seine, to be recognised as the son of Louis XVI escaped from the Temple; submitted to the magistracy by the members present of the judicial council appointed for his defence.*

It is the right of every honest man to hinder an abuse of power when he has the means of doing so; it is an imperative duty for an advocate to interfere between authority and his client, when the latter is made the victim of a flagrant violation of the law.

The undersigned, with all the courage of consciences which can allow of no compromise in the discharge of their duty, will perform the noble task which they have imposed upon themselves, in accepting the confidence of M. de Naüdorff, now in suit before the Tribunal of the Seine, for the restitution of the title of the Duke of Normandy, which, he maintains, belongs to him. The solution of the difficulty which has been raised against us by the government cannot be a matter of indifference to the public. Upon this point, all the different opinions of the nation should be merged together; the cause of personal liberty is concerned.

Whatever the man may be, against whom illegal violence is directed, he is worthy, on that account

alone, of the interest of his fellow-countrymen. There is no admissible rule of action for men in authority, but the law only; and when once arbitrary power oppresses an individual, if justice is not appealed to, in order to call back the functionary who transgresses to the execution of the laws, and to deliver the injured person from the unhappy consequences of the illegal measures which oppress him, there is no longer security for any one.

We shall not attempt, just now, to combat the hostile feelings, with which the announcement of the great trial which is preparing, has been received in France. The day is not distant when we shall be permitted to tear aside the veil, which covers, for the present, the forty years of existence which our client has passed in prisons, and under the continual oppression of various political intrigues. We shall soon give the public the reasons of our conviction, and incredulity will give way before documents which will remove from minds of good faith, all possibility of doubt. Here we are only treating of a question of legality; we are giving an account to the bar of France, to the magistracy, to people of worth whose testimony we value, of the efforts which we have made, up to this moment, to repel an act of injustice which shocks us.

It is known, that, more than three years ago, M. Naüendorff, who had carried on the trade of a watchmaker in Prussia, came to settle at Paris,

and that, with the exception of a few short absences, he has never quitted the capital. His name, which was given him by the Prussian government to secure him from the despotism of Napoleon, covers the claim to be a Frenchman born at the palace of Versailles the 27th March 1785. In 1814, and since, till the time of his arrival in France, he has continually addressed himself to the Bourbons, and demanded of them the title which, he knows, belongs to him. All the steps that he has taken have but succeeded in exciting malicious passions against him, and exposing him to the intrigues of diplomatists who had him accused most falsely, before the Court of Justice at Brandenburg, and arrested as a malefactor; him, who had obtained from the magistrates of Spandau, a certificate attesting that he was always a model for the citizens of that place. His enemies take advantage now of these political persecutions to attack his moral character, and to set him before his countrymen in a ridiculous and degrading light. It is our duty, who have seen him in the days of his freedom, and now visit him in confinement, to declare in our turn, what truth demands, that he is in France the model of men of worth. Nobleness of soul, sensibility of heart, love of truth, forgiveness of injuries, hatred of vice, whatever form it may wear, are the prominent features of his character. This is the fifth day of his detention under the miserable pretext of

*his being a foreigner*, as if our laws authorised the preventive arrest of foreigners, who, respecting these very laws, live peaceably in the midst of us. His attitude is that of a just man, who serenely reposes on a conscience without reproach, who supports with the courage of virtue, the sufferings which power, badly-advised, lays illegally upon him; waiting, without bitterness of complaint, till the error of which he is the victim is repaired.

Our client had scarcely arrived at Paris, before he gave official notice to the king of the French\*, both of his residence and his pretensions, which he declared ought immediately to be brought before his natural judges.

These pretensions he wished, as soon as possible, to have recognized by the tribunals, but no counsel having consented to plead for him, the president of the *Tribunal de Première Instance* appointed him one by his own authority.

These pretensions were publicly announced. During the trial of Richemont before the Court of Assizes of the Seine, M. Morel de St. Didier, delivered a letter to the President†, in which M. de Naüendorff declared the accused to be an impostor, and announced his own intention, of coming before the tribunals with a demand claiming his civil rights.

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\* (A. 2.) Letter to Louis Philippe. † (Z.)

These pretensions were unknown to no one ; a journal, of a very short existence certainly, brought this important matter daily before the public, and furnished some corroborative information.

Lastly, his morality and probity were known to every one ; and every one also knew that the principal editor of the journal *La Justice*, brought him before the correctional police as a swindler, and after the simplest examination every body is aware also that the real swindler was not he who appeared on the bench of the accused\*.

On the 13th of this month a citation† lodged and countersigned at the office of the King's Attorney, summoned the Duchess of Angoulême, before the *Tribunal de Première Instance*.

How comes it then, that on the 15th, consequently *two days after the citation*, without any reason, without even the allegement of one, without the delivery of a copy of the warrant issued for the arrest of M. Naündorff, he was forced from his home, and his papers were seized, without even an inventory being taken of them ?

For two years, we are informed, the authorities sought an excuse and an opportunity to arrest him. Wherever he went, and whatever he did, an eye was kept on him, and yet they left him at liberty and in peace. Why ? because they could not charge him with any infraction of the law.

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\* (E. 2.)      † (H. 2.)



How, therefore, is it to be explained, that as soon as he assumes a more decided attitude, the only proper one, as soon as he places himself under the ægis of the law, by submitting the question of his civil rights to the judges who alone are competent to decide upon it, all at once the good will of the authorities towards him comes to an end, and he is thrown into prison ?

We are told, that *because he is a foreigner\** the government has ordered his expulsion from France. But if he is a foreigner, to what country does he belong ? He has never inhabited any but Prussia, since 1810, and we read the following article in the *State Gazette of Prussia*, dated

“Berlin, 30th of May.—In the month of July next, a trial will come on before the *Tribunal de Première Instance*, of the department of the Seine, which cannot fail to excite curiosity. M. de Naündorff, known by his residence of several years in Prussia, where he carried on the trade of a watch-maker, intends to maintain and prove in court, the falsity of the declaration of the decease of Louis XVII, drawn up under the date of June 8th 1795. He claims and assumes the names of Charles Louis, and the dignity of Dauphin of France, son of Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette. We are

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\* (J. 2.) (M. 2.)

very curious here to learn the progress and the result of this affair, which is highly interesting from its importance, and by the rank of the witnesses who will be heard on the opposite side during the discussion, and whose depositions cannot fail to create the most lively interest. All the measures that have been taken to ascertain the family and the birth-place of M. Naündorff have not, in general, led to any satisfactory result. All that is really known, is, that M. Naündorff arrived in Prussia in 1810, that he enjoyed, for two years, the right of citizenship at Spandau, and that he married there in 1818, without producing the certificate of his birth. Nothing certainly is less fully proved than the real decease of the Dauphin in the prison of the Temple, and this circumstance joined to the uncertainty of M. Naündorff's origin, promises, at any rate, discussions of the most interesting nature, which we shall make our readers acquainted with."

We know of no laws relating to foreigners but that quoted\* in the remonstrance to the keeper of the seals, and that of the 28 Vendémaire, year vi. of the republic. Article 7 is in these words.

" *Art. 7.*—All foreigners travelling in the interior of the republic, or residing there without a

mission from powers recognised by the French government as neutral and friendly, or without having acquired the title of citizen, are placed under the special superintendence of the executive directory, which shall have the power of withdrawing their passports, and of ordering them to quit the French territory, if it shall think their presence likely to disturb public order and tranquillity."

No where in these two laws is the government authorized to make provisional arrest precede expulsion, and to seize the papers of a foreigner. How perfidious is such a seizure, when the papers are the documents relating to a trial which is already set on foot.

At the moment when the arrest of our client took place, every, even legal, presumption was in favour of his claim to be considered a Frenchman. The tribunals were engaged, the question thenceforward belonged to civil justice; and the measures taken by the administration, besides that they are not justified by any law, are moreover a blow struck at the independence of the civil magistrate, a violation of the legitimate right of defence, and the deprivation, to a citizen who calls himself French, and who is so in fact till it is proved otherwise, of that which he ought to be most sacredly assured of, his personal liberty.

We have protested firmly and repeatedly to the various branches of the government. We wait

with anxiety for an explanation which has been already too long delayed.

*Paris, 19th June, 1836*

MM. GRUAU,  
*Late Kiny's Attorney.*

BRIQUET,  
*Advocate at the Royal Court*

*Advocates, members of the judicial council  
of the Duke of Normandy.*

(Here follows the demand addressed to the Minister of Justice.)

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(J. 2.)      *To the Minister of Justice.*

The undersigned advocates being part of the judicial council of M. de Naüendorff, calling himself

son of Louis XVI, have the honour to state what follows :

For more than three years, M. de Naündorff's claim of civil rights, has been an object of attention in France ; the government was apprized of it, and it was known to the police that he was in France, and that for a long time past he had been living openly in Paris. All his movements, all his proceedings, all his correspondence, have been, we doubt not, the object of especial attention on the part of the authorities ; at the time of the trial of the impostor Richemont, he declared openly, by a letter addressed to the President of the Court, that to him alone really belonged the title of Duke of Normandy\*. The bearer of this letter, instantly put under arrest at the demand of the Attorney-General, obtained an order of release, the consequence of which was the putting the claimant under the legal protection of the magistrates. A sentence which, on his answer to a defamatory charge brought against him by M. Thomas\*, branded his accuser with disgrace, was an additional encouragement to him to trust that the laws of his country would protect him from arbitrary power. The King of the French had been officially informed by him†, of his intention to make his natural judges pronounce that he is a native of

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\* (Z.)    † (E. 2.)    ‡ (A. 2.) Letter to Louis Philippe.

France, and that he had been deprived of his civil rights only by a false act of decease. The 13th of this month\*, he cited his family from Prague before the *Tribunal de Première Instance* of the Seine: the summons was countersigned at the office of the King's Attorney. How then is it to be explained, that, in the face of all these facts of general notoriety, and known especially to the government, on the 15th of the same month†, by order of the Prefect of Police, he was forcibly taken from his home, imprisoned, and robbed of all the papers which were his property, and the documents which he ought to produce at his trial in support of his claim? The warrant does not mention any reason for a measure which is so rigorous, and which must be the consequence of some misconception which ought to be explained.

Through the measures taken by M. Naüendorff's counsel at the offices of the Prefect of Police and the Minister of the Interior, they learnt that it was intended to apply to him a temporary act of legislation, available against foreigners, and to have him conducted out of France by the armed police‡. In our ignorance of the provisions of the law which is pretended to be put in force we cannot believe that they are rightly interpreted. Supposing that such a law exists,

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\* (H. 2.)    † (M. 2.)    ‡ (M. 2.)

though it has not been quoted and we are ignorant of it, we have yet never been able to comprehend the carrying off papers, among which they had no right to search.

It is true, that the law of the 21st April, 1832, authorizes the government to collect together in one or more towns, which it shall specify, the *foreigners* who may be residing in France as *refugees*. (Art. 1st.)

By Article 2nd the government may *order these refugee foreigners* to quit the kingdom, if it thinks that public order and tranquillity are liable to be disturbed by their presence.

Article 3rd, decides that this law *shall not be in force* for more than one year, dating from the day of its promulgation.

Evidently, this is not the law which the Minister of the Interior means to apply to our client; it did not authorize arrest, it is no longer in force, and it was made for a special case; however, we cannot conceal from ourselves that this must be the pretext, undoubtedly a very illegal one, for the violence, of which the person claiming to be the Duke of Normandy has a right to complain.

How, moreover, can the administration who are incompetent to settle what country an individual belongs to, take upon themselves arbitrarily to consider as a foreigner, and drive from the soil of France, a person who all the while declares that he is a Frenchman, and who being, in respect of

that claim, in suit before a French tribunal, confidently expects to have the rights which he claims confirmed to him.

It is deciding very illegally a question which is not within the province of the administration, solely with the arbitrary view of banishing a man, who could not be expelled from France under the liberty which is guaranteed to us by our laws. Consider the frightful consequence of such an unusual proceeding! If the civil tribunal admits his pretension, the administration will have turned against a citizen of France, the laws which ought to protect him.

It is impeding the course of justice, and encroaching upon the jurisdiction of others: it is violating the secrets of family papers: it is intermeddling by the exercise of usurped rights, with communications which the proprietor of the written documents alone has the right to submit to his natural judges: it is almost preventing the possibility of justice being done; it is at least opposing obstacles to the natural result of a suit commenced, the fatal consequences of which to the victim of such an abuse of power are incalculable. If such a mode of proceeding can be sanctioned by the Minister of Justice, with alarm may it be exclaimed that there is no longer any liberty in France.

In the face of these facts which are of the greatest importance, and which we protest against, we think, that, to remind you of Art. 77 of the



Act of 13th December 1799, the 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th and 119th articles of the Penal Code, and the 22nd article of the Code of Instruction will be sufficient to induce you to order the immediate liberation of M. Naüendorff and the restitution of the papers of which he has been deprived: the said M. Naüendorff reserving to himself the right to proceed by all means ordinary and extraordinary against whomsoever it may seem fit, that justice may be done him.

*Paris, 18th June, 1830.*

*Signed M. M. GRUAU,  
Advocate, late King's Attorney.*

*BRIQUET,  
Advocate at the Royal Court.*

*(K. 2.) Letter addressed to H. M. the King of the French, by the Duke of Normandy, and protest of his advocates.*

SIRE,

Till this day I have never considered your ad-

vancement to the throne of my fathers in any other light than as the execution of the will of Providence ; that is why I approached you, with the olive-branch of peace in my hand. What have I asked of you ? nothing but justice ! kings who have ascended the throne by the permission of God, are they not there to be the protectors of innocence ? why then have your ministers caused me to be arrested in your name ?

Since 1814, I have not ceased to demand justice from my own family . . . and all in vain ! they have ruined themselves : they have ruined France, for it is their iniquity which has sowed disorder among the French.

Since 1831, I have addressed myself especially to you—with what object ? You may satisfy yourself by reading the letter which was written to you, by my *chargé d'affaires*, M. Pezold, Syndic of Crossen. If that letter is not sufficient, read those which were sent you in 1833, during my first residence in Paris, and in the years following. Why, then, have you ordered your ministers to cast me into prison ? Can you conscientiously pretend to think that I am not the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France ? No, you cannot. From what motive then have I been torn from my home, and put in prison ? Are the 6th of October, the 20th of June, and the 10th of August, 1792, not yet gone by ? . . . I am the true Orphan of the Temple ; you know

that I speak the truth. My life has been nothing but sufferings and pain, the sport of intrigues which have constantly harassed it. You are at this moment renewing them against me. Nineteen years of imprisonment then have not been sufficient! The twentieth is beginning, and under your government!.....For what reason? Is there in the world a single individual who can bear witness that I ever injured any one? I press upon you, and cannot but repeat the question; Why am I in prison?

If I were not the son of the Martyr King, your police would not have arrested me at the moment when I was preparing my proofs to submit them to the decision of my natural judges. I knew perfectly well that I was surrounded by spies, but I did not believe that the King of the French would shew himself unjust towards the Orphan of the Temple. If I had not felt confident of this be assured that your police would not have seized me.

But, Sire, what do you want with me? If you are the king chosen by Providence for my country, you have nothing to fear from the son of Louis XVI. Have I not declared to you that the crown is not the object of my aims? I am come to reconcile the French together. A Prince of France, I understand the duties which that title lays upon me; it is to make the discord by which France is divided, disappear. Either there is justice in my

country, or there is not; if there is, I invoke it, not for myself alone, but for all France; for, Sire, believe me, neither you, nor your family, nor France, will have repose and security till the son of Louis XVI shall be openly and judicially acknowledged. This is the only means for putting a stop to the intrigues of those who have misled my sister, the Duchess of Angoulême, upon the certain fact of my existence. I again address you in words of peace. I claim nothing\* but the civil inheritance, my right to which cannot be disputed. I repeat to you that I am the son of the Martyr King: as such I appeal to your justice, and it is for the last time. If you have none, I summon you before the tribunal of God who knows me, who has saved me, and has protected me till this day.

If you are not an accomplice to the persecutions which I am made to suffer, restore me immediately to liberty. Intriguers may tell you that it is not true that I am the son of Louis XVI; let them explain, then, let them say why I am prevented from bringing my proofs before the tribunals of my country. These tribunals are appealed to; it is from them that I expect justice. No king

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whatever, who is just, should stop the course of justice.

(Signed) CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

Written in the prison of the police at Paris, the eleventh day of my illegal imprisonment, the 26th June 1836.

(L. 2.) SIRE,

We have recourse to the justice of the throne against an illegal measure of your government, which has for the last fortnight affected his Royal Highness the Duke of Normandy, the true son of Louis XVI. He has been arrested wrongfully, his papers have been seized, the order has been given to expel him from France. It is thus that it is intended to hinder him from following up his suit before his natural judges.

To apply to your Majesty to redress an unconstitutional measure, it is to be assured, Sire, that

you will immediately cause to be set at liberty the Prince in whose name we protest.

We are, sire, with the most profound respect,

Your Majesty's

Very humble and very obedient servants,

(Signed) GRUAU, *Advocate,*  
*Late King's Attorney,*

XAVIER LAPRADE, *Advocate,*

BRIQUET, *Advocate.*

*Paris, the 28th June 1836.*

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*To the Minister.*

SIR,

The true Duke of Normandy, known by the

name of Naüendorff, charges his judicial council to to inform you that he cannot acquiesce in the assumption on the part of the government respecting his station.

Born a Frenchman, he has a right to the protection of the laws of France: the administrative authorities, by giving him a foreign nationality, cannot possess the privilege of putting him out of the reach of the justice of his country. He demands, then, that the tribunals may pronounce upon the question settled by you; that they may decide authoritatively upon the imprisonment which he has undergone, without legal cause, for the last twenty days, at the *dépôt* of the Prefecture of Police; that they may declare, lastly, whether by such impediments, emanating from the administration, a plaintiff may be robbed of his papers and prevented from proceeding with a suit already commenced.

This protest of our client, sir, is strictly legal; the government cannot, without transgressing the charter of 1830, refuse to admit the validity of it. Till therefore the legal sanction is given which he demands, your prisoner will not voluntarily quit his country, and will not consent to receive other names and other titles than those which belong to him, and which are completely confirmed by the measures of the government. He still relies so much upon the justice of France towards him, as to believe that the ministers of the law will not

use violence in support of the decision which they have come to.

We think it also our duty to apprise you, Sir, that we mean to apply to the council of state to alter the decision which you have kept to in spite of our just remonstrances. We intreat you, at all events, to order the restitution of the papers which were seized at the residence of our client.

We are, with respect,

Sir,

Your very humble and very obedient servants,

The counsel of the Duke of Normandy,

M. GRUAU, *Advocate*,  
*Late King's Attorney*,

XAVIER LAPRADE, *Advocate*.

*Paris, this 3rd July, 1836.*

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(M. 2.) *To the King in his Council of State.*

SIRE,

We have recourse to your supreme justice in behalf of a man calling himself a Frenchman, professing to be the son of Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette, though bearing the name of Charles-William Naündorff. He was living peaceably at Paris; no attempt at disturbance or disorder had marked him out to the police of your kingdom; when on the 13th of last June, he desired to appeal to your tribunals, in order to obtain, in opposition to the Duchess of Angoulême, whom he calls his sister, the recognition of his title as legitimate child of Louis XVI. A citation to the Duchess of Angoulême\*, to the Duke of Angoulême, to Charles X, summoned them, each according to their rank, before the civil tribunal of the Seine. It was lodged at the office of the King's Attorney. Two days afterwards, June 15th, the person of the demandant was seized at his residence†, all his papers were taken away, without examination or inventory made he was carried to the dépôt of the prefecture of police, where he is still a prisoner.

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\* (H. 2)    † (J. 2)

An order of the prefect of police, dated the 5th of July, made known to him on the 6th, apprizes him that he is to be delivered to the armed police\* to be conducted to Calais.

This order is founded on the 7th article of the law of the 28th Vendemiaire, year vi, and on three decisions proceeding from the Minister of the Interior, one of the 9th, the next of the 20th of June, the third of the 4th of July instant, which authorize the prefect of police to expel from the kingdom, the *person named Naundorff, aged 51 years, a native of Prussia.*

Sire, the undersigned advocate cannot pretend to know how far the claim of the demandant to the title, which he assumes, is well or ill founded: neither the king's council, nor the minister, have the power to pronounce a decision upon pretensions which affect a question of civil rights.

But, on the one hand, three ministerial decisions of which we know nothing, enjoin or authorize the expulsion which threatens us, and which perhaps may be put in execution this very hour; these decisions we protest against as violating all law, as making a most erroneous application of the 7th article of the law of the month Vendemiaire, as deciding by violence, and by an unwarranted act of rigour, a question of civil right which the ap-

plicant has laid before the tribunals, which administer justice in your name.

On the other side, a man who calls himself a Frenchman ; and, even if he were a foreigner, a man of whom it is admitted that he has done nothing wrong, has been kept in prison for three and twenty days, charged with no offence, deprived of his liberty, and of communication with his friends without.

On all these grounds, his misfortune recommends him to the protection of a member of the French bar, that support of all who are unfortunate ; his cause claims the immediate intervention of that supreme jurisdiction which is the last resort for a citizen or a foreigner who has any complaint to make against the administration.

For these reasons, and without further explanation, for which the hearing in council will afford the proper opportunity, Charles-Louis, calling himself Duke of Normandy, better known by the name of Charles-William Naüendorff, demands of the king in his council of state, that he will be pleased ;

Deciding upon the present application, to quash and annul any ministerial decision which might authorize his detention : and also to quash and annul the three decisions of which mention is made in the decree annexed, and to order that the petitioner be set at liberty ;

Also, that in order to the decision upon the

whole case, hearing be granted to the petitioner, at the earliest opportunity, all things remaining as they are.

A. CREMIEUX.

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N.2.) *Summary of the pleading of M. Cremieux, before the Council of State, with the observations of the Editor of the Journal le Droit, in the number for the 29th of July.*

## ADMINISTRATIVE JURISDICTION.

*Council of State.*

M. GIROD (DE L'AIN) PRESIDENT.

*Audience of the 14th July.*

*The Duke of Normandy.—Expulsion from the French territory. Competence of the Council of State.*

We have already published the citation\* made

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\* (H. 2)

before the Tribunal of the Seine, by M. Naüendorff, who affirm that he is the son of Louis XVI, and Duke of Normandy, to the ex-King, Charles X, and to the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême, to see the validity of his pretensions recognised. We have mentioned how, after this citation, M. Naüendorff had been arrested, without a warrant, confined for six and twenty days, and at last conducted to the frontier by two of the armed police.

Had the minister who ordered this arrest of an individual claiming to be a Frenchman, and after he had brought his claim before the tribunals, the right to do so? Is the arrest, even of a foreigner, without warrant, a measure which the authorities are competent to take? These are important questions which perhaps the Council of State will be appealed to to resolve, which require a minute discussion, which it will be the business of M. Naüendorff's counsel to examine, and upon which, for all these reasons we need not give our opinion, at least for the present.

However the case may be, M. Naüendorff, driven from the country, has addressed the Council of State to repeal the decision pronounced by the Minister respecting him, and we have only, to day, to give an account of the exception taken in the first instance, upon the ground of incompetence.

M<sup>r</sup> Cremieux, M. Naüendorff's advocate expressed himself in these terms.

The question of competence is the only one which will be submitted to you to day, but that question is difficult. A minister on the strength of the 7th article of the law of Vendemiaire, year 6, has caused to be expelled from France, after a long and arbitrary imprisonment, a man whom he calls a foreigner :

Before what tribunal shall this conduct of the minister be judged ?

If the party expelled is really a foreigner, the question though less serious, is still very weighty, for the law of the year 6, supposing it to be still in force, authorizes neither imprisonment nor expulsion ; it only permits the minister to order the foreigner to quit France. In a case where no resistance is shewn, to have recourse to force, to imprison him, and afterwards expel him, is to violate with respect to him both the right of nations and the law of the land.

In such a case to whom shall the foreigner appeal ? will this tribunal be superior to the minister ? will you have the right to set aside his decrees, to reopen the gates of France to the expelled party, and repair the injury done him by his imprisonment ? I admit, Gentlemen, that our administrative forms under the constitution, do not clearly point you out as a court of appeal.

However, in France there must be justice to be obtained for a foreigner, who has been arbitrarily imprisoned, and arbitrarily expelled.

But I make these reflections, Gentlemen, only to give its true character to the present suit, to call your attention to a cause on other grounds very important and very interesting. The person who appeals by my voice, affirms that he is *a citizen of France*. He calls himself *Charles-Louis*, Duke of Normandy, son of Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette.

I am well aware of the incredulity with which such a pretension must, at first sight, be received; this also is not the point on which I am come here to plead.

I am not come to discuss here a question of identity, but to plead in support of a principle; a principle which I deem to be worthy of the serious meditations of this supreme jurisdiction, the natural support of every citizen who has a complaint to make against the administration.

These are the facts of the case :

A man had been living in France for more than two years; to the public he was known by the name of Naündorff, formerly a watchmaker: in a circle more or less limited, he called himself, Charles-Louis, Duke of Normandy. Naündorff, or Charles-Louis, watchmaker, or son of a king, he was the cause of no disorder or trouble, he was charged with no offence. Relying on the protection of our laws, he wished to have recourse to their authority; on the 13th of last June, at the

office of the King's Attorney, he cited the Duchess of Angoulême\*, the Duke of Angoulême, and Charles X, to see, according to their respective rank, the claimant acknowledged as the son of Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette, and to see conceded to him all rights, civil and hereditary, belonging to him in that quality.

On the 15th of June this man had his home entered by violence, his papers were taken from him, without an inventory and without examination; his person was seized, he was imprisoned in the *dépôt* of the Prefecture of Police, where he remained for three and twenty days, denied all communication with his friends without. He then applied to an advocate to demand his liberty, and the advocate applied, himself, to the source of all justice, the King in his Council of State. Scarcely was the demand made when the prisoner was expelled from the French territory†, the decision which you would so promptly have given, not being even waited for. I asked myself then, Gentlemen, why you should be without authority to protect a man, calling himself a Frenchman before the tribunals of France.

For, let it not be forgotten, that, before the minister had issued, against him *whom he calls Naundorff* the order of arrest, or the order of ba-

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\* (H. 2.)    † (M. 2.)



nishment, he, *calling himself Charles-Louis, son of Louis XVI*, had already brought before the French tribunals, the question of civil rights on which they only could give judgment. It is to the king's tribunals that he appealed, and it is the king's minister, who, without a warrant, have caused him to be imprisoned!

You pretend that he is a foreigner, he calls himself a Frenchman. Who shall decide between you? *In dubio pro libertate.*

Now, shall it be sufficient for a minister, in order to call into exercise the law of Vendemiaire, to maintain that a Frenchman is a foreigner? Gentlemen, there is something formidable, something frightful in such a pretension. Not, assuredly, that I would, by hostile expressions, give reason to believe in such an abuse on the part of the minister, whose acts, I am now reluctantly censuring; but is it considered how deplorable may be the results of such a dangerous doctrine? Gentlemen, the revolution of 1789 abolished secret warrants (*lettres de cachet*) for ever; according to this doctrine, a minister or a prefect of police, may keep an individual in prison for six and twenty days without a warrant! But he is a foreigner! were he a foreigner, the laws of police and safety, which he is bound to respect, are applicable to him, and the 4th article of the Charter, is the first of those laws. For the rest, he declared himself a Frenchman, before you thought of im-

prisoning and expelling him—in the quality of a Frenchman he protested, and you persevered.

Gentlemen, might it not be said that we live in a country of barbarians, we who, on the contrary, are in some manner proverbial for our hospitality? We, who admit foreigners at all our ports, North, South, East, and West? whatever party they may have embraced, whatever flag they may have followed, our soil is a place of refuge: Europe knows it, the world knows it. Let us not lose the noble reputation of a hospitable people, for that means a people who are free.

But, after all, the present question respects a Frenchman, a man who declares that he is a Frenchman. Can they legally confine him? can they exile him, by a measure of police, without a judicial warrant, without judgment? Is the 4th article of the charter abolished? Does it no longer contain any but empty guarantees for our personal liberty?

I declare openly, Gentlemen, that I fear not the answer to this question: the arrest is null, the expulsion is illegal.

Who then shall now pronounce this nullity, this illegality?

You, Gentlemen, you the supreme tribunal, the inviolable sanctuary of the liberties of our citizens. Let them not tell us that the matter relates to an act of the police, of the administration, which is accountable only to the chambers. That would

be a mockery, a bitter mockery. What then ! shall a citizen of France, imprisoned by order of a minister, driven from his country by order of a minister, have no immediate redress ? If, as at present, the chambers are closed, shall he wait for six months in a foreign land, before he can demand justice ? and must he demand it from a majority in the chambers ? No, no, it cannot be so.

What then are you, Gentlemen, if you are not judges of the ministerial decrees and decisions which destroy our personal liberty ? Some pitiful matters of private interest that may be the subject of debate with the administration, are all that you would have to decide upon ! It is not we, Gentlemen, who take this view of your noble jurisdiction. Placed as supreme arbiters between the citizen and the minister, the hope of your justice assures us against error, or the exercise of arbitrary power. And, besides, is not an interference with the liberty of an individual an interference with private interests ? Are not illegal imprisonment and banishment, ruin to a man's industry and to his family ?

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**COMMITTEE**  
*of Legislation and of Administrative Justice.*

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**No. 12,843.**  
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**M. VIVIEN, Reporter.**

Adopted by the Council of State,  
the 14th of July, 1836.  
Approved the 2nd of August, 1836.

**COUNCIL OF STATE.**

*Louis-Philippe, King of the French.*

On the Report of the Committee of Legislation  
and of Administrative Justice.

Having seen the petition presented to us in the name of M. Charles-William Naündorff, calling himself Charles-Louis, Duke of Normandy, the said petition being registered at the secretary's office of our Council of State, the 7th of July, 1836, and being to the effect that it would please us to quash and annul any administrative decision

which might authorize his detention, and also to quash and annul the three decisions of our Minister of the Interior, mentioned in an order of the Prefect of Police, of the 5th of July 1836, which is annexed to the complaint, and to order that the petitioner be set at liberty :

Having seen the order of the Prefect of Police, dated as above :

Having seen the 7th article of the law of the 28th Vendemiaire, of the year 6 :

Having heard M<sup>e</sup> Cremieux, M. Naüendorff's advocate :

Having heard M. Germain, Master of Requests, discharging the functions of the public ministry :

Considering that the acts against which the above complaint is directed, belong to the high police of the kingdom, and cannot therefore be impeached or debated in our Council of State.

Our Council of State having been advised with,  
We have ordained, and do ordain as follows :

*Article the First.*

The petition of M. Naüendorff is rejected.

*Article the Second.*

Our Keeper of the Seals, Secretary of state for the department of justice and of public

worship, and our Secretary of state for the Interior, are severally charged with the execution of these presents.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

*Given &c. the 2nd of August, 1836.*

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*(O. 2.) Letter to His Highness the Prince Royal of Prussia, delivered to the Prussian Embassy in London, August 13th 1836.*

PRINCE,

The generosity of your Royal Highness's heart is a security to me that I shall not address you in vain for the last time, for since my expulsion from France I have renounced the sympathy of foreign Princes. Why? Because they suffer themselves to be misled by the intriguers who surround them. It is certain that according to the ancient laws of France, the legitimate king is Louis XVII; Prince

it is I, I who am now writing you this letter! Command your ambassador here to receive from my hand the incontestable proofs of my identity; and they will be so clear to you, that neither you nor any other conscientious Prince in Europe will have any farther doubts of it.

It is not for my own sake that I wish to convince the foreign Princes; it is for theirs.

One of your ministers told my commissary, M. Laprade, that it was impossible to acknowledge me as the son of Louis XVI, because many Princes would be dishonored by my recognition: I ask wherefore? their Majesties, your father, and the Emperors of Russia and of Austria, have they been guilty since 1813 and 1814? If so, your minister is right; but if they are not personally to blame, it is at least their duty to listen to me; for, if Princes will not act with justice towards me, who am their equal, what justice can their subjects expect from them?

In consequence of the intrigues which are carried on under their eyes, nations lose the respect due to their Sovereigns, who are no longer looked upon as the fathers of their people. Let them not be surprised then at the factions which rise up against them, not because they are princes, but because they are the sport of intrigues which prevent them from protecting the truth, and whose policy unfolds itself with impunity, under the cover of their authority.

Prince, this language is severe, nevertheless it is true.

The Count de Provence has declared my sister and myself to be bastards. His brother, the Count d'Artois has also inculpated himself; it is known to every one.

In 1824 when Louis XVIII was ill, I wrote to him, and threatened him; two months after, I was arrested and imprisoned under the false pretence that I had endeavoured to circulate false *écus*\*. (See the records of the trial.) When I was set at liberty in 1828, Charles X was seated on my father's throne, although his predecessor, before his death, had delivered to him documents proving my existence, most of them written by myself.

In 1832, when the Count d'Artois was still at Holyrood, I invited him to come to Germany to be reconciled to me; your ministers then gave an order for my arrest; this order is in the hands of the magistrate at Crossen. I found means to escape, and I was in a safe retreat when Charles X came to Spandau, where I had lived more than nine years. During a week that he remained there, he had secret interviews with the king, your father; you are not ignorant of the fact. The two intriguers Latil and Blacas were with him; it was

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\* (F. 2.) M. Laprade's Letter from Dresden.



the former of these who advised him to destroy the papers concerning me which Louis XVIII had delivered to him. These same individuals to this day still prevent the weak old man from acknowledging the truth; it is they who deceive my sister, by the help of calumniators whom they hire in France\*.

Your Royal Highness yourself when you accompanied Charles X, beheld a young girl apparently ill, pale, feeble, and trembling, supported by an elderly lady, advance towards the ex-King, with a letter in her hand, in the market place of Crossen; she excited your compassion, you took her petition, and gave it to the Count d'Artois. This young girl was my daughter, the Princess Amélie, who from the time of my absence had worked day and night to maintain her mother and five children. A long illness was the only reward of this noble self-devotion; she sought a word of consolation from him who knew them: Charles X handed the letter to Blacas, who, like a fiend of hell, laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

These two beings, Blacas and Latil, have ruined the prosperity of the family of Charles X; they have misguided them all, and Latil, after having advised the crime, tranquillised the consciences of those whom he had rendered guilty. What

scandalous conduct on the part of a Minister of religion! Others beside him have pursued as iniquitous a course; If your Royal Highness wishes to be convinced of the truth on this subject, ask the Duchess of Angoulême, my sister, for the letters which she has received from Paris. A priest, the Abbé Ch\*\*\* who has always been loaded with favours by Madame, has had the effrontery to say, that if she consulted him, he should advise her not to acknowledge her brother.

The Duchess of Angoulême would herself be convinced of this perfidy, if she attended carefully to the spirit of the letters which have been addressed to her, by the *coterie* of Versailles, and of the *Faubourg Saint-Germain*, in Paris.

In 1835, nearly a month before the 29th of July, I wrote to Louis-Philippe not to review the troops in person, because his life was in danger. Already, before that time, I had given him salutary counsels with a view to the tranquillity of my country. On the 16th of July, 1836, I knew that it was intended to assassinate him and his family: ask him what I did to save him? He gave orders for my expulsion from France, rather than summon the son of Louis XVI before the tribunals, that he might give account of the manner in which he had received this information.

Prince, let me not be falsely judged. I had known for some time, that Louis-Philippe, formerly the instrument of a party, had found means to

frustrate their designs ; he will not always escape them ; but as France will be deluged with blood, I wished to prevent this misfortune, and to avert it from my country. I see plainly that what has been predicted will come to pass, in spite of me ; then, Prince, I shall be acknowledged : for your own inheritance will be shaken to the foundations, and many Princes will be driven from their States.

To inform you on all these points, I sent M. Laprade to you. You had not the prudence to examine these things yourself, for you refused to see him : I was in consequence betrayed by one of your ministers, who is a spy on your cabinet.

Be not surprised at this language, Prince, for you will find in Austria, as well as in Russia, the associates of those companies whose daggers all Europe will soon feel ; remember then that it will be your fault. I have done good to my persecutors, and they persecute me, because they know me : and, notwithstanding their power, they tremble at my name. They also take great pains to defame my character. I regret that my equals alone do not perceive the truth.

It is in consequence of the lying reports which have been made to his Majesty, your father, that he told her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angoulême, at Tœplitz\*, that I was mad to think

myself the son of Louis XVI : that I was a native of Prussia, and a man of bad character. Whence then come these perfidious statements ? And what do they deserve who dare thus to deceive their sovereign ?

See the infamous sentence of your Kammergericht expressed as follows\*.

“ Although the evidence against the accused Charles-William Naündorff is not sufficient for his conviction ; yet in the present case a conviction is necessary, because he has conducted himself during his trial, like an impudent liar, calling himself a prince by birth, and giving it to be understood that he belongs to the august family of the Bourbons.”

Thus because I am the unfortunate son of the Martyr King, your Kammergericht thought fit to brand me with infamy, and your ministry has informed the police of Paris, not of the true character of this iniquitous decision, but that I had been condemned as a coiner of base money. It is notwithstanding true that their object in striking at me, was to wound the son of Louis XVI. These calumnies were overthrown by the result of the preliminary examinations, and by the suicide of an unsworn witness, who hanged himself from remorse for his crime, and for having yielded to the persuasions of the magistrate.

It is maintained that I am not a Prince; let it be proved then! As for me since, 1814\* I have not ceased to declare that I am the son of the Martyr King: I have demanded justice from the tribunals of my country; it is refused me, and I have been expelled to prevent the important disclosures which would make manifest to my sister, in the face of all Europe, the great culpability of her false friends. Endeavours have been made to deprive me of the support of every crowned head. Your government, the government of Frederick III, the Just, has sent away my family, although born in Prussia. If the traitors who surround you deny the truth of these facts; Prince, enquire for the passports which are deposited at the police office in Dresden, and you will see that I speak the truth.

My enemies had also formed the criminal design of sending my children by force into France. The police had already blindly lent itself to this measure; I frustrated these attempts by addressing myself to the ex-King of Saxony. Since then your ministers have insinuated in an article in the Prussian Gazette, that I am a Prussian; and when those of Louis-Philippe intended, on expelling me from France, to send me back into your territory, your government refused to accede to this demand,

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\* It is by mistake that 1814 is in the letter, instead of 1810.  
—*Note to the French Edition.*

declaring that I was a foreigner. Accordingly, I have been conducted by the armed force to the English shore.

If from political considerations, I should be expelled thence also, where, Prince, could I lay my head? If, in fine, the King of Saxony should refuse the asylum which he has granted to my family, where could I seek for justice? Does not our origin proceed from heaven? It does not spring from those evil spirits who cause men to tear each other to pieces; for if it were so, nothing would remain for me but to be silent, and to regret to the hour of my death that I have made myself known.

(Signed) CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

(P.2.) *Letter to His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, delivered to the Ambassador of that Power in London, August 13th 1836.*

SIRE,

If I have not yet addressed myself to your Ma-

jesty, it is because I wished to convince you of my identity by means of the tribunals of my country; but the injustice of Louis-Philippe and successful intrigues have expelled me in order to prevent the disclosure of the truth. I know that the members of your Cabinet, or rather their policy is adverse to me; but Providence is over all: and it is for this reason that I entreat you to turn your eyes on what is going on in France. This is the last year of the reign of Louis-Philippe; for he will not again see the three days of July.

According to the ancient laws of all monarchical governments, and according to the laws of my own country I, alone, am the legitimate King of France. As such, I, and not the ex-King, Charles X, am the head of the family. As the true head of this family, I formally protest before God, before your Majesty, and before all the Princes of Europe, against any arrangements which may be made with the Duke of Bordeaux, son of the unfortunate Duke of Berri; in consequence, I declare all treaties and engagements whatsoever, which may have been entered into with him, or on his account, without my consent, to be null.

Till now, I have abstained from laying before your Majesty the affairs of this family, in the hope that after the decease of your predecessor, you would have examined the papers concerning my existence deposited in the cabinet of the late Emperor; and that your Majesty would not only

watch over our true interests, but also provide for the manifestation of the truth, which alone can secure the future prosperity of France and of Europe. This has not been the case, or else your Majesty has been deceived by political artifices.

Intriguers say that I am not the son of Louis XVI; and, the better to deceive the public, they give out, that the real Duke of Normandy is shut up in a cloister, in Spain, or in Italy. Since the year 1814 I have demanded justice, from your Majesty's predecessor, from his Majesty, the Emperor Alexander, and from his Majesty the King of Prussia\*. The result to me has been only unheard of persecutions, and in consequence of cruel menaces† I have been forced to quit Germany. At length I presented myself before the tribunals of my country, not only to bring the truth to light, but also to put an end to the scandal occasioned by the knaves who have brought forward, here and there, false Dukes of Normandy, with the intention of disturbing the peace of my country, or to cast ridicule upon my existence, who am really the Duke of Normandy, well known as such by the King of the French‡. I have made important communications to him; but instead of doing me justice, he has expelled me from my country, and

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\* (O. 2.) (Q. 2.) † (O. 2.) ‡ (A. 2.) (K. 2.) Letters to Louis-Philippe.



has had me conveyed by an armed force to a foreign land.

If I am the son of Louis XVI, it is a disgrace to you, to your family, and to all the Princes of Europe to suffer me to be thus treated; if I am an impostor, it is base cowardice on the part of all the Kings not to institute an inquiry to unmask my imposture. If it should be pretended that they have no right to interfere with the jurisdiction of France, I then demand that a Supreme Court should be instituted before which I am ready to prove to demonstration my identity with the Orphan of the Temple.

In the mean time I remain what I am, the true son of the Martyr King Louis XVI, and of Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France.

(Signed) CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

(Q. 2.) *Letter addressed to His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and delivered to the Russian Embassy the 13th of August, 1836.*

SIRE,

If Divine Providence has watched over Em-

pires to this day, who will dare to say that it has not equally watched over the persons of Sovereigns? The mysterious decrees of this Providence have thrown me far from my country, but my heart was always with her. The son of her Martyr King, who can pretend that I have ceased to live for France? Who can pretend that perfidious policy shall be more powerful than God? Has this God ever ceased to be the King of Kings? No Sire, it is His Almighty will which has preserved and protected the life of the unfortunate son of Louis XVI, the legitimate King of France: I am he, Sire; I who am writing this letter to you.

Many knaves paid to deceive their masters, by intriguers who have persecuted and still persecute me, have crept and still creep into the cabinets of Princes: it is by means of political intrigues that I have been expelled from my country: if any one, Sire, should dare to tell you that I am not what I declare myself to be, exact from him the proof of his assertion. For myself I am ready to prove to demonstration my identity with the orphan of the Temple, before any Supreme Court whatever, on condition that my sister the Duchess of Angoulême should meet me face to face; and if your Majesty should have the least doubt in the world of the truth, command your ambassador in London to receive here my proofs for yourself alone.

Your Majesty can also order search to be made in your archives, for the letters which I wrote in

1814 and 1815, to the late Emperor Alexander, as well as for those which I sent by one of my friends M. d'Or de la Son, late captain in the French army. Your Majesty will then be convinced of my identity.

I do not know, Sire, whether or not, his Highness the Prince Royal of Prussia has communicated to you the contents of the letters which have been addressed to him. I am a stranger to falsehood and intrigue; sincerity alone has been and ever shall be my guide.

I am a Prince, I am even a King; as such, since justice is refused me in France, I demand of your Majesty the establishment of a Supreme Court to decide at length upon the falseness or the truth of my pretensions. In the mean time, Sire, I protest against all arrangements which may be made in favour of the family of Charles X, ex-King of France. It is I who am the head of that family; and in that character, I declare null all that has been, and that may be decided upon, for or against the Duke of Bordeaux and his sister, without my consent.

*(Signed)* CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*First answer of the Russian Embassy, relative  
to the above letter.*

The Russian Embassy in returning herewith to M. Gruau the letter which he sent to them addressed to the Emperor, has the honor to inform him that it is not customary to transmit to His Majesty despatches, the contents of which are unknown to the embassy.

*Dover Street, August 17th 1836.*

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*Reply to the Embassy, dated August 18th 1836.*

SIR,

The Russian Embassy has returned to M. Gruau, my chargé-d'affaires, my letter addressed to His Majesty, the Emperor, under the pretext that it is not customary to transmit any thing to him without a previous communication.

Deprived, since my expulsion from my country

of the means of securing the delivery of this letter to his Majesty, I beg the Embassy to take charge of it; and in case the ambassador should have authority from his sovereign to open my letter in order to ascertain its contents, I submit willingly to this custom.

*(Signed)* CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*Letter from the Russian Embassy to M. Gruau.*

LONDON, AUGUST 22<sup>nd</sup> 1836.

SIR,

Having read the letter which I have the honour to return to you under this cover, I regret that I am obliged to inform you that this document is not

of a nature to be submitted to his Majesty the Emperor through his ambassador.

Accept, Sir,

The assurance of my high consideration,

(Signed) LE BARON DE MALTITZ.

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*Letter addressed to his Majesty, the King of England, and delivered to his Excellency Lord Palmerston, August 16th 1836,*

SIRE,

The inscrutable decrees of Providence have forcibly thrown me on the shores of your kingdom. Forty-three years have elapsed since I was confined with all my family in the Tower of the Temple in Paris. At that time I demanded justice from my persecutors, not for myself, but for my unfortunate father. The nobility, the true

support of the throne had already fallen ; and the traitors, immolating their former masters, with the honour of the French nation, took possession of the sovereign power, and crime was seated on the throne of my ancestors. Snatched from certain death, by the courageous devotion of some old servants of the monarchy, I again fell into the hands of my enemies ; and my life to this day has been the sport of every kind of persecution which it is possible for man to experience.

I thought I had at length reached the termination of my sufferings and confiding too much in the justice of my country, I had submitted my cause to her ; the laws have been disregarded, despotism and fraud have been the only rule of conduct for the ministers of Louis-Philippe. These perfidious counsellors, invading the jurisdiction of the tribunals which had already been appealed to, have suspended the course of justice to my prejudice. Knowingly and falsely they have declared without proof that I am a foreigner, and even, against evidence to the contrary. The nobility of France exist no longer except in the pedigrees of their ancestors ; for, they also have risen up against me. The law of my country is the law of the strongest, and the good pleasure of those who are in power. At present, then Sire, and after so many reverses which have crossed my path of life, I am reduced to seek an asylum in your Majesty's dominions.

Sire, my justificatory history will reveal secret circumstances to which I was witness in the prison of the Temple. If your Majesty not being fully convinced of my identity, should fear to compromise your royal feelings for the real son of Louis XVI, in granting me protection from my persecutors, deign to favour me with a moment's audience, and your Majesty will be convinced that I am the most unfortunate son of France.

Your Majesty did not refuse your protection to a pusillanimous king who left his country in the midst of his army: you will not treat with greater rigour the only true head of the exiled family, who has been illegally and forcibly expelled from France. The asylum which I solicit on your territory, I do not solicit at your Majesty's expence. No! no!-I am a Frenchman! France which has been led astray by criminal intrigues that still deceive my sister, France will soon return from her errors, and truth will triumph.

My object, Sire, is to convince the Duchess of Angoulême of the truth. The designing persons by whom she is surrounded and her false friends insinuate that the law of banishment passed against the Bourbons, interdicts her appearance before the French tribunals; that my suit has been instituted only to humiliate the family of Prague for the benefit of Louis-Philippe of whom I am a hired instrument: under other circumstances it has been endeavoured to make her believe that her real



brother, whose existence I have proved, was shut up in a cloister in Italy: and at the time of the applications which I caused to be made to her at Holyrood, she was assured that the real Duke of Normandy was in London.

Sire, my statement is either false or true. I still persist in my demands that the truth may be clearly manifested to all upright minds. Deign then to grant me an audience in order to your conviction. It is a noble task also, and worthy of the King of Great Britain to invite the Duchess of Angoulême to be present at our conference. This frank and open proceeding, the result of which is infallible, will silence all calumnies, and will make my sister again what she would never have ceased to be, but for the treachery by which she has been surrounded.

The noble daughter of the King Louis XVI, and of Marie-Antoinette, if you Sire, accede to my prayer, will, I doubt not, hasten to accept the high mediation of your Majesty. You will then restore to the Orphan of the Temple her whom he has not ceased to lament during his whole life, and who deserves after her long and cruel sufferings to regain a brother and a friend like me.

In that case Sire, I swear most solemnly that I shall be all my life, impressed with the deepest sense of gratitude.

*(Signed)* CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*Letter from Lord Palmerston to M. Gruau.  
August 20th 1836.*

Lord Palmerston presents his compliments to M. Gruau, and in acknowledging the receipt of his letter of the 18th instant, begs to inform him, that it is the duty of the Secretary of State to open all letters addressed to the King which are transmitted to the Secretary of State unaccompanied by copies, in order that he may see whether they are fit to be laid before His Majesty; and having opened and read the one transmitted by M. Gruau, Lord Palmerstone regrets to find that he cannot consistently with his public duty, lay it before the King. He therefore returns it to M. Gruau.

*Foreign Office, August 20th 1836.*

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*To the Editor of the Morning Post.*

MR. EDITOR,

His Royal Highness the Duke of Normandy

has read an article from Berlin which was copied in the Times of the 27th instant. The inaccuracies which it contains have determined us to address the following observations to you, with a request that you will give them an early insertion in your paper.

It is perfectly true that in the year 1809, the son of Louis XVI, arrived for the first time in Prussia, but no one excepting the Duke of Brunswick and Colonel Schill, had knowledge of his being in that country. His history, which will speedily be printed, will shew that he has never been uncertain of his birth, and that as early as the year 1811, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia were informed that he was living in Germany. The Prussian Government was officially informed of his claim and of the truth of his royal origin. In fact the Prince was obliged, in the year 1811, to confide the secret of his birth to M. Lecoque; and the minister, Prince Harttenberg, required that the authentic documents, proving that he who deposited them, was really and truly the son of Louis XVI, and of Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France, should be delivered up to him\*. It was in consequence of this communication, and by order of this minister, that his Royal Highness, the Duke of

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\* (Q.) Letter to Prince Harttenberg in which reference is made to the above communication.

Normandy obtained the rights of citizenship, on condition of his assuming the name of Naündorff, which was imposed on him to shield him from the power of Napoleon.

In the year 1816 the family of the Prince was formally apprized of the truth ; it is false that he presented himself to Charles X, when the ex-King arrived in Prussia in 1832; the truth on the contrary is that his Royal Highness invited the Count d'Artois to come to Germany, in order to come to an understanding with him. The history of the Prince's life will notice this circumstance, and also make known the conduct of the Duke de Blacas.

Since the expulsion of the Prince from France, his Royal Highness has perceived that there is neither law nor justice in his country ; he has, therefore addressed himself to his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, as well as to other high powers, to demand of them the institution of a Supreme Court, which should be commissioned to examine the indisputable proofs of his identity in the presence of his sister, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angoulême.

I am, with the highest consideration,

Sir,

Your very humble and very obedient servant,

(Signed) M. GRUAU, *Advocate,*

*Late King's Attorney,*

*London August 26th 1836.*

*To M. Berryer, Paris.*

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1836.

SIR,

In the land of exile to which I have been forced by the injustice of your government, I have heard of the testimonials of gratitude which are offered to you by the most distinguished royalists of my country. The object of these eager demonstrations on the part of the most honourable of your fellow-countrymen was solely to shew their sense of the sacrifices which your devotion to the cause of legitimacy has led you to make.

Till the moment when I reappeared in the world, your error and that of your friends may have been respectable; but now, your attachment to the family of Prague, to the detriment of my rights, is but a political contradiction, for it does not rest upon the principle of legitimacy. That principle is represented by me alone. Consequently, I desire to contribute myself to your information, and to justify the motive of the monarchical gifts which are intended to indemnify you for your losses. I propose to you therefore to enter into communication with my advocate, M

Gruau, 18, Burton Crescent, London. The adjournment\* of the citation will soon expire; I beg to receive an answer within a week at the latest.

(Signed) CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

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*To M. Berryer, Paris.*

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 24th 1836.

SIR,

You must have received two days ago, a letter from his Royal Highness, the Duke of Normandy, in which he proposed to you to associate yourself with his counsel for the defence of his rights. He is not ignorant that you are charged with the interests of his family, who have rejected him since

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\* (H. 2.)

his escape from the Temple ; neither does he fear an investigation on your part ; for truth seeks the light. If M. Berryer is a man of honour, observed the Prince to me, he will accept my proposal, which offers him an opportunity of nobly serving his august clients ; either in undeceiving them, if he desires and obtains conviction, or in unmasking me, if he believes that I am an impostor.

Have the goodness, sir, to honour me with an answer, and believe that

I am, with the highest consideration,

Your very humble servant,

*(Signed) M. GRUAU, Advocate.*

*Late Kiny's Attorney.*

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The reader will not have failed to recognise in the wonderful preservation of a Prince through so many dangers, the mighty hand of Providence, whose designs, at first concealed, become daily more and more manifest. It is clear that there is

much more in this matter than the mere preservation of a man ; that that man tried by unheard of afflictions, is called to the fulfilment of some one of those extraordinary works which are not accomplished without super-human help. Therefore, whatever may be the opinion formed of the following letter, we think that it is a matter of duty and of conscience for us to give it to the public ; for the welfare of France is before all things and above all things the concern of the highest importance.

This letter was not intended for publication ; but as it has been communicated to several persons, and contains nothing but truth in every particular, without fearing the scoffs of incredulity, we shall give it without suppressing any thing.

[The contents of the following letter are of so extraordinary a nature, so little likely to obtain belief, that, perhaps, the discretion of the parties interested in the French work may be called in question, for having inserted them. But whatever may be thought of their discretion in publishing them, their doing so must, at least be admitted, by men of candid minds, to be a proof of their honesty and integrity. They are, I am certain, as fully persuaded of the following particulars as any of us are of any part of the Gospel ; and therefore they do not hesitate to publish them, though they must be, and are, sensible that, the



effect which is likely to be produced by them on the generality of readers will be any thing but advantageous to their cause.

As a protestant clergyman, I had some doubts, at first, as to its being becoming in me to be the means of propagating an account of supernatural interferences, the only guarantee for the truth of which, to the public in this work at least, is the word of a Roman-Catholic priest: and if those supernatural interferences had been evidently traceable to the pretensions of the Romish Priesthood, if they had professedly been of the same stamp as those which were of frequent occurrence in this country till the middle of the sixteenth century, and which we see occasionally revived in the nineteenth, I should have felt it to be my duty to omit them, as that omission would not have affected, one way or the other, the question of the Prince's identity: and I am bound to state that the French Editor, though extremely opposed to the suppression of any thing that had appeared in the original work, lest such a suppression should be taken hold of to the disadvantage of the Prince by his enemies abroad, set me at perfect liberty to act as I pleased with regard to this particular part of the work. In truth, however, the Romish Church is no further concerned in the supernatural circumstances here mentioned, than that they are stated to have occurred to two of the lay members of that church, and that they were required to perform

certain acts of devotion which the Romish religion prescribes to its professors, and which they hold in respect.

With regard to the peasant Martin, whether what this letter contains respecting him be true or false, his supernatural pretensions are at any rate not *new*. In the *Mémoires d'une Femme de Qualité*, which have been before quoted, and which were published in 1829, the authoress, favourite of Louis XVIII, makes particular mention (Vol II. p. 436) of an interview with the king solicited by Martin on the plea of inspiration, and obtained by him, in spite of all imaginable obstacles in 1816—of the effect which his communication, great part of which she declares that she overheard herself, had upon the king—and of the influence which his supposing that she had heard *all* gave her over him till the end of his days.

The *Femme de Qualité* mentions likewise, that, in consequence of Martin's extraordinary interview with the King, of which the King would never give any particular account, one report which got abroad, together with many others, was that it related to Louis XVII. It was said that he was shortly to appear, and that Louis XVIII had been summoned to resign the crown to him.]

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SIR,

I hasten to satisfy your just request in relating to you concisely the principal facts respecting the Orphan of the Temple, whom Providence has deigned to direct to us and confide to our care, insufficient as that may be.

I shall speak to you only *de visu*. What occurred prior to our personal knowledge, may be found in a book the title of which is 'Louis XVII before his contemporaries'\* notwithstanding the extraordinary features of those adventures, and the air of romance which a refined style of writing has thrown over them, for truth sometimes does not look like truth; besides, the incredulity of our age loudly proclaims that we are no longer in the times of miracles. However—there was at Gallardon in Beauce, in 1816, a peasant named Martin, who was supernaturally sent on a mission to Louis XVIII, to make to him an announcement from God, and in spite of a thousand obstacles this mission was accomplished. The object of this mission was not known till 1825. It was M. Mathieu de Montmorency who first, on St. Peter's

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\* This book contains some mistakes of importance, having been printed whilst the Prince was absent. The author has, no doubt quite unintentionally, frequently given a wrong meaning to the manuscript and to the conversations of his Royal Highness.—*Note to the French Edition.*

day, prevailed on Martin to break his obstinate silence, and received this answer, terrible from all that it implied: "Louis XVII exists."

This news soon spread, and instead of contradicting it, Martin added the fearful announcement of the catastrophe of 1830, to which this Prince alone could put an end. When that revolution took place, he announced the approaching re-appearance of this persecuted Prince, and that he would be received in the same manner as the Saviour of the world had been among the Jews, and be persecuted by the same kind of people. Martin and his friends assembled to perform the *neuvaines* which were commanded him; and he held himself in readiness to go into Germany in search of this concealed Prince, as soon as he should receive the order to do so.

But since the 1824 persecutions in double measure had overwhelmed the unfortunate Prince. On this point you may read the note inserted in *The Comet*, dated August 1st 1832. The hand which secretly directed that affair may easily be guessed at, and in it may also be seen the utter insensibility of a family so much lauded for its benevolence: but thou art just, Great God!

Wearied, at length, with wounding him, and satisfied with having, as they thought, disgraced him for ever, his persecutors had left him, weighed down by oppression and a prey to want: when, during several months, a consoling genius appeared

to him in his dreams, earnestly pressing him to go into France and save his country. What, to all appearance, could be more absurd! To leave a wife and four children without bread, without help, without a single protector in the world! however, the genius insisted earnestly: he wore the garments of a villager, and his hair was white. Overcome at last by this perseverance, without any other confidante than his eldest daughter, thirteen years of age, a noble minded princess, who fortified the resolution of her father, he set out, furnished with *twenty francs*, and leaving six hundred francs as an only resource to his family, consisting of four children and their mother, of whose pregnancy he was not aware. Martin's friends were poor, like himself. It was to them however, that, after a year of vicissitude, Providence seemed to confide this precious charge. They wanted proofs of his identity: the same Providence had taken care of that, first by the recognition of M. and Mme. de St. Hilaire, formerly attached to the Court of Louis XVI, and by that of Mme. de Rambaud, the Dauphin's waiting woman till the 10th of August 1792. Other persons likewise, in better circumstances, recognized him; but the fear of displeasing the family at Prague, the rights of Henry V, the marriage contracted in Prussia, and *the firm resolution never to dissolve it*—here were too many obstacles to their pronouncing openly in his favour. The friends of Martin, however, desired an assurance

from him: he, on the contrary, though he kept silence to them, said, in his family, that *he thought* it was another impostor: at length he received an order from God to go and find the Prince, certain particulars in his appearance being indicated to him, which it was impossible for him to mistake. It was on the 28th of September, the day before the pretended majority of Henry V, that this recognition took place on both sides: for if Martin recognized the Prince, the Prince beheld in him the consoling genius whom he had so often seen, excepting only that the hair of Martin was very black. Eight days afterwards, the Prince saw Martin again, not only with white hair, but also in garments entirely white; it was at the moment of his setting out on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Chartres, in the night of the 6th of October.

From this time war was declared against Martin and the Prince. (The results may be seen in an abridged account of the revelations made to Martin at this period. This abridgement is carried down to the death of Martin.) The first care of the Prince's friends was to send assistance to his family: it was high time for it: *for five months, deprived of all their furniture and clothes, they had not tasted bread; potatoes alone were all their food.* In vain had they, some months before, presented two petitions to Charles X on his way through Frankfort and through Crossen; he had not deigned to notice them! All this is well known to us from

the testimony of two persons whom we have sent successively into those parts.

The Prince had never yet received the holy sacrament; and how could he have done so, buried in the depths of dungeons, or kept a close prisoner? He ardently desired it, and Martin received an order\* to press the fulfilment of this duty, after which *great favours* were to be granted to the Prince. In fact, some weeks after it, the Prince beheld a first miraculous apparition. He could not persuade himself of the reality of it, notwithstanding the assurance which Martin received to that effect. It was not till after several similar apparitions, and after having received the orders of him who called himself *the Protecting Angel of France*, that he ceased to doubt. But his wavering faith deserved a severe lesson. The fourth apparition announced it to him, without specifying either the kind of chastisement, or the motive of it. He wrote upon the subject immediately to his confessor, and he was on his way to obtain an answer, when, on the 28th of January 1834, he was attacked and received six strokes from a dagger, but was miraculously saved. The surgeon certified that the dagger had stopped within a half line of the heart;

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\* Martin, when he received this order September 4th 1833, was completely ignorant of what it related to.—*Note to the French Edition.*

you are aware that five of the blows were parried by a medal of our Lord and the Holy Virgin, which was pierced, and by his beads and crucifix, which were broken to pieces. But it was not long before the Prince was consoled by new apparitions which reassured him: they gave him directions, or else he received them through Martin. Sometimes the same voice spoke to him without any apparition, and it was thus that he received several orders after the seventh apparition had taken place. The first occurred on the 18th December 1833, and the seventh on the 13th April 1834: its object was to console him for the recent loss of an excellent priest, his friend M. Fustier, Vicar-General of Tours, and to inform him that the riot which would break out that day at Paris would have no serious consequences. A few days afterwards he had intimation that the life of Martin was in danger. In vain did he write upon this subject, his letter never reached its destination. The night before the Ascension he had an ominous dream, and he said: "I am about to lose another of my friends." In fact that very night Martin had sealed his testimony with his death. This fatal news was brought to him the following day, and for eight and forty hours the Prince remained in a state difficult to describe, when on Sunday, the 11th of May, towards eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Martin appeared to him, revealing to him the manner of his death, and promising to appear to him again; as in fact



he did two days afterwards, and at several other times.\*

Secret as these supernatural favours were kept, they nevertheless transpired, and were variously thought of according to men's various prejudices; when the Prince received an order to prepare himself by the communion for an extraordinary revelation. After this communion he was enjoined to attend publicly, on the 6th of July, at the parochial mass at the church of St. Eustache. There he saw the frightful ills which threaten all sovereigns, and it was enjoined him to communicate them to the Holy Father, the sovereigns generally, and especially Louis-Philippe. Some days afterwards he was to set out to go to his sister, having directed two persons to precede him, who had been pointed out to him. This was his second application to the Duchess of Angoulême, who according to the prophecy of Martin, obstinately

\* The death of Martin was attended by a number of very extraordinary circumstances. After several days of agony, not naturally capable of explanation, but by the supposition of the most sinister practices, during which he remained entirely without medical assistance, and after some days of ease, at the moment fixed for his return home, his sudden death was announced. No assistance had been procured for him, no medical man even certified his decease. The official declaration of it was omitted; the corpse was conveyed during the night to another *commune* to be buried: and all this, notwithstanding the opposition of the family.

The upper parts of the body presented the appearance of an extraordinary tumefaction, and the examination shewed the intestines inflamed from one end to the other, and a very decided congestion of the blood in the lungs.—*Note to the French Edition.*

persisted in refusing an interview. The Prince had stopped with his family at Dresden: it was there it was told him that *the object of his journey was accomplished, and that all the intrigues would be unmasked.*

This was in the course of August 1834. The journey occupied a month, and the result, willed by Providence, was the birth of Marie-Therese, on the 15th of May 1835. This child, more favoured than her brothers and sisters, received baptism, according to the catholic rite, immediately after her birth, and had for sponsors her eldest brother and sister, who had been admitted, a few days previously, to their first communion.

This precious family consists then of Charles-Louis, Duke of Normandy, and of Jeanne Einers his wife, of whom have been born Amelia, aged sixteen years: Charles Edward, aged fifteen years: a child who died during the last imprisonment, and since that imprisonment, Marie-Antoinette, aged six years, Charles aged four years, Edmund aged two years, and Maria-Theresa.

This is a hasty sketch of material facts, but for the moral qualities of the Prince, it would be necessary to have passed, as we have done, whole months near him, to form an idea of the excellence of his disposition, and of the goodness of his heart, so generous that he has deprived himself of his last farthing, even in the midst of pressing wants, to assist the unfortunate. In him, to give is not a

virtue, it is an irresistible impulse. With so excellent a heart, would he have accepted a mission to disturb his country ? or would God have imposed it on him ? No, he is come, on the contrary to save it, by proclaiming his titles, and sacrificing his hereditary rights to the happiness of the French : by imposing silence upon the unjust and illegitimate claims of the family at Prague. He is come to take from them the last fragment of a sceptre which God has broken, but which yet may strike. He is come to bring peace, not as human policy interprets it, but as God gives it. He is come to restore religion by being the first to fulfil its duties, not to protect it with pride, but to obey it with humility of heart : to support, not prelatical pomp, but apostolical virtues : not to support the pretensions of the old nobility, but to give honour to integrity and to reward true merit wherever it may be found. A paternal care for all, that is his monarchy : worth, talents, integrity, these are his nobility. The gospel for high and low, protection for the weak, restraint upon the powerful, tender solicitude for affliction of every kind, this is his policy. Is it surprising that all manner of hypocrisy has broken loose against him. And that wretch knew it well, when he raised that hellish suit against him in 1824. He hoped, that, every means being used to load the Prince with infamous calumnies, the stigma would remain for ever. It is even this which justifies in the eyes

of our modern Pharisees this atrocious sentence :  
*“ Even if it were he, we ought never to acknowledge him.”*

*If it were he !* Well then, ought you not at least to examine the charges which press upon him, and not to condemn him without a hearing ? *If it were he !* How, in that case, dare you take upon yourselves to judge him ?

Even if he were the saviour of the world, you would cry with the Jews, crucify him ! And it is because of the perverseness of your hearts that God has blinded you, that he has excluded you from his service, and that he will raise him up again, like Job, in spite of your calumnies. May you, at least, like the friends of Job, acknowledge your iniquity !

As for you, brave and loyal Frenchmen, he comes to you, having drunk the cup of bitterness to its dregs, having experienced all kind of injustice and at this moment assailed by urgent want. Look deeply into your consciences, and weigh well before God which you will choose, the part of Herod and his disdainful court, or that of the shepherds and the magi ?

PPERT,

*Curate of St. Arnoult,*

3 December, 1835.

Since the period at which the above letter closes, and indeed prior to it, many things occurred which are not there related.

One of the calumnies sanctioned among the party which calls itself legitimatist, made the Prince an agent of Louis-Philippe, and though he kept himself in secret retirement to avoid both assassins and the satellites of the government, his not being arrested was sufficient to prove that the son of the Martyr King must be a vile stipendiary of the police!

Notwithstanding the discredit which such a prejudice must cast upon him, notwithstanding the estrangement from the king of the French which it made advisable, the welfare of his country put every other consideration aside.

*He knows* that the life of the king Louis-Philippe is to be attempted; *he is my enemy*, he says, but his death would precipitate my country into an abyss. That thought is sufficient. He exposes himself to the greatest dangers, and Philippe is forewarned and saved.

Who would believe, that, several weeks before Fieschi's attempt, the Duke of Normandy solicited of his enemy an interview, to prevent this misfortune? *Although this time Philippe was not to fall.* He announced this attempt in a letter signed by him, and mentioning his residence. The crime is committed, and not only is the Prince not arrested, he is not even interrogated about a

matter of such importance, which he had revealed with such great exactness !

The Tuileries and the Palais Royal were to be blown up ; the preparations were already made, when the son of Louis XVI is *supernaturally* informed of it. Well, this *unknown* person found means to prevent the consummation of the crime, without even revealing the names of the conspirators ! for, said he, they are unhappy Frenchmen, led astray by the injustice of the government ; why make them more unhappy still ?

We cannot make known the contents of his letters to the king or to the queen for their preservation ; but the Prince will not object to the publication of them, if they think proper ; well assured at least, that he will not be contradicted.

Here is another fact not less remarkable ; during the stay of M. Laprade in Prussia, last spring, after fruitless attempts on the part of that advocate to obtain an audience of the Prince Royal, he was entrusted by the Prince with a letter to H. R. H. which he caused to be delivered to him, and the contents of which were of a nature to create a general alarm. We cannot make them known, and it is but too probable, to judge from the results, that intrigue has succeeded in turning away the attention of that Prince from this important document, which concluded thus : *In the name of God, Sir, watch over the life of the Emperor of Russia, for conspirators follow him every where ;*

*assassins are hired, and his life is in the utmost danger; and if your Royal Highness doubts it, I am ready to furnish you with written proofs.*

After what has lately happened, would his Highness read over again this letter, the other parts of which were not less accurate? May he profit by the little time which is yet granted by Providence: for neither cunning nor intrigue will any longer avail when the day fixed by Divine Justice is come.

May our dear fellow-countrymen also profit by the warning given on the 5th of last September! Such is the wish of a true Frenchman.

The Abbé APPERT,

*Curate of St. Arnoult.\**

\* M. Appert, the Prince's confessor, is now living, a refugee with his Royal Highness, to avoid persecution: he has been suspended because he would not deny his conviction, or compromise the truth.—*Note to the French Edition.*

## CONCLUSION.

As soon as political circumstances permitted His Royal Highness, the Duke of Normandy to re-appear on the stage of the world, and to issue, as it were from the tomb, where his bitter enemies had kept him confined nearly five and forty years; immediately the enmity which had formerly pursued him was revived, aggravated by the prejudices and hostilities of the egotism and the pride of the present day. A general cry of reprobation has met this last son of France, in the land where so many Kings of his race have worn a crown of glory and of blessing. Vainly has he offered, as proofs of his identity, the most honorable testimonies of old servants of his family, the recollections of his childhood, his *traits* of resemblance to his august parents; the countenance, the throat, the forehead, the fair hair, the eyes, the mouth, the high full chest, the manner, the bearing, the walk, the carriage, particular marks on different parts of his body, the dimpled chin, a peculiar style of inoculation; in a word all the physical and moral characteristics which could belong only to the Dauphin;

Vainly has it been objected to those who called



him an impostor, that to undertake such a part, a man must be actuated by some motives of interest, and that to this moment no one has been able to point out any other motive than that of consciousness of truth :

That an impostor does not eagerly invoke the testimony of a family to which he does not belong ; that an impostor could not have summoned that family before the tribunals, well knowing that this last effort of intrigue would be ignominiously detected and defeated by an enlightened and discerning magistracy :

That the son of a Prussian watchmaker could not reasonably pretend to be the son of a King of *France* :

That an impostor would not be taken for a French Prince in the foreign country where his family was residing :

That a Prussian, who had never inhabited the Tuileries or Versailles, could not describe so many particulars which no one but the son of Louis XVI could possibly remember :

That an impostor could not with impunity, in a continued correspondence, address crowned heads on terms of equality :

That an impostor would not have been the object of an attempted assassination, and that there would not be reckoned in the number of victims immolated on his account, persons justly esteemed,

and whose station in society forbids the supposition of their being themselves deceived :

That an impostor would not have excited against himself the iniquitous rancour of certain members of the high clergy, who have not blushed to turn against the truth the religious doctrines of which it is the essential foundation :

That, lastly, an impostor, a poor watchmaker of a small town in Germany, would not offer to feeling hearts the distressing picture of a man persecuted and suffering for five and forty years, without any of the powers who were able to crush him, having ever dared to put him on his trial as an impostor.\*

In addition to so many weighty considerations, we offer also to the reflection of upright men, the numerous and flagrant illegal acts of the French government, and the many false Louis XVII, whom the intrigues of party have so often brought forward to mislead the public mind.

Deplorable effect of the blindness or of the intrigues of ambition ! for the last three years the

\* To this may be added that a man of probity and worth, exemplary for domestic virtue and affection, as the Prince is represented to be by those to whom he is intimately known, is the last imaginable person to have thought of playing an impostor's game : and that it is equally inconceivable, even if he *had* been tempted to do so, that he should still persevere in his pretensions, to the entire destruction of his happiness, after the hard measure which he has received at the hands of the French government in consequence of those pretensions, and in utter hopelessness, to all human appearance, of their ever being listened to in France.—*English Ed.*

cause of the Duke of Normandy, supported by such reasoning, amounting in effect to proof, has excited attention in France; and yet to that distinguished class who call themselves legitimatists, the *possible existence* of the Dauphin has been an object of indifference and contempt. The son of their ancient Kings, the son of the Monarchs to whom they owe their titles, their fortunes, and their rank, languishes, or at least *may be languishing* in a dreadful state of destitution; and yet they do not think the important question of the escape from the Temple and of the identity of the claimant, worthy of their attentive examination!

Incredulity has refused to reason; it has confined itself, in its arrogant unbelief, to expressions of anger and of passion, to rude and insulting epithets, to unbecoming sarcasms, to a commonplace reply to every thing: "*it is impossible.*" Men of understanding, who have investigated the case, and have sanctioned the truth of it by their testimony and their devotion, have been considered as madmen; they have been the object of derision to the *beaux esprits*: to what cause can we attribute these disgraceful facts? they are, it is true, the consequence of the thousand and one considerations which in these days are the only law of States or rule of conduct of private individuals; still there is something in the case which can scarcely be accounted for by human reason alone;

where then are the men of high feeling and of honour? where are the knights of former days whose souls burned with indignation at the bare name of injustice, and who lived but to defend honour and virtue? alas! those days of ancient loyalty have passed away with the great men who have immortalized them. The present age is narrow-minded and prejudiced, subdued by the power of gold, and governed by the selfish considerations of individual interests: all noble sentiments are above its comprehension.

It is before a world so degenerated that the Duke of Normandy has laid his complaint. He had thought better of his fellow-citizens; the discovery of his error has painfully affected him: but firm as the truth which he represents, he has derived from a soul tempered in suffering, strength to overcome the unbridled passions which have opposed themselves to him. Confiding in God alone, who is the truth and the life, he has remained unshaken, in the midst of all the shocks and the storms which have threatened him: he has not the less pursued the course which became his dignity. What has he not done which he ought to have done to enlighten upright minds?

He has addressed himself to his family, they have refused to hear him;

He has addressed himself to the powers of Europe, they have rejected him;

He has addressed himself to the nobility of France, they have despised him ;

He has addressed himself to the tribunals of his country, he has been expelled ;

From a foreign shore, he has demanded the institution of a supreme court, to receive the proofs of his identity in the presence of his sister the Duchess of Angoulême ; this frank and honourable appeal of the unacknowledged son of a King has not been listened to.

In the face of such important facts, which we boldly assert without fearing the ordinary resource of bad faith, an insolent denial ; who can still repeat this only argument which is opposed to us, *it cannot be he?* It is with very decisive reasoning, that the Prince has said to the authorities of his country : if you were not convinced of my existence, you would have been eager to allow me to unmask myself before the magistracy to whose examination I have submitted my cause. It is with a very conclusive argument that he has written to the Emperor of Russia, and of Austria\* ; “ If you believe me to be the son of the Martyr King, it is a disgrace to you not to support me : if you think that I am an impostor, it is cowardice not to expose me formally.” These accusing cries of oppressed innocence will one day vibrate in the

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\* (P. 2.)

ears of the guilty, and the mournful echo of them will strike upon their consciences, whose painful remorse will not be stifled by a tardy repentance.

The moment is arrived when all objections will be overthrown, and when the darkest recesses will be penetrated by a light which it will no longer be possible to obscure; the Prince is on the point of bringing his cause before the tribunals; more than ever desirous to reclaim the misguided French, he has determined to lay before the public those circumstances of his misfortunes which are connected with the proofs of his identity. The documents which form part of this publication appear to us sufficient to produce immediate conviction. As we have already said, we shall reserve for the judicial investigation, the communication of papers, and of facts, which, in themselves alone, would form convincing evidence to the most prejudiced, the least disposed to believe the truth. These will be contained in a supplement which the purchasers of the present volume will be entitled to claim.

We submit then to the judgment of honest men the melancholy history related by His Royal Highness, and the incidents of the various periods of his life. Let every one reflect and judge.

It has not been our intention to enter into a premature discussion; we have only put forward the principal materials which are intended to serve for the information of the Court; nevertheless, to

satisfy the impatience of the public, as much as lies in our power; without deviating from the prudent course which the interests of the Prince prescribe, we will relate an authentic fact, which is not less important than all those already known,

An old servant of Louis XVI. M. B\*\*\*, now living, had heard say that the real Duke of Normandy was in Paris. This loyal Frenchman, a friend of M. de Montcie, formerly a Minister, who a short time before had had occasion to detect a false Dauphin, possessed the means of ascertaining infallibly the identity of the real one. He expressed a wish to have an interview with the *present pretender*, declaring that if he were really the orphan of the Temple, the truth could not escape him. The Prince hastened to accept this proposal; and after a short interview, the old servant of the Martyr King bathed with tears the feet of this last heir to the throne.

This recognition, the details of which will be produced in evidence, is alone equivalent to all the other proofs; the following is the circumstance alluded to.

Before the journey to Varennes, Louis XVI. concealed a casket in the Palace of the Tuileries; the Dauphin only, and two persons high in the confidence of the king knew of this secret: one of these persons is since dead; M. B\*\*\* is the other. The Prince, who was not aware that this witness

was still living, wrote to Louis-Philippe, towards the month of March, 1835.

“On the point of proving my identity before the tribunals of my country, my present situation obliges me to declare to you that my father, Louis XVI, before his departure for Montmédy, thought fit to deposit in a secret place papers of considerable importance, with some precious stones, other jewels and gold. It was the Marquis de B\*\*\* who was entrusted with this commission. I have reason to think that the box which contained these articles has not yet been discovered, because all those who were acquainted with the secret had died before the first restoration; and if any one has caused them to be taken away, it can only have been the Duchess of Angoulême; and she was not informed of the secret till in the Temple, by Madame Elizabeth. I request, therefore, that you will allow me to come to the Tuileries with some witnesses whom I shall choose, to search for what I have now mentioned to you. I desire also a formal assurance that I shall be allowed to depart with those who will accompany me, taking away, as my property, the casket which I hope to find.”

This request having come to the knowledge of M. B\*\*\* was the occasion of the interview of which we have just spoken, and in which the Prince explained all the circumstances of this mysterious concealment, the situation of the casket, the particulars which attended its being placed there,



and the nature of the papers contained in it.

We have also spoken of applications which have been made direct to the Dauphiness herself. We now produce the reports of the two journeys of M. Morel de St. Didier to Prague.

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(R.2.)            FIRST REPORT.

*To His Royal Highness the Duke of Normandy.*

SIR,

I arrived at Prague on the 10th of last January, and on the 12th had the honor of seeing H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême; the Marquis de Vibraye was with the august Princess.

Madame immediately entered upon the object of my journey.

I had the honour to inform Her Royal Highness, that I was aware of the correspondence between her and the Duchess M. de Montmorency, and that Her Royal Highness was consequently acquainted with what was passing in Paris. Madame replied, "That it was true she had been informed of several circumstances."

After having explained to the Princess the manner in which I had become acquainted with the person who declares himself to be her brother, I had the

honour of speaking to Her Royal Highness of the lively impression he had made upon me ; I added with truth that none who approached him could avoid being impressed in a similar manner ; his resemblance to his parents, his natural dignity, the striking tone of truth which pervades his conversation ; in short, every thing about him was so forcibly convincing that it was sufficient to see him, and to associate with him, to be entirely satisfied of the truth of his pretensions.

I had the honor to deliver to Madame the portrait of your Royal Highness, in which the likeness is so strong. Madame examined it attentively. " I do not see, " said the Princess, " any resemblance to my family. However I have been told that the painter who has in his possession a portrait of my mother, which is said to be very like, sees a very strong resemblance to it in this person ; it may be so." Her Royal Highness then put the picture carefully into the drawer of a little writing table which stood before her.

After having listened to the details necessary to prove the truth of the claimant's pretensions, Madame resumed, " It may easily be imagined how happy I should be to find my brother again, but I believe that, unhappily, he is dead ; I may even say, that he died as it were under my own eyes ; at least, the child who inhabited the room under mine in the Temple, and whom I knew to be my brother, died there....., *unless another was*

*substituted in his place, of which I am ignorant."*

I answered that such, in fact, had been the case, that very few persons in France doubted the escape of the Dauphin; that it was not known whether he was still living, but that it appeared certain that he had not died in the Temple.... Madame was silent.

I entered into details relating to the claimant's marriage with a person in a private station, and also as to the number of his children. I informed her of his determination to making over his rights to the throne to H. R. H. the Duke of Bordeaux: "For," said he, "being the lawful heir, I alone can do so"..... "*He is right*," replied Madame, "but, Sir, *He is married....and his children?*" ....added the Princess eagerly. I had the honour to assure Her Royal Highness, in conformity with my instructions, that it was the firm intention of the claimant so to arrange matters, that his children might never have the misfortune to ascend the throne. I entered into considerable details upon this subject.

I much wished that Madame should read in my presence the depatches which I had had the honor to deliver to her, but owing either to a preconcerted plan, or to the day closing in and there being no lights in the room, her Royal Highness told me that she would read with great attention all that I had brought to her, and that she would afterwards give me an answer respecting the interview

desired by the claimant. Madame added: "*This is too serious a matter to be lightly examined, and of such importance that it will be necessary for me to devote several days to the consideration of it; moreover, I give you notice that I must mention the whole business to the King and to the Dauphin, for I never do any thing without their knowledge and consent.*"

Here ended the first audience. I withdrew after having the honor of assuring Madame that I would await her orders.

A few days after, her Royal Highness did me the honor of sending for me. I found the same gentleman with the Princess who had been present at our first conference.

Madame opened the conversation: "Well! M. de St. Didier, I have read attentively all that you have brought me, but I have found nothing to induce me to grant this interview. *If any thing could for a moment arrest my attention, it would be Madame de Rambaud's letter\**, because I remember that she was in fact my brother's attendant: but all that is nothing."

I urged not only the importance of Madame de Rambaud's testimony, but also the various details furnished by the claimant to her Royal Highness, details which could be known only to Madame and her brother. The princess seemed to feel the force

of my representations, for H. R. H. replied : " Yes, I understand, but all that is *not sufficient*. I must have other proofs before I can grant the interview."

I took the liberty of insisting on these points again with arguments which it would be tedious to repeat. " Well, M. de St. Didier," replied Madame, "*I promise you that I will reconsider the whole matter: but tell him that he must send me by a confidential messenger and in writing, all that he now refuses to tell me except by word of mouth; then I will come to a decision about the desired interview. But if I grant it, let him understand that it can take place only in the presence of witnesses. Above all, tell him to send me all the details relative to his escape from the Temple; that is absolutely necessary, and I insist particularly on this point.*"

I strove in vain to obtain the interview; Madame was inexorable. This decision, as unfortunate as it was imprudent, caused me sincere sorrow. It could not fail to compromise Madame at a future period; I represented this to her Royal Highness but I had the mortification not to be attended to.

The result has justified my expectations, for no one who has had knowledge of the particulars furnished by the claimant to Madame, has been able to comprehend how her Royal Highness could take upon herself the responsibility of so unjustifiable a refusal. In fact the details in question are of such a nature, and have so strong an ap-

pearance of probability, that every one exclaimed: It is impossible, with such data, that Madame should refuse an interview; she will surely see this person, and hear from himself what he has farther to reveal to her Royal Highness.

My long and devoted attachment to the Bourbons, and particularly to Madame, made me sincerely regret the imprudent determination of her Royal Highness. I endeavoured by every means compatible with conscience and with honour, to prevail on Madame to take those steps which would secure her arriving at the full knowledge of the truth. I had then the honour to observe to the Princess, that if enquiries were made of the King of Prussia, either directly by her Royal Highness, or in her name, it was clear that that Monarch, no doubt himself deceived, could reply only by a false report. This consequence was unavoidable, since the avowal of the truth would expose the atrocious and criminal conduct of his government towards the unfortunate son of Louis XVI; that if Madame wished to be convinced what confidence was due to the declarations of him who called himself her brother, her Royal Highness had only to send some one to Berlin, to Spandau, to Brandenburg, and to Crossen, but particularly to Berlin and to Spandau. This secret messenger would go to the counter of the tradesman, as well as to the drawing-room of the minister. By thus mixing with the magistrate, the artisan, the merchant, the gen-

tleman, etc., he would accurately learn the whole truth of this mysterious affair. In fact, a truth never fails to be eventually divined and perceived by public opinion, whatever pains may be taken to involve it in mystery.

Madame appeared to approve of these observations, since she condescended to promise that she would make farther inquiries. This was the utmost that I could obtain, and I had the honour to take leave of her Royal Highness. She condescended to say, on receiving my respectful adieus, "Well, M. de St. Didier, I am delighted to have seen you here, and to have made your acquaintance." Such a proof of kindness gives reason to hope that the august Princess was not displeased either with the mission or with the manner in which it was executed.

I am,

Sir,

With the most profound respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble and most faithful servant,

*(Signed)* A. MOREL DE ST. DIDIER.

*Paris, February 5th 1834.*

## (S.2.) SECOND REPORT.

*To His Royal Highness the Duke of Normandy.*

SIR,

According to your Royal Highness's commands, I again went to Prague, and had the honour of being immediately admitted into the presence of the Duchess of Angoulême. This time there was no witness; Her Royal Highness was alone.

“ Oh! good morning, M. de St. Didier, you are come back again then. I understand that you wish to speak to me; what is your business?”

All this was said in a tone of cold politeness, which H. R. H. had been pleased to spare me in our first interview.

I explained the object of this new mission. I had the honour to deliver my despatches to H. R. H. particularly your Royal Highness's autograph letter. I declared, according to my instructions, that I was perfectly ignorant of its contents, which was strictly true.

Her Royal Highness did not appear this time to attach any importance to the despatches which I had the honor to deliver to her; nevertheless, she told me that she would attend to them, and would



give me her final answer in the course of the following week. This was on Friday, the 8th of August.

On the occasion of my first mission, Sir, I spoke of you to H. R. H. only as *the Personage* or the *Claimant*; in this interview, I thought right continually to give you your title of Prince, as, in spite of every consideration, I felt in conscience bound to do so.

I had the honour to inform H. R. H. that not a shadow of doubt as to your identity remained on the minds of any of your friends, not even of those who were prevented by a childish fear of ridicule from avowing it openly.

Unfortunately, this positive declaration rendered the conference very animated on the part of H. R. H. I prepared for the storm with calmness, and with that profound respect which I always feel for the daughter of Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette; but I was fully resolved to defend with firmness the sacred cause of the Royal Orphan, to whom the neglect of the whole world is nothing in comparison with the desertion of a sister who rejects him.

*For the first time*, H. R. H. declared to me, that she knew perfectly well that her brother was dead—that *she had every proof of it*.

This tardy declaration agreed very ill with the anxiety Madame had expressed in the former in-

terview to obtain from your Royal Highness, *above all the most circumstantial details of your escape from the Temple*; neither did it accord with the eager attention which appeared to actuate H. R. H. in her first investigations.

I had the honour to observe to the Princess, that the secret details which you had transmitted to her, appeared to me of a nature to make any one cautious of giving a positive opinion as to the certainty of her brother's death; as an instance of this, I quoted among other facts, that of which the Prince has reminded Madame in these terms: "One day, when, in leaving the Tuileries, we all got into a carriage, which we were shortly to exchange for another, who was the man who carried me in his arms during this change of carriages? certainly no one but your brother can answer this question?"

"Oh!" replied the Princess, "all that has appeared in print; he has read that in some French or foreign journals, or in some other publication."

I contented myself with replying that I never had heard any one say that such details had been published.

But, Sir, the most painful moment for me, was that in which I spoke of the attempt made to assassinate your Royal Highness....." What! Sir, to assassinate!".....replied H. R. H. smiling as if she doubted it!....I could only answer;

"Alas! Madam, it is but too true; and no one thinks of assassinating an impostor, Madam, that crime would be useless."

"*Pardon me, Sir,*" replied H. R. H.

At length notwithstanding a feigned composure, her irritation became evident, and I was painfully surprised when it led her to exclaim harshly: "*M. de St. Didier, this man is nothing but an impostor, an intriguer, but very clever.*"

"Madam," I replied calmly, but with firmness. "I may venture to affirm to your Royal Highness that nothing, absolutely nothing, that characterises an impostor, has ever been perceived in the Prince, from the moment of his first appearance among us to this day. I may say the same, Madam, with regard to his being an intriguer; if this imputation were applicable to him, his friends, and I myself, should be liable to it also."

"What I am saying, M. de St. Didier," answered H. R. H. hastily, "has nothing to do with you; *I am convinced, and I know that you are one of the most upright of men; but you are under a delusion, of which I do not partake.*"

"But," replied I, will your Royal Highness deign to permit me to ask what so great inconvenience could arise from your granting an interview?"

"*A very great one,*" answered the Princess with vehemence, "*for by that step I should appear to acknowledge him.*" I maintained a respectful silence.

When I announced to Madam that your Royal Highness had been informed of her interview with the King of Prussia, at Pilnitz or at Dresden, where that monarch went incognito, she appeared surprised, but nevertheless told me that that account was not correct; that it was true that the King of Prussia went to Pilnitz expecting to find her there, but that not meeting her, he set out immediately for Toeplitz\*, where, in fact, she had an interview with him; that she had spoken to him of your business, and that he had said: “This man has in fact been living in my dominions; *he is a madman, and it was in consideration of the deranged state of his intellect that he was treated with so much lenity in the sentence pronounced against him†.*”

“Madam,” I replied, “my principles and my education teach me that respect is due to all kings, and as we are now speaking of a crowned head, I will refrain from animadverting on this language, but I venture to beg that your Royal Highness will allow me to suppose the following case.”

“Deign then, Madam, to admit for a moment that you have acknowledged your brother—that you have found him in the claimant. This hypothesis once admitted, will your Royal Highness deign to

\* (O. 2.) Letter to the Prince Royal of Prussia.

† His Majesty, the King of Prussia forgot that the Prince suffered nearly four years imprisonment, solely because he had declared himself to have been born a Prince.—*Note to the French Edition.*

tell me, what answer in this case, you would give to the Prussian monarch? . . . . Her Royal Highness remained silent.

One simple observation will strike every upright and sensible mind; how is it possible that the madman spoken of by the King of Prussia, can be at the same time the intriguer whom H. R. H. acknowledges to be so clever? . . . .

\*            \*            \*            \*

\*            \*            \*            \*

(The part of this report which we suppress, is so discreditable to the Family, that Her Royal Highness will know how to appreciate our reserve, and will be able to judge how painful it has been to her brother, to find himself compelled to make disclosures which he would gladly have suppressed.)

The next day I went to the Gradschin. I had the honour of seeing the Viscountess d'Agoult, and of informing her, that, by order of the Prince, I had brought Mme. de Rambaud to Prague, that she might confirm by word of mouth, all that she had had the honour of writing to the Princess. I begged Mme. d'Agoult to obtain for her an audience of H. R. H., and I accounted for this audience not having been solicited earlier, from Mme. de Rambaud's having only just received by the Aigre waggon, the necessary articles for her toilet. Mme. d'Agoult, with her usual kindness, promised to do what I wished, and the following day she

wrote me a note\* which I have had the honour of transmitting to your Royal Highness, and which contains the reasons given by the Duchess of Angoulême for refusing to see Mme. de Rambaud.

As soon as I became acquainted with this refusal, I told Mme. de Rambaud that we must set out on our return without delay. My immediate departure was now a sacred duty, for I could not remain another hour near the Duchess of Angoulême, since she had weakly suffered herself to be led by imprudent counsels, to insult in my presence, the Prince whom I had the honour of representing.

We set out therefore on our journey, and took the Dresden road to rejoin your Royal Highness.

I was on the point of omitting in this report, a little incident, which it is my duty to relate to your Royal Highness.

Your Royal Highness may remember that when you gave me the print of Richemont at Paris, you said jokingly, "Here, my friend, give this portrait to my sister, and ask her whether she would like the original for her brother?" I did not fail to execute your Royal Highness's commission; but when I had the honour of presenting this ridiculous picture to Madame, the Princess, after having examined it for some moments, threw it disdainfully on the table, saying: "No, no, Sir, *that is not the thing*". . . .

I have but one word to add. Your Royal Highness has judged right in thinking that your unhappy sister is only deceived and not guilty, and I am happy to think that I have always been of the same opinion. I look upon her as the suffering victim of a restless and infernal conspiracy, the design of which is to make her responsible for a crime, which is not hers, either in its origin or in its continuance.

I have the honour to be, with the most profound respect,

Sir,

Your Royal Highness'

Most humble, most obedient, and most faithful servant,

A. MOREL DE ST. DIDIER.

*Paris, September 5th 1834.*

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(T.2.) *Letter dictated by the Duchess of Angoulême, in answer to the request that she would grant an audience to Mme. de Rambaud.*

SIR,

I have executed your commission ; the answer

of the Dauphiness is: "That she knew Mme. de Rambaud, who was, more than forty years ago, the attendant of the Dauphin: that not thinking it possible that a person of her age should have undertaken so fatiguing a journey, she has no reason for seeing the person of that name whom you have brought hither; she has read all the papers which you delivered to her, and has found nothing in them which can make her change her opinion, or alter the determination with which you are already acquainted.

TO M. DE ST. DIDIER,

*Hotel of the Three Lime Trees, Prague.*

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\*The reader has seen by the above letter, on what grounds the Dauphiness refused the interview solicited by Mme. de Rambaud. The secret motives of this refusal will thence be easily appreciated.

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\* It is impossible for any person to entertain a higher respect than that which is felt by the English Editor, for the illustrious lady whose conduct is the subject of these animadversions on the part of the French Editor: respect, to which her exalted birth, her early and long misfortunes, and her proverbial piety most justly entitle her. It is with proportionate reluctance that he feels bound to express his opinion, that her conduct in regard to Mme. de Rambaud, was, to use a gentle term, *disingenuous*, and therefore unworthy of her.



Her Royal Highness knew Mme. de Rambaud formerly; she admits that above forty years ago, she was the attendant of the Dauphin; and yet, after having herself borne witness to the perfect integrity of M. de St. Didier, she gratuitously does him the injustice to suppose him capable of presenting an impostor to her under a respectable name! If the Princess had really entertained such a suspicion, she had only to grant an interview, in order to satisfy herself of the truth, and to detect the imposture; but this she carefully avoids! Her honour is concerned that she should grant it, she does not even appear sensible of it. How can this ill-contrived excuse be reconciled with her former declaration, that if any thing was calculated to make an impression on her mind, it was Mme. de Rambaud's letter. The writer of this letter is at Prague, and Her Royal Highness refuses to see her! She is, for a moment, shaken

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With respect to Her Royal Highness's refusal of the solicited interview with the Prince, it appears to the Editor, that, in aiming at extreme discretion, she has acted very indiscreetly; for though, it would certainly be most unreasonable to expect that Her Royal Highness should accord so high an honour to every adventurer, who might presume to call herself her brother, (if any impostor could venture upon so bold a step as to ask for it) yet, in this particular case, where the claimant had succeeded in convincing several persons of unimpeachable honour, and of devoted loyalty to the Bourbon family, it seems that if Her Royal Highness was really persuaded of the emptiness of his pretensions, it would have been an act of prudence, as well as of justice towards these friends of her family, to have granted an interview by which she would have been able to convince them at once how completely they had been deceived.—*English Ed.*

by the testimony of a witness who has always been devoted to her family; this witness is at hand, and she does not even enquire of her upon what evidence she has recognised her brother; it is a circumstance which scarcely interests her! Mme. de Rambaud, whose devoted attachment has prompted her to undertake so long a journey, has the deep mortification of leaving Prague, without having been permitted to see the sister of the son of Louis XVI, without having had it in her power to withdraw that august Princess from the influence which governs her, and which prevents her from following the dictates of her heart, and of her conscience.

We are prepared to expect that the foregoing reflections, which naturally present themselves to the mind, will be bitterly censured by some persons. There are some, (and of this we have already had many instances,) who, from an injudicious zeal, jealous to maintain at any cost, the honor of the Bourbons, strenuously insist that their reputation must be taken care of, and that even the truth itself, if injurious to them, must be suppressed. But let these persons seriously reflect whether the fact of the Prince's existence is compatible with the public and private virtues of the two successive heads of the dethroned family—Should the few friends who believe in his identity abandon persecuted innocence and virtue from such unjust considerations? The world has a

right to know the truth; let those whom it condemns search their own consciences, for there they will find their chief accuser. We too, were devoted to our former masters; we loved and venerated them. Would to God that they could justify themselves, and that all the odium of their denial of the Prince might fall on those treacherous friends by whom they were surrounded! We should be too happy to be able to reconcile our attachment to the unfortunate son of the royal martyr with those sentiments which at the time of the late revolution kept us faithful to our oath, and determined us, from the 1st of August 1830, to relinquish an office which our principles of honour no longer allowed us to retain.

Let us not then be judged too severely, if we have spoken unpalatable truths:—they are indispensable to our defence. It is not without the most heart-felt grief, that we have found ourselves compelled, in our own justification, to expose the course which our adversaries (the Prince's relations) have so deliberately and cruelly pursued towards him. From the year 1814, he has endeavoured by every means in his power, to obtain their recognition of him, without having recourse to legal proceedings. Far from their being sensible of these generous efforts, every attempt at conciliation on his part, only brought upon him renewed persecutions. They have then wilfully exposed themselves to the consequences which naturally follow

from their own proceedings, and which His Royal Highness contemplates with the greatest pain. The impartial reader will perceive that it was impossible, without compromising the cause, to avoid the painful duty which has been imposed upon us, by a line of conduct so determined and heart-rending. If we have sometimes spoken the language of vehement indignation, let the 45 years of sufferings be considered, which have marked the life of a Prince, always unhappy, yet always virtuous. The instigators of the guilty intrigues which have hitherto kept that Prince in obscurity, are known to us, and therefore no one can be surprised at these expressions of indignation, from which we could not with propriety refrain.

Besides we cannot admit the honesty of those, who, in order to screen an usurpation of 15 years standing, endeavour to silence the truth, on the plea that that truth may be painful to the august daughter of Louis XVI; for they are the very persons, who themselves make use of the weapons of ridicule and defamation, against a Prince who is also the son of the royal martyr; and who, besides those misfortunes which he shared in common with his sister, has endured five and forty years of bitter sufferings. Most of these persons, high in rank and of great influence, boast of being the friends of the Dauphiness and of the exiled Family; while by their intrigues they have misled the conscience of that royal lady, and added to

her sorrows, by preventing, through their false representations, her reunion with her brother. In conclusion, we repeat, that if the truth condemns one party, it, at the same time justifies the other. It would be dastardly in us to shrink from proclaiming it to the face of those who have forced upon us the cruel necessity of doing so. The rulers of the world should be the first to set the example of truth and justice. It is by their actions that they should prove themselves truly great, and not by their titles, which, to that end, can avail them nothing. The advantages of birth are the gifts of God ; the choice of good or evil rests with man.

M. GRUAU, *Advocate,*

*Late King's Attorney.*

## FAC SIMILE.

A *fac simile* is here subjoined of the writing of the Queen and of the Prince, between which it is thought that there is a great resemblance. We leave this to be determined by others. It is known that the Dauphin was indebted, for the last lessons which he received in writing, to the personal care and attention of his virtuous mother, Marie-Antoinette.

le mot à ma Soeur.

Madame, les dernières volontés de notre  
père de sa main au moment de mourir.  
mon frère, ils ne seront vraiment heureux  
non. elles vous rappellent ce qu'elle vous  
parle d'une scène que nous eûmes dans la  
temple. Et c'est parce qu'elles sont d'une  
telle, que nos ennemis ont tout fait pour  
de moi par d'infâmes calomnies, ou  
votre tendresse fraternelle en faisant  
mon nom quelques uns des misérables  
en réserve; et en soutirant frauduleu-  
sement. ~~parodie. non~~ 9

and where can one be found more tender or more





## TRANSLATION.

I learnt in the course of the pleadings at the trial, that my daughter has been separated from you. Alas! poor child, I dare not write to her, she would not receive my letter; I do not even know whether this will reach you. Receive here my blessing for them both. I hope that some time hence when they are older they may be reunited to you, and have the full benefit of your tender care. May they both recollect that which I have never ceased to impress upon them, that right principles and the strict performance of their duty should be the rule of their life; that their happiness will consist in their mutual confidence and affection. May my daughter feel that at her age she should always assist her brother with the advice which her greater experience and her attachment to him may suggest; may my son also on his part shew his sister all the kindness and attention that affection can inspire; may they in short both be sensible that in whatever situation they may be placed, they will find true happiness only in being cordially united. Let them take example from us: how much consolation under our misfortunes, has not our friendship afforded us! Happiness, also, is doubly enjoyed when it can be shared with a friend; and where can one be found more tender or more

dear than in our own family? May my son never forget the last words of his father which I here expressly repeat to him: "Let him never seek to avenge our death."

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*My last words to my Sister.*

You have read them, Madam, the last wishes of our excellent mother, written by herself just before her death. "She should assist her brother,—they will find true happiness only in being cordially united." These words will remind you of what she had said to you before, on the occasion of a dispute which we had in the great Tower of the Temple. And it is because this advice is of paramount importance, that our enemies have done every thing in their power to estrange you from me by infamous calumnies, or to mislead your sisterly affection, by bringing forward, under my name, some of those scoundrels whom they keep in readiness; and, by fraudulently obtaining possession of our secrets, to forestall the production of the proofs which I was preparing to lay before you.

God, Madam, has given you eyes to see, and

ears to hear. In the presence of our beloved mother, and before the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge, you will be called upon to answer for not having chosen to see with your own eyes him who has already given you so many proofs of his identity, nor to hear with your own ears the answer to every question which you could put to your brother.

*(Signed)* CHARLES-LOUIS,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*London, October 17th 1836.*



# **SUPPLEMENT.**



*Extract from a Pamphlet by M. Morel de St. Didier, entitled "Le Dernier Fils de Louis XVI."*

*Account of the appearance of the Prince among us, of my communications with some distinguished Legitimatisists and of the irresults.*

It was in the month of August 1833. Three years had already elapsed since France had consigned anew to the school of misfortune, what remained to her of the race of her kings. All were yet breathless with surprise to think that the first throne in the universe had been overturned in *three days* . . . extraordinary blindness ! it is much more astonishing that it should not have fallen in *three hours* . . . God, in his eternal mercy, waits and pardons ; but when our hardened hearts have brought his vengeance upon us, he strikes suddenly, as it were a thunder-bolt.

An individual was in Paris—he declared himself to be the son of Louis XVI. Received by poor but devoted friends, he blessed Providence for the humble asylum which he had prepared for him.

With settled views and a determined plan, he came to claim his civil rights as a Frenchman, as a son, and as a brother.

A stranger to all political parties, he must nevertheless address himself to that which alone can facilitate his access to his family ; it is to the legitimatists then that he must apply ; but he must be referred to some one who is already in communication with the heads of this party ; it is then that I am recommended to him. He asks to see me. My eagerness is the less astonishing, since, convinced of the escape of the Royal Orphan from the Temple, I have sought for traces of him for more than twenty years.

Yet, however great my devotion to this interesting victim, it must not be allowed to mislead my judgment.

I approach this individual with a prudent mistrust ; carefully on my guard against my own feelings, I will not allow myself to be surprised by one of those overpowering impressions, always to be apprehended on similar occasions ; in a word, to exercise a calm and systematic investigation, I determined to listen only to my reason, fearing that my heart might mislead me. It will not fail to be perceived how great was the advantage of a state of mind, which kept my self-love in perfect harmony with my duties : when forty years of revolutions have passed over our heads without any one being able to cast on us a political reproach ; when the principle of legitimacy has ever been the rule of all our conduct ; when the constancy of our fidelity to this principle has raised between us and public office



a brazen wall which has shut out from us all prospects of advancement for the past, the present, and the future ; it is not at our age that we foolishly rush headlong into a snare which has already been laid seven or eight times before our eyes. It will readily be perceived that the smallest inconvenience arising from so clumsy an error would be to expose to ridicule a life of upright honesty, a life of devotion to our country and to our kings, that is to say, a life of sacrifices, of privations and of misfortunes.

It is not regret that I here express ; that would be unworthy of the moral courage of a man of honour in his struggles with adversity. I only wish it to be understood that a thorough conviction, which nothing can alter or destroy, does not assuredly rest on a foundation of sand : that its strength consists in its being deeply rooted in the soil of truth.

Following the guidance of my conscience, I need not say, that I shall not stop in my course. Hostile opinions are of little importance to me, provided that their unjust censure finds me at peace with myself. I ardently desire that men may be better than they appear ; but it is not without apprehension that I recall to mind what Frederic II said to my father : “ Believe me I know mankind better than you do ; I can yet esteem some individuals, but I despise the human race.”—To return :

I must frankly own that the first sight of the claimant occasioned me one of those electrical shocks which it is impossible to analyse: I was struck dumb with surprise and emotion, with uncertainty and hope. A firm determination of mind was necessary to strengthen me against an impression which every thing conspired to render nearly irresistible: a strong resemblance to his illustrious parents, a calm and admirable dignity of manner in his whole person, a magic accent of truth in his conversation, a tone of voice both mild and firm—all, in a word, speaks in his favour. Let it not be imagined that these observations are the result of a constitutional sensibility, of an imprudent prepossession which often causes the triumph of the heart over the judgment: this would be a serious error; I will prove it in a few words.

I can declare with truth that even persons still undecided on the subject, who have had the honour of seeing the Prince, have been moved; that they have left him, with a conviction of their having been received by an honest man, by a man whose every word bears witness to his sincerity, by a man whose frank and open bearing leaves no room for any suspicion of intrigue, of imposture, or of mean and shameful swindling. I only repeat here what I have constantly heard, what all who have been admitted to him can testify. However, four months residence with him under the same roof,

were more than sufficient to convince me of the truth of his pretensions. I was at length obliged to yield to a mass of moral proof the force of which was irresistible. To doubt was now irrational ; reason, logic and honesty forbade any longer resistance.

Is it conceivable that a *German*, scarcely able to speak our language, should dare to come to the capital for the purpose of declaring to us that he is *the son of Louis XVI!* Surely it will be admitted that it is not necessary to be either a minister, a peer, a deputy, a lawyer, or a magistrate, or even a man of talent to appreciate instantly so strange a pretension ; the smallest portion of common sense would be sufficient. Unless you wish to pass for a madman, must you not admit that this individual must be either *an incurable maniac* or the *real Dauphin?*

No doubt there have been bold and skilful impostors. But boldness and skill on this occasion would certainly have had too much reason to fear either the dungeon or the rope, to expose themselves to either, by a gross fraud which could not escape being detected by the most short-sighted.

Now I ask of all those who have had the honour of seeing the Prince and of frequenting his society ; have you found in him any symptoms of a diseased brain—a disordered intellect? in short, has he appeared to you *insane?* no, certainly. I leave it then to every just and sensible man to decide upon the subject.

The dilemma is so close, so pressing on all sides, that a pledged incredulity has no refuge but in a shameful retreat; for good faith will not hesitate to make an avowal favourable to the cause.

Next, what line of conduct does this individual adopt?

He informs those who come to him of the place where his family resides, and invites every one to assure himself of the truth of his statement, to enquire among the inhabitants of Berlin, Spandau, Brandenburg and Crossen, what is the general opinion of his birth, and princely pretensions.

Again, some honest and virtuous husbandmen wish to sell their patrimony, that they may realize a little fortune and place it at his disposal. Not only does he refuse to allow these noble sacrifices; but when they insist, he forbids with the most invincible firmness and the most touching emotion, the testimony of a devotion which would cause the ruin of those whom he loves and esteems.

Of unexampled frugality and patriarchal simplicity, he employs for the relief of the distressed the money which he receives from his not wealthy friends. The portion of the widow and the orphan are his first resources; it is the poor of Bethlehem who provide for the poor man whom God has sent to them. Let us proceed.

He declares that he received *the right of citizenship* at Spandau; that the letters patent which he has in his possession, were delivered to him *by an*

*order of the Prussian Cabinet.* He affirms that that Cabinet has in their hands *the proofs of his identity.* He invites all those who hear him to ascertain the correctness of these statements from the magistrates of Spandau.

This last declaration is so conclusive and so powerful, that its immense importance will not be questioned by any one who is acquainted with the public laws of Europe. It is of such weight that, in truth, it is not easy to determine whether the moral proof here is not stronger than the material. Let us examine the case.

I write under the influence of a conscientious conviction, which, I repeat, is entire and profound. I need not add that neither necessity nor inclination lead me to be a flatterer; that is the office of the base; it does not belong to the honest and loyal. It is then an homage which I willingly offer to truth, when I speak in terms of eulogy of Prince Harttenberg, Prime Minister to the King of Prussia in 1811. Besides having always been one of the statesmen of Europe most hostile to my country, he has been the greatest political enemy, to the unfortunate son of Louis XVI; but he was not the less a minister of great ability.

It is to him that Prussia is indebted, for the excellent municipal regulations which she enjoys. Let us not pride ourselves any longer on ours, when we see with what respectful consideration the Prussian monarch and his government allow

the free exercise of the communal rights. The beneficial power of the municipal franchises is so independent in Prussia, that the king with all his authority cannot confer the freedom of a city upon any one; this right appertains exclusively to the corporations; the greatest danger to the throne would result from laying a rash hand on a right which is rooted in the affections and interests of the whole population of the kingdom.

There is perhaps no example of the right of citizenship being conferred by *an order of the cabinet*. Some evil influence, then, must have done violence to the king, to force from him a decision so contrary to his habits of paternal authority. His minister must then have used the often delusive argument of indispensable and rigorous necessity; he must then have called to his aid all the resources of the most odious machiavelism to mislead the natural goodness and justice of his master. It is thus alone that the intervention of the royal authority can be justified on this occasion, in which it has not feared to brave the sovereignty of the law, in order to insure, by a transgression of it, a safe arrangement of an embarrassing question of state policy. The right of citizenship could only be conferred on the production of authentic documents certifying the family of the claimant, the place of his birth, his condition, his religion, his conduct—in a word, all that can determine the country of an individual. Well! these documents

were required by the municipal authority of Spandau on the demand of the right of citizenship by the Prince. He replies, according to the instructions he had received at Berlin, that he possesses none of them, but that application may be made to the government, who will satisfy the magistrates. This step is taken, and the president of police replies by an order to admit the claimant as a citizen of Spandau, *since his testimonials are in the hands of the government.*

Answer now—

Why have these testimonials been unjustly detained? Why have they not been delivered up to their owner?

Why were they not at least transmitted to Spandau, upon the demand of the municipal magistrates?

Why this unusual and mysterious reserve? Why this exception, perhaps a solitary one, in the annals of the Prussian administration? Why this bold violation of the law?

There was then some secret and all-powerful motive, the avowal of which was withheld, for otherwise the proceeding would have been conducted according to the usual forms of law.

But if these observations appear to be without weight, if we are thought to be wrangling in support of a false and unreasonable impression, it is very easy to reconcile the difficulties on both sides:

it is only necessary for that purpose to shew us *the testimonials which the Prussian government has declared to have in its hands*; demand them of its good faith. They will inform us all at last who is *this citizen of Spandau*. If it delivers them up to you, they doubtless certify that he calls himself *Charles-William Naundorff*; but if it takes refuge in the obscurity of a refusal, the accusation will preserve its full force: it will be evident that this honourable citizen is no other than *Charles-Louis, Duke of Normandy, the last son of Louis XVI.*

In fine, if good faith presides in the discussion of this important question, must we not reflect upon it with deliberation, must we not endeavour to explain the strange conduct of the Prussian cabinet, to interpret to our own minds, a matter of policy which they in vain endeavoured to envelop in mystery, because it is in every way embarrassing to them?

But I see that I am exceeding the limits which I had prescribed to myself, since I am not considering the question of identity. I will content myself with one more observation.

If the unfortunate individual whom I am defending is not the identical person he declares himself to be, who then is he? what is his extraction, his family, the place of his birth? Whoever he may be, he must be the son of parents either living



or dead. His birth-place must be somewhere, whether in the palace of kings or in the cottage of a shepherd. I return to my narration.

I had had the honour of knowing the Prince for some time, when he was pleased to detail to me his plans, and the motives which had brought him to France.

"I do not come," said he, "to disturb the tranquillity of my country, but to save it, if it be possible, from the calamities which threaten it. I desire to be its protecting genius. A stranger to all parties, I recognise none; I see in France only Frenchmen.

"The happiness of my country will ever be dear to me. But believe me, my friend, I have suffered too much to wish for the throne, still less to desire to leave this melancholy inheritance to my unfortunate children. May God preserve them from it!

"The principle of legitimacy resting in me, I alone can dispose of it. My only desire is, if future events will allow of it, to be able to invest Henry Duke of Bourdeaux with it. That child is all the more dear to me, because his unfortunate father fell a victim to his loyal devotion to my just cause; I have all the proofs it. The details of this horrible crime will not always remain unknown. Henry has no longer a father, I will be one to him; he shall be my adopted child.

"For forty years France has been anxiously

balancing herself in the midst of all the elements of destruction. In the different changes she has undergone, all, even her military glory, has concurred to plunge her in blood and in tears, to overwhelm her with regret, and to crush her with sacrifices. So many calamities have been the result of want of judgment and of disorderly passions.

“ If, instead of suppressing my existence in 1795 by a feigned death, I had been made use of to arrest a revolution, to the frenzy and criminal excesses of which every rational interest was opposed, France would have returned into the ways of order. Abuses would have been reformed, means would have been taken not to leave any plausible pretexts to agitators, and the severity of the laws would have done the rest. But far from that, all was done without regard to the dictates of wisdom, and through the efforts of evil passions, stirred up by all kinds of ambition. To some my existence was an embarrassment and an obstacle; others, perhaps, saw future advantage in my secret preservation; all, however, were agreed in feigning my decease. It was thus that my death was announced in order to conceal my existence. For forty years a shroud has been thrown over it; it is time that this cruel game should cease.

“ My youth has been spent in dungeons. There I have lived in grief, in want, and in suffering. For twenty years I have not ceased to write to my family: I have received no answer! The unfor-

fortunate Duke de Berri, alone, addressed some lines to me. A fortnight after, a base assassination was the reward of his loyalty and uprightness! . . . . A friend, whom I had every reason to believe faithful, went to Paris by my orders: he was the bearer of despatches to my family. I am ignorant of his fate; this messenger has never reappeared. . . . .

“ Worn out by so many vicissitudes and misfortunes, I come myself to France, to claim from the tribunals of my country, a name which belongs to me. It ought to be restored to me, if I prove that I am really *Charles-Louis, Duke of Normandy, the last Dauphin of France*. My proofs are indisputable; but their production will not be without serious consequences to *many*. I wish, therefore, to make use of every means to conciliate the common interests.

“ I know that you are a good Frenchman. You are acquainted, I am told, with several of the chief royalists, that is to say, honorable men, devoted to the Bourbons. I wish to see them, and that they should hear me. The interests of my family, more than mine, call upon them to lend me their aid to overcome an unjust and impudent resistance. I am but a poor man, but my distress will not make heavy demands upon them: I only ask them to provide for the expence of the mission which I mean to send to Prague, and to second with their influence my demand for an interview with the Duchess of Angoulême. I have but to say a few

words to her, and she will instantly acknowledge her most unfortunate brother. Whatever may be the boldness of an impostor, certainly but little common sense is necessary to understand that among his expedients he would not have recourse to an earnest and senseless prayer, to be allowed to undergo an ordeal, in which he could find nothing but danger; for if I am not the brother of the princess, it is evident that I should be at once unmasked.

“This, my friend, is all that I ask at your hands. If I were rich, I should be happy to sacrifice every thing for the interest of my country; but the son of Louis XVI has never known opulence. In want of a small sum of money, it is to Frenchmen only that he will apply.

“If I desire a recognition by my sister, it is more for her sake than my own, for I am not in need of it. But this recognition is necessary to enable me to save them all. Without their concurrence I can do nothing for them. If I am openly acknowledged by my family, will not their official declaration establish my identity as the son of Louis XVI? The tribunals will no longer have any doubt of the falseness of the certificate of my decease, the demonstration of it will become more easy, the legal proofs more clear, and I shall re-enter into possession of my civil rights, which will be the immediate and necessary consequence of the verification of my existence.

"If my family disowns me, their rejection declares me an impostor—an intriguer. As I am neither the one nor the other, the painful exigencies of the situation in which they place me, will force me to disregard all other considerations, to enter into the struggle, and to impose silence on the tender feelings of my heart. A husband and a father, I have yet my honour to save, to defend my paternal blood, and to preserve it pure and without stain. I am forced to bring to the light the undeniable proofs which I possess, and which it is not possible for any one to confute; but these proofs will strike like a thunderbolt; assist me to prevent their disclosure."

Such noble sentiments, such upright intentions, so earnest a desire for an interview necessarily full of danger to an impostor; all seem fitted to arrest the attention of men of sense, and to speak forcibly to their reason. Vain hope! the Marquis of —, whom I informed of what was passing, replied in the following terms which I have read: "How can you speak to me on such a matter? ...if he comes to my house, I shall fly..." Strange manner of proceeding in order to unmask a falsehood or to make the truth evident! The pious ecclesiastic who brought me this answer knows even how to out-do this accommodating devotion to the principle of legitimacy. He assured me that if the *Duchess of Angoulême* herself should declare to him, that the claimant was really her

brother—that she could no longer doubt it—that she had every proof of it;—this declaration of *Her Royal Highness would have no weight with him*, since the Princess might be under a delusion.

Next follow the swarm of worthy devotees with their superior reasoning. These declare boldly and seriously that the claimant is an honest man, sincere in his error, *because he has always lived in the certain belief* that he was the son of Louis XVI.

Truly, it is both painful and fatiguing to be obliged to contend against such outrages on common sense.

As if the commonest understanding could admit that Charles X and the Duchess of Angoulême would weakly compromise, *by a doubtful declaration*, the future interests of H. R. H. the Duke of Bordeaux, who is in their eyes, the *Monarchy* itself—would allow themselves to be misled by a delusion, thus *lightly* to sacrifice the future fortunes of that royal child.

As if it were possible, moreover, for any one to have impressed on his memory, *if they were not true*, the details of journeys unknown to others, of removals, of private conversations, of confidences, of several facts, of minute family details, of circumstances which occurred at the Hôtel de Ville, in the palace, in prison; of such details, in short, as we can only know from having been ourselves acquainted with the times, the places, and the circumstances to which they relate.

Notwithstanding the little success of my endeavours, I would not allow myself to be discouraged: another distinguished Legitimist is made acquainted with the case—the Count de ——— replies merely that he does not wish to have any concern in this matter, *because it is contrary to common sense*; that, if the Duke d'Enghein had been aware of the preservation of the Dauphin, he would certainly have confided it to him; for that Prince had no secrets from him. Is it possible that with the abilities which adorn so excellent a disposition, he can be so ignorant of the first principles of political science and of the essential nature of a state secret.

At length I was compelled to give up the hope of bringing conviction to minds of such limited powers of comprehension.

It must be admitted that the Royalists in general, for above forty years, have not rightly appreciated the means necessary to insure the triumph of sound political principle. Full of good intentions, desiring the happiness of their country, with the same sincerity with which they desire the preservation and glory of the throne, their end is always just, but the means they employ are always wrong.

Let us see how far these remarks apply to the question before us.

An individual comes forward, declaring himself to be the last Dauphin of France, and requesting assistance to procure for him an interview with

the Duchess of Angoulême; but he is repulsed: this was a great error: for would it not have been judicious in the Legitimists, to have forwarded with all their power, a step which would have led to the unmasking of a new impostor? I will go farther,—I say that it was their duty, and I will prove it.

The most honourable men of this party have pretended that they ought not to interfere in this matter with the family at Prague; that there was no ground for speaking to the Princess about it, that it would only add a new grief to a life already overburdened with afflictions: that, in short, they will not have any thing to do with *this man*; that, in any case, they ought to remain quiet and wait the event; that it is for him to prove what he advances, and not for them to force him to bring forward his proofs.

Without dwelling on the insulting levity of such opinions, it appears to be impossible to reason more inconclusively.

Have we not heard men in high situations, tell us in strict confidence with all the assurance of *Doctrinaires*: "*I am convinced, you know, that he is really the son of Louis XVI*"; but, you see, I do not choose to admit it openly; my position does not allow me to do so; I shall besides be much more useful to him by this kind of devotion. But this is between ourselves, my dear sir, this conversation is not to be repeated."



Others say to you with an ingenuousness which is quite ridiculous: "Yes, all that furnishes matter for reflection,—but—I do not wish to explain. I abstain because I fear to be imposed upon; I wait till a legal decision shall have pronounced him to be the son of Louis XVI—then indeed . . . ."

Elsewhere, in dwellings decked with all the ornaments of heraldry, where all the principles of christian charity are professed, can we, without grief, hear it repeatedly said: "His name is *Louis-Charles*, and he calls himself *Charles-Louis*—you see he deceives even in the most trifling particulars."

On one side you hear professed with all the frankness, at least, of open hostility, this maxim of a new right: "Even if he should be the son of Louis XVI, we will have nothing to do with him. We recognize in Henry V alone, the principle of Legitimacy."

On another side, persons of great judgment and violent feelings, exclaim: "*No, if God himself should come down from heaven to tell me, (me, myself mind you) that he is Charles-Louis, Duke of Normandy, I should not believe it a bit the more.*"

I am willing to admit with you that after having witnessed a succession of so many audacious impostors, we should arm ourselves with a prudent mistrust; that it would be inconsiderate, absurd, and cruel, to force an august Princess to come and

bear an unwilling part in each of these mysterious dramas.

But is it not evident that the new claim which you treat with so much disdain, bears no resemblance to those which have preceded it? that the several impostors who have come forward, have successively sunk under the overpowering weight of their imposture, their thefts, and their audacious rapacity? That the unfortunate person, on the contrary, whom you now repulse with a systematic cruelty, comes boldly forward to the light, without mystery and without fear; that he points out to you his abode, presents to you a wife and six children, tells you the name of the town where they reside, and implores you to go and assure yourself of the truth? Has not this proscribed Prince been dragged before the correctional police? has he not been obliged to undergo all that is humiliating in misfortune and grief, when he was reduced to the necessity of answering to an odious charge of swindling? Did not the voice of justice pronounce this consolatory sentence: *No, you are not guilty, you are an honest man.*

When an unjust rigour had commenced an action against two officers of justice, for having lent their aid to the Prince in the citation which calls upon the exiled Bourbons to acknowledge him, what happened? Did not a full tribunal, worthy of the magistrates of which it is composed, (the seven chambers united) unanimously

concut in dismissing the complaint, *without even calling upon the accused for their defence?*

Are you ignorant that this unfortunate Prince, the object of your insulting mirth, is the bearer of the most honourable testimonials from foreign magistrates?

Does not he disclose a multitude of facts and of circumstances, all of which are at least eloquent and reasonable presumptions in his favour? Is it not well known that he is supported by the poor, and asks nothing of any one? that his piety is sincere and rational? that he is humane, and kind, and generous, and full of sensibility? that his prayers and his tears are always ready for the unfortunate, though he may have nothing else to bestow? Well! I challenge you to say, do such qualities belong to an impostor, a liar, and an intriguer, and did not the knowledge of them impose duties on you Legitimatists, who pique yourselves on a principle which you have never understood?

In this case, does not every thing appear under a new aspect? is not this aspect the more serious in that every detail given by the Prince bears a character of truth, well fitted to remove the least suspicion of fraud, to awaken an instinctive attention? In so critical a position, do not reason, common sense and honour, point out to you the line of conduct you ought to pursue?

When the aid of a conservative principle is in-

voked, is it not, at least, right to argue upon the logical consequences of that principle.

It ought to be said: "This matter presents itself in too plausible a shape to allow us to let it pass unnoticed. This individual—no doubt another impostor—has nevertheless something to say for himself which carries weight. His resemblance to the Bourbons, his dignified carriage, his air of frankness, of goodness and of truth, the astonishing details which he relates, the number of persons who yield to a fascination in this belief, which indeed appears to be contagious—all this imposes on us the necessity of informing the Duchess of Angoulême of this circumstance. Our first duty is to get hold of any audacious person who assumes the title of brother to our august Princess, to unmask him forthwith by forcing him to produce his pretended proofs. As this man is more skilful than others, and as the impression which he makes, threatens to break our ranks, and to throw division among us, it is absolutely necessary that Madame should come forward, for she alone can now, by a peremptory declaration, stop the disorder which is spreading.

" He asks for an interview with the Princess—Well! let us unite our entreaties with his to obtain it.

" He has no money to defray the expence of sending messengers to Prague—well! we must

offer him some, our sacrifices cannot fail to have a useful result, since we shall confound a new impostor. They would be doubly valuable, if contrary to all hopes, they should restore to us the son of Louis XVI."

This is what should have been said and done.

When I had the honour to unfold to the august Princess the plan which I had adopted and pursued in this affair from the first, and the absurd answers of her friends, (whom I named to her) I could easily read, even in her silence, the painful impression which their unskilfulness and folly raised in her mind,

This is not all, we will propose a dilemma from which none can escape.

The claimant is either an impostor, and in that case he would be disgracefully exposed in the desired interview.—No doubt Madame would have granted it to your urgent entreaties, especially if you had pointed out, with a respectful earnestness the reasons which made it indispensable.—

Or, secondly, the claimant is truly the son of Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette.

Do you not perceive what powerful aid you would in that case have afforded to Madame? How you might have delivered this second Iphigenia, bound by pitiless reasons of state upon the altar of eternal sacrifices ; burning with fraternal recollections, consumed by her despair, her lamentations, and her regrets, which no humane or gene-

rous being must know, protect, or listen to; expiring under the load of her despised and proscribed sufferings, and, at length, with her latest breath, invoking the mercy of God, the prayers of her mother, and the forgiveness of her unhappy brother?

Do you not discern how and why she would, in that case, have owed her happiness to you—hereafter *perhaps her life*—from your having urged her, in the name of nature, of conscience, and of honour, to acknowledge him who suffered so much with her?

It was thus that a well understood devotion would have truly served our unfortunate princess, it was thus that it would have relieved her from the fatal bondage which now enslaves her; a bondage from which her own strength, alas! rendered powerless by you, is no longer able to emancipate her! It was thus, in short, that you would have come to her defence. You could have done it with the more security to your hopes, and to your designs, in that it was not a question of political inheritance, of regal rights; that it related only to a civil right, lost and reclaimed, to a share of some remains of fortune for the support of six children and their deserving mother.

But see now in what a dangerous and threatening position, the errors of an ill-judged conduct have placed the unfortunate victim whose life has been one of continued suffering! How will you be able to answer her, when, perhaps, on some not

far distant day, she will reproach you, with so much reason, with her last misfortunes and her last tears!

After having been harshly repulsed by men of birth, and of high station in society, the Prince hoped to find a benevolent interest among the great dignitaries of the church; *their eyes seemed to be holden that they should not know him.* But I mistake:—while an Archbishop refused to listen to the plaintive voice of a child of God, a Bishop offered him his homage, addressed him in honied words, and besought his Royal Highness to come and reside in his sumptuous dwelling.—But, oh! infamy!—"Beware," said a low and trembling voice in the ears of the Prince; "beware of accepting these perfidious offers; your ruin is intended!!!—If I were to say whose was this voice, the blood of every mother would rush to her heart.

It is thus that the guardians of the Divine law sought to isolate their victim, by separating him from his faithful friends!

It is thus that a great prelate, whose destiny it is to bear the weight of affairs, with the double weight of popular odium, drives from him the child of misfortune, who thought to find a refuge with him! It is thus, that, while preaching the sacred obligation of charity, he dares to forbid all the religious establishments in his diocese to give to that unfortunate one, the cup of water, upon

which God has promised his blessing when it is offered in his name !

It is thus that in resentment of a refusal, his holy brother soon calumniates him, who, but lately received his homage ; no longer sees in him any thing but an intriguer, or in his friends, other than hired men, ready to deliver him up for " thirty pieces of silver."

This episcopal conspiracy must surely be strongly imbued with the odour of sanctity, since several prelates have hastened to follow in the lead of their saintly brethren.

But enough—Let us turn from these disgusting details, to more consolatory recollections, and hasten to tell of the touching sympathy which the unhappy Prince has met with among the inferior clergy. Alas ! these good and worthy apostles can only aid him with their vows and their prayers, but it is in their sad regrets, their gentle tears, that he has seen displayed the true sentiments of christian charity . . . .

It has been seen how fruitless all the efforts of the royal victim have proved, owing to an unheard of and unbridled ill will ; every one refused to extend a helping hand to enable him to send messengers of peace to Prague. But as the sage of Lesbos says, hope is the soother of all our griefs, she supported the Orphan Martyr, in the midst of such bitter trials. He calmly trusted in his God



who would not fail him ; this christian confidence was not disappointed ; Divine Providence came to the aid of his patient and enduring faith.

A pious and venerable pastor, poor in worldly goods, but rich in grace, fully convinced of the identity of the Prince, from that moment felt new duties arise ; he was aware of the extreme destitution of the Prince and of his family ; these sufferings weighed heavily on his conscience and on his heart. The small sum of 1000 francs was the whole fortune of this virtuous pastor ; he immediately offered this small supply to the son of the Royal Martyr, entreating him to employ it immediately for *the pressing wants of his family*.

What did the unfortunate Prince do then ? It is here that the greatness of his soul is displayed. He sent for me, and related what had passed between him and his good curate. “ You see, my friend,” he said, “ the great refuse to acknowledge me, the rich avoid me ; but the poor remain to me. Set out for Prague: take this sum of money, it is my children’s bread—no matter, God will take care of them . . . Go ! my country—its misfortunes—Henry of France—all urge on me the necessity of again addressing my sister.

It may be imagined with what emotion I received these orders given in a firm and animated tone. The hastiness with which this decision was made extended also to the choice of the messenger. Justly flattered with this mark of confidence my

devotion made it imperative on me on me to reply with an honest frankness. Considerations also presented themselves to my mind, of so important a nature, that I could not for a moment delay submitting them to the Prince.

Accordingly, I observed to him that I was not the person on whom he should have fixed ; that I had not the honour of being known to H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême, or to Charles X, or to the Prince, his son, or to those who were about the exiled Bourbons ; that I had reason to fear that I should not obtain an audience of the Princess, especially as my mission related to important family matters ; that my journey would therefore be useless, and the expence thrown away ; that, besides it was imposing too much on the Princess, to make an utter stranger to her, a witness of the various emotions which would be inevitable in a conference not free from matter of accusation ; that it was desirable, as much as possible, to relieve from all painful embarrassment her who had already undergone so many sufferings.

I added that it appeared to me more fitting to send to Prague, some person already known to Her Royal Highness, and possessed of her confidence ; that it was a consideration which should not be refused to Her Royal Highness on an occasion when her feelings would be exposed to great and various excitement ; that she should at least be allowed the comfort of discussing the question

with unembarrassed freedom, with a person to whom she could lay open her mind in perfect confidence.

The Prince listened with great attention to these remarks; he opposed my opinions with reasons which were not without weight. I persisted and brought forward new arguments, but it was in vain. After some moments of silent reflection, he rose hastily and said: "My determination is unchanged, you will go; make your arrangements to get your passports to-morrow."

I replied that I had thought it my duty to submit to him the observations which I had had the honour to make; but that duty being now fulfilled, I was ready to set off immediately.

Not having been able to alter the Prince's determination, it became necessary at least to provide against the vexations to which the execution of the commission might expose me. I therefore entreated the Prince to send another commissioner with me, and I urged this request strongly; he was surprised at it and asked my reason; this was easily explained.

I observed that if I went alone, whatever might be the result, I should never escape censure; that in case of Her Royal Highness's consent to the desired interview, the enemies of the Prince would deny the truth of it; they would argue against the probability of such a consent, from the little confidence that Madame could give to a person

who was unknown to her, and whom no one was acquainted with at Prague; that if I brought a refusal, the friends of the Prince would not fail for the same reasons to blame a choice of which this refusal would be the natural consequence.

I had reason then to ask that another commissioner should be sent with me; I was the more earnest in my entreaties as they were the result of a prudent foresight: I wished for a witness to the truth and accuracy of my report on my return to Paris.

My reasons were appreciated, the Prince consented to give me a colleague; he commissioned me to present to him some one worthy of his entire confidence. I thought to meet his views completely by proposing to him M. de —; relations of intimacy were soon established, the Prince was satisfied, M. de — appeared to be equally so, he accepted the mission, and we prepared for the journey.

Our places were already taken, when to my great surprise, and on the evening before our departure, M. de — came to inform me, that, having reflected on the subject, it was impossible for him to go, since he was not so convinced as I was of the identity of this person with the son of Louis XVI; that, in consequence, not being in possession of sufficient proofs, he did not wish to be a party in this mission. I complained of this proceeding without any of the bitterness for which

it might have afforded a fair excuse ; I contented myself with observing how strange it was to meet with such objections just at the moment of stepping into the carriage.

It was in vain I insisted, and pointed out to my retreating colleague, that the necessity of procuring the Princess' consent to an interview was entirely independent of a personal conviction of the truth of the claim ; that the impression produced by the claimant might spread rapidly, that time should not be allowed for the triumph of delusive appearances : that it was already easy to perceive, how, in every point of view, he won upon the belief of those who had any dealings with him ; that it was serving the Princess and her august pupil to procure an interview which would put an end to all uncertainty on the subject ; that every sensible man should reason thus while he was unconvinced ; that, in short, these observations had common sense, logic, good faith, and loyalty on their side.

But all was of no avail, I was unable to convince M. de —, and he persisted in his refusal.

I hastened to inform the Prince of this event, as surprising as it was unexpected ; he bore this disappointment with his accustomed resignation.—It is well known that the Royal Orphan has not been spoiled by too much consideration.—I entreated that another selection might be made ; but in vain : “ It is enough ;” said the Prince, “ I will have nobody. You have my confidence, that ought to

satisfy you ; you will alone be charged with my orders, you will set out to-morrow."

This determination grieved me ; it caused me some uneasiness of mind. I had foreseen Her Royal Highness's refusal, and I had communicated my expectation of it to the Prince. But notwithstanding this expectation, I felt like him, the expediency of the mission ; for this refusal itself would be of future utility. I accordingly made up my mind to brave every possible annoyance that I might encounter, and the stupid calumnies which I had foreseen would await my return. All that concerned me personally gave me little uneasiness : my conscience was pure, my devotion to the Prince well founded and entire ; a zeal which sprung from both of these could not err ; with such reflections I tranquillized my mind.

The next day I went to receive my despatches, and my last instructions. The Prince embraced me with visible emotion appearing sensible of mine. At five o'clock in the evening, I was approaching Metz.

*Short Account of my two missions to Prague.\**

With an agitated heart and a pensive mind, I proceeded mournfully towards Bohemia. Grief, uneasiness, and fear, by turns took possession of me. Alone in this important and delicate mission, unknown to the exiled Royal Family, a stranger, and above all a Frenchman, arriving in Prague, after the chivalrous imprudence of a youth of ardour, loyalty, and generosity, I had every thing to fear—the refusal of an audience with the Duchess of Angoulême, and an order from the Austrian government for my immediate departure from Prague, which would be the inevitable consequence of the refusal of the august Princess. Nevertheless, the more embarrassing and difficult my position appeared, the less danger there was that I should shrink from the performance of my duty; energy and courage were necessary, my devotion and zeal promised me both, and the promise did not fail: God was with me.

On my arrival at Prague on the 10th of January 1834, I wrote immediately to the Viscountess

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\* This account being fuller than that contained in the Two Reports at the end of the original work, the additional matter is given here, and reference made to them for what has already appeared.—*English Ed.*

d'A——, informing her that I was just arrived from Paris, and that I was the bearer of a letter to her, which I had orders to deliver only into her hands. I begged her to grant me an interview. Mme. d'A—— had the kindness to do so without delay. A servant brought me her answer, and I waited on her at two o'clock the next day. Mme. d'A—— was extremely polite, but grave in her manner. Already aware of the Prince's appearance in Paris, she behaved in this interview with all the reserve which her admirable devotion to the Princess prescribed to her. Every word she spoke bore witness to her excessive prudence. I soon became sensible that misfortune even has its happy moments, when a friend is near worthy to share its sorrows.

After the exchange of the ordinary forms of civility, I presented to Mme. d'A—— the Prince's autograph letter. "It appears that he desires that you should have an audience with the Duchess of Angoulême," she said to me with kindness, after having read it. "I cannot see Her Royal Highness now, till the hour of the King's dinner. I will take her orders and transmit them to you without delay." We conversed together for some time about the Prince, but we did not enter far into the subject: Mme. d'A—— continued to shelter herself in doubt, but at the same time avoided committing herself with respect to the absolute certainty of the death of the Dauphin. Although assuring



me at the same time that the Princess *believed* in her brother's decease, she did not endeavour to demonstrate to me that Her Royal Highness had *certain proof of it*. When I insisted on the truth of his existence, Mme. d'A—— maintained the contrary with embarrassment. At length she released herself from this constrained position, by saying, that, for the rest, the Duchess would be delighted to find her brother; that, independently of her personal gratification in such a discovery, it would be the happiest event that could occur, since it would reconcile all the difficulties which encumber the present state of affairs. This reflection was just; it said neither one thing nor the other, but it afforded the estimable friend of the Princess, a convenient opportunity of closing a conversation which she did not wish to prolong. Mme. d'A—— took leave of me with perfect kindness. I retired much gratified at having had the honour of paying my respects to her.

The next morning, January 12th, Mme. d'A—— sent me a note in which she informed me that H. R. H. would see me at four o'clock on that day.

It was then that I regretted more than ever that I should be alone at that audience. But, as I have said before, God was with me, and I soon had proof of it, for He came to my aid in providing me a witness,

Introduced into the Princess's apartment, after having remained some minutes in the waiting

room, I found the Marquis de V—— with Her Royal Highness.

The august Princess received me with the greatest politeness. Her Royal Highness was seated on a sofa, and condescended to rise and to do me the honour of advancing to meet me as far as the middle of the room. "Good morning, M. de Saint Didier:" said H. R. H. to me, with a graciousness in which there was nothing studied, "This is the Marquis de V——, one of my oldest servants; I should wish him to be present at our conference."

"Your Royal Highness could not do any thing more agreeable to me:" I immediately replied respectfully, and with marked satisfaction.

When the august Princess had commanded us to be seated, I hastened first to enquire after the health of H. R. H. and of that of the King, the Duke of Angoulême, the Duke de Bordeaux and Mademoiselle.

H. R. H. permitted me to fulfil this duty, and immediately opened the conversation on the object of my journey. Her first words petrified me. "Well, M. de Saint Didier," said the Princess, "you are come on the subject of the desired interview, but I have already answered by a positive refusal; this refusal was sent on the 16th of December." I was struck dumb, for these words left me without a mission. They seemed to announce to me that I had nothing more to do there,

Nevertheless, I would not give up the point. I

recovered my self-possession, I felt the necessity of firmness; as the Prince's commissioner, it was my duty to persist, notwithstanding the respect I owed to Her Royal Highness.

"Your Royal Highness's declaration alarms me," said I immediately with a feeling of deep concern, "it breaks my heart; how is it possible, consistently with your Royal Highness's excellent judgment, that you should have determined on so hasty and decisive a refusal, when your Royal Highness has not yet examined any of the official documents, has seen nothing, has heard nothing of the proffered details which should induce you to suspend such a refusal."

"But what would you have me to do, M. de Saint Didier?" replied the Princess; "my refusal is sent; I cannot retract—there is a great difficulty in all this." I persisted, entreating H. R. H. to condescend to listen to me. I informed her that I was the bearer of important despatches, that H. R. H. would find in them proofs which would determine her to grant the solicited interview. H. R. H. appeared, by her silence, to authorize me to enter into some farther explanations: I took advantage of her kindness.

[See from p. 451. l. 15. I had the honour to inform, &c. to p. 452. l. 10.]

In a word, I acquainted H. R. H. with the whole of my conduct in this business. H. R. H. appeared far from disapproving it; it could not be

otherwise, since I had followed the line of fidelity and honour:—others should have done the same.

[See from p. 452. l. 11. I had the honour to deliver, &c. to p. 453. l. 22.]

I had the honour of speaking to H. R. H. of what had passed on the occasion of the recognition of the Prince by *Martin*. “As to *Martin*,” interrupted H. R. H., “I have no faith in that at all.”

The Marquis de V——, who, till then had remained silent, asked leave of H. R. H. to make an observation. “But, sir,” said he, “it is affirmed that *Martin* has recognised several Louis XVII. “No sir,” I replied quickly; “this charge is an odious calumny: the person who is now at Paris is the only one that Martin has ever recognised as the son of Louis XVI.”—“But, sir,” continued the Marquis de V——, “how does he live at Paris?”—“Why, he lives on the bounty of his poor friends,” replied the Princess in a tone of deep feeling, which almost amounted to emotion.

I wished that H. R. H. should read in my presence the despatches which I had had the honour to deliver to her: I expressed a desire that she should do so, enforcing my request by my orders to return as soon as possible to Paris; but owing either to a preconcerted plan, or to the day closing in and there being no lights in the room, H. R. H. answered after some moments of reflection: “Well! I consent to consider this matter: the day is closing

in, it is now too late ; but I promise to read with great attention all that you have brought me : I will afterwards give you my answer with respect to the interview desired by the claimant. But this is too serious a matter to be lightly examined, and of such importance that it will be necessary for me to devote several days to the consideration of it. I shall require at least a week : make a little tour ; visit the environs, and on your return I will see you again. But if you must strictly confine yourself to your orders and return to Paris immediately, you must be aware that it will be impossible to give you an answer." " My first order is to obey those of your Royal Highness : I shall have the honour of waiting for them." replied I, bowing. " Besides," added H. R. H. " I give you notice that I must mention the whole business to the King and to the Dauphin, for I never do anything without their knowledge and consent." I again bowed, H. R. H. rose, and I withdrew.

At Prague they dine at one o'clock ; this hour did not suit me. I therefore had my dinner served at six o'clock, in the large hall of the *table-d'hôte* : accordingly I was always there alone at my dinner hour. But the day after my audience, I saw enter the hall, the Count de —, and three of our fellow-countrymen. I was aware that the Count was in the capital of Bohemia, and I did not a little regret that my position obliged me to avoid a gentleman whom I so much loved and esteemed ; but

as we no longer served under the same colours, and I was not come to Prague to abandon mine for his, it will be obvious that I could not seek him out. These gentlemen seated themselves in an opposite angle to me at the further end of the hall. Two of his companions dined expeditiously, because they were to have the honour of joining his Majesty's party that evening. I thought the Count must have seen me—he must have thought the same of me. This placed me in a false and forced position. Besides, as it is not my habit to be unpolite, I did not choose to leave the hall without speaking to the Count. I went up to him, when I rose from table; he was alone with the remaining one of his friends. “Ah! good day to you, M. de Saint Didier,” said he with his usual kindness; “How are you? Madame spoke to me about you yesterday evening; she asked me whether I had known M. Morel de Saint Didier, and M. de ———\*, at Paris—who these gentlemen were? you may suppose that I told H. R. H. what I thought of both.—But tell me, how is it possible that you, who have the esteem and confidence of all who know you, can have undertaken such a mission? In truth I cannot comprehend it.” Somewhat displeased with such an inconsiderate address, “Sir,” replied I hastily, “there is something

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\* The Princess had no doubt been informed that M. de ——— was to have accompanied me.

much more surprising to me, and that is that you should not have undertaken it yourself, for it was your duty to do so." "Well now, tell me, M. de Saint Didier," replied he, "do you in your conscience believe that he is the son of Louis XVI? have you an entire conviction of it?" "If I had not, sir," continued I in the same tone, "I should certainly not be here." The worthy Count did not perceive that his question was a kind of insult. But he answered immediately: "That is a different case then, I have nothing more to say; you have fulfilled a duty: I know that you are a man of honour." I bowed to these gentlemen and went out.

The Count did not bear me malice: a few days afterwards he came to dine at my hotel, and seating himself at the same table with me, said with the greatest politeness and kindness: "I am come to day expressly on your account; I wished to have the pleasure of seeing you before my departure, which takes place to morrow.

I informed him that mine was also near. We conversed on various subjects, which have no relation to this matter. After having promised to call on each other at Paris, we parted: he was going to Vienna.

[See from p. 454. l. 12. A few days after, &c. to p. 456. l. 9.]

The Princess observed to me that she could not conceive what interest the King of Prussia could have had to persecute the son of Louis XVI. I

had the honour to reply to H. R. H. that there the question of policy began ; that, for the present, I was only authorized to treat of a family question, entirely distinct from all state disputes: that having no instructions on that head, I regretted that I was not able to enter into that question with her.

[See from p. 456. l. 9. I endeavoured by every means, &c. to p. 457. l. 17.]

When I left H. R. H. I went to pay a visit to the Viscountess d'A——, to take leave of her, and to thank her for her reception of me. She had become gradually less cold and more kind in her manner each succeeding time that I had had the honour of seeing her.

Undoubtedly Her Royal Highness's flattering expressions, had removed all that I had anticipated of pain and difficulty in my position at Prague. I had done every thing in my power to reconcile with respect and propriety the strict adherence to my orders which my duty imposed on me: I was at peace with myself—when that is the case, I fear no one.

My whole life has been regulated by two maxims which I learned from my cradle: the one is to care little for the reproaches of others, when I am free from the reproaches of my own conscience: the other is to repel all praise if I am so unhappy as to be self-condemned.

Yet notwithstanding all the reasons which I had for being at ease, I found myself still oppressed by



a painful apprehension: I feared lest in the zealous discharge of an imperious duty, I might, in my conference with the august Princess, have been betrayed into some expressions which might have wounded this illustrious victim of the vicissitudes of fortune: this idea overwhelmed me. I expressed my fears to Mme. d'A——, and entreated her, in case they should be well founded, to offer my deepest and most respectful regrets to the Princess.—“No, no,” immediately interrupted Her Royal Highness’s estimable friend, “go without any uneasiness, M. de Saint Didier; you may return to Prague whenever you please, you will be always well received.” These words consoled me. Alas! why did not H. R. H. grant me a still greater consolation! . . . .

It was the 19th of January, and the King had invited all the French, resident in Prague to attend the service of the 21st. It will be imagined with what eagerness they all went to discharge this pious duty. I had the mortification to be the only one of my fellow-countrymen absent, but from a circumstance over which I had no controul. I had been so seriously indisposed the night before, that it was impossible for me to leave my bed till two or three o’clock in the afternoon. I had just slipped on my dressing gown, when an agreeable surprise diverted my attention from my sufferings. The Marquis de V—— was announced: he had the goodness to say that he would not let me go

without first having paid me a visit. Truly sensible of this delicate attention, I expressed my regret that I could not hope to have the honour of waiting upon him, on account of my indisposition, and my departure being fixed for the next day. I begged him to explain to the Duchess of Angoulême the reason which had prevented my being present at the service. He had the kindness to promise to do so, agreeing with me that my absence might have been noticed, as I was the only Frenchman who did not attend.

We conversed for some time on various subjects. I do not know whether the Marquis had been sent by the Princess: he several times volunteered an assurance to the contrary, but all his questions appeared to invalidate this assertion; he must then excuse me the harmless fancy of not being thoroughly convinced. For the rest, M. de V—— appeared much astonished, when in answer to his enquiries, I told him that I had never held any office or employment under the restoration: that I had never received any favour from the court: that my conviction of the existence of the son of Louis XVI, and my researches after him for more than twenty years, were the principal cause of the systematic neglect which I had experienced: that being quite ruined, I had in vain solicited employment, particularly in the department of foreign affairs: that this line was marked out to me by a paternal wish, and by my own predilection; that I had destined from my youth

for the diplomatic line, and that my education had been chiefly directed to affairs of state and government.

M. de V—— put several other questions to me; I replied with sincerity and openness. We parted, and I took leave of him with the greatest regret that I had not had the honour of knowing him at Paris, where I have seen him again since his return. He is a good and estimable man, and a valuable addition to my acquaintance.

The next day January 22nd, I set out for Wurtzburg.

Arrived at Paris on the 3rd of February, I hastened to give an account to the Prince of all the details of my mission. H. R. H. condescended to express his satisfaction at the manner in which I had executed his orders.

I had the honour to inform the Prince of the wish expressed by Madame, to receive in writing the last proofs, which His Royal Highness had said he would only give by word of mouth to his august sister. A visible displeasure overspread the majestic countenance of the Prince: he justly observed that he had already transmitted to the Duchess of Angoulême, details which ought to have been so many convincing proofs to her; that in any case, even supposing she still entertained doubts, he had sent to the Princess ten times more information than was necessary to have obliged her, as a matter of conscience and duty, to have granted an im-

mediate interview to him who said that he was her brother. And all this was obviously true.

This refusal, which the unhappy son of Louis XVI was justified in considering to proceed from ill-will, could not, however, extinguish the fraternal love of our excellent Prince: in his noble and patient soul, disdain and forgetfulness always met with generosity and tenderness. It seemed as if the more his misled sister persisted in a separation from him, the more anxious he was to bring about an interview. Alas! the good Prince was sad, thoughtful, and distressed. He reflected for some time, and, notwithstanding his just grounds of complaint, he consented to write again.

In fact H. R. H. sent another letter to his sister at Prague: it remained unanswered.

Assuredly, it was impossible to brave with greater imprudence the unknown chances of the future.

But time was passing—all things have an end. Forty years of rejection and of misfortune, gave the Prince reason to think that he had experienced all which could be required of his patience for the welfare of his family. Nevertheless, his noble and generous nature prompted him to fill up the measure of his respect and consideration by a last attempt.

The Prince sent for me: he announced his determination to send again to Prague, and ordered me to prepare for a speedy departure. Mme. de Rambaud was to accompany me: the Prince wished

her to see his sister. This was a wise plan, and it would be an assistance to my mission. It was to be expected that this honourable lady, whose tender and devoted attachment is so great, would overcome the Princess's doubts. How could it be otherwise indeed, when it is remembered that H. R. H. is acquainted with Mme. de Rambaud, whom she well knows to have been attached to the service of her brother: when it is remembered that the Dauphin was committed to the charge of this estimable lady from the moment of his birth: that he was confided for seven years to her anxious and attentive care: that, consequently, neither the physical nor the moral proofs of his identity can escape her: that she has found them all: that, in short, Mme. de Rambaud could not be mistaken, and that her testimony ought to be convincing to the Princess.—It will soon be seen how our hopes were disappointed, in consequence of the intrigues by which H. R. H. is surrounded.

The ardent wish again to find a sister made every thing appear possible to the Prince. It will be seen how on this occasion his courage despised dangers, and how little importance his active tenderness made him attach to his personal safety.

H. R. H. had resolved to go to his family at Dresden; he confided his intention to me. I had orders to go before the Prince with Mme. de Rambaud, and to wait for him in Saxony: he intended to follow us in two days, and to remain at Dresden

till he knew the result of my mission. If the Princess persisted in her refusal, she was not to know of the Prince's arrival: if Her Royal Highness granted the interview, I was to inform her that the Prince was at Dresden, and to announce to her that he was ready to come to Prague. In this case I was to set out immediately to accompany His Royal Highness.

All this being arranged, I received my despatches and my instructions, and on the 25th of July 1834, I set out, accompanied by Mme. de Rambaud.

In a few days we arrived at Dresden. It was then that I had the honour to see, for the first time, the admirable family of the Prince. It makes me happy when I reflect that I am the first Frenchman who has embraced all the members of this charming family.

Important business had detained the Prince at Paris; he arrived later than he had intended. According to my instructions we did not wait for him, and on the 7th of August we arrived at Prague.

I had the honour to see the Viscountess d'A—— immediately: she received me coldly and in silence. I guessed what would happen: she undertook, however, to procure me an audience: I obtained it for the next day: at four o'clock I was with H. R. H.

[See from p. 458. l. 7. This time there was no witness, &c. to the end of p. 461.]

I could not do otherwise, for it would have

been too painful to me to point out the interpretation which might naturally be put on this indiscreet reply.

The Prince had been accurately informed of a mysterious journey which the King of Prussia had recently taken to Dresden and to Pilnitz, under the strictest incognito. The secret had been so carefully kept that it was unknown to every one; the Prince was alone was informed of it. The object of this journey was a rendezvous with the Duchess of Angoulême which being ill arranged, no doubt, this monarch and the Princess missed each other: the King of Prussia, not finding H. R. H. either at Dresden or at Pilnitz, set out again immediately for Tœplitz; he there met H. R. H. and the interview took place.

When I had the honour to give these details to H. R. H. she was extremely surprised. But H. R. H.'s sound judgment immediately pointed out to her the necessity of a frank admission, and she did me the honour to inform me that it was true that she had seen the Prussian monarch at Tœplitz, that she had spoken to him of the Prince's affair, and that the King had answered her :

[See from p. 462. l. 11. This man has in fact, &c. to p. 463 .l. 3.]

For the rest, it is evident, that the more the King of Prussia and the Princess persist in the error into which they have been forced by a series of intrigues, so much the more their resistance to

the truth turns to its advantage. No upright and sensible mind, in fact, will be able to understand how the madman spoken of by the King of Prussia, can be at the same time the intriguer acknowledged to be so clever by the Princess.

There remained another painful duty for me to fulfil. I was about to wound the heart of the Prince's unfortunate sister in its dearest affections. All the strength of a deep and entire conviction was necessary to determine me to do so. But fidelity, devotion and honour imposed on me this painful duty, and I could not shrink from it. Having gathered all my resolution, I added in a serious tone :

“ My respect for your Royal Highness is a sacred duty which my heart will never allow me to forget. Your Royal Highness will therefore condescend to appreciate the violence I do to my own feelings, in wounding a heart already torn by so many sorrows ! . . . But however painful the effort, my orders are peremptory, and my obedience to them must be implicit.

I am commanded to inform Your Royal Highness in the name of the Prince that he has certain knowledge of the two following facts.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

It is not my business to reveal them here; secrecy is commanded me by the Prince. I will only say that I had the honour of informing H. R. H., se-



according to my orders, that the Prince affirmed that he had in his possession unanswerable proofs of the two facts in question.

H. R. H. listened to me with great and visible attention ; her agitation was extreme ; it was in vain that she endeavoured to assume an air of calmness, she was unable to recover her composure. H. R. H. denied one of these facts, the other she passed over in silence.

This long audience had been so painful, I had seen the Princess so much agitated, that I thought it not advisable to mention at that moment Mme. de Rambaud's journey to Prague, still less to request an audience for her ; a refusal appeared too certain. I thought it expedient to wait till the next day to leave time for the calming of an irritation, which it had been so painful to me to cause and to witness. I flattered myself that this delay, which prudence dictated, would meet with the Prince's approbation, and I was not mistaken.

[See from p. 463. l. 15. The next day, &c. to p. 464. l. 14.]

The Princess had given as a reason for her refusal, that she could not believe that this lady, at so advanced an age, *could have made the journey to Prague* ; and I must add that the refusal of H. R. H. to grant an audience, was immediately followed by an order from the *commission of police to Mme. de Rambaud to quit Prague without delay* !

We set out therefore on our journey and took the road to Dresden to rejoin the Prince.

I must not omit to mention a slight circumstance which serves to show the accuracy of the Princess's recollections.

At my departure from Paris, the Prince having put into my hands a lithograph print of *Richemont*, said to me in joke :

[See from p. 464. l. 21. " Here my friend, &c. to the end of the same page.

After these details, every word of which is strictly true, will it be believed that there are some people credulous and simple enough to deny the truth of my two journeys to Prague, and of my three conferences with the Princess.

[See from p. 465. l. 1. I have but one word, &c. to l. 9]

We remained some time at Dresden, where we found the Prince in the bosom of his amiable family ; and on the 3rd of September we arrived in Paris.

## REASONS

*For believing in the existence of the*

DUKE OF NORMANDY,

BY M. M. GRUAY.

The importance of the trial which is in preparation relating to the existence of the son of Louis XVI, has increased prodigiously since the illegal measures adopted by the government in respect to him. There is no longer room for doubt in any impartial and reflecting mind. The most hostile and the most indifferent are forced to allow that the detention of the claimant, for five and twenty days, at the Dépôt of the Prefecture of the Police, without reason alledged, and without care being taken to proceed in a regular manner according to the forms of our laws: that the seizure of his papers, and his expulsion from France, are a proof which silences every objection. If the government had not been convinced that M. de Naüendorff is the real orphan of the Temple, instead of putting a stop to the trial of his cause, before the civil tribunals, they would have been eager to bring it to

a conclusion, in order to obtain a judicial decision against the impostor. They would not have treated him with more consideration than the other counterfeits who have preceded him ; whose intrigues, a legal decision has been sufficient to destroy, as well as to consign their name to the contempt and ridicule of their country. What is become of Hervagaut, Philippeau, Richemont, and others ? the parties who put them forward have reaped nothing but the shame of their perfidy. Another imposture would have led to a similar result had the law been allowed to take its course. But no, the triumph of rights, the most legitimate, was feared. The march of truth is not like that of falsehood. The prince, *recognised as such*, has cited his family before his judges : what other intriguer has dared to do so ? It was certain, that, far from fearing the scrutinizing eye of the judges, the Duke of Normandy confidently relied on their integrity. It was no less certain that the issue of the judicial discussions would be infallibly a solemn triumph, because the French magistracy administer impartial justice. It was a difficult conjuncture : the ministers of the King of the French, who, better than any persons, know that the son of Louis XVI exists ; who for three years, whilst they kept a constant watch over him, left him at liberty ; these ministers reposed in easy security as long as the combat had not commenced. As soon as the citation was issued they were unable to dissemble

their alarm—for, two days afterwards, they suddenly caused the Prince to be arrested, his papers to be seized, and but for the energetic and repeated remonstrances of his advocates, the expulsion would have been effected within twenty-four hours. No law authorized these acts of the administration, not even that for banishing the family of the Bourbons. The difficulty, therefore, was a serious one, and, to get out of it, the ministers, as a sanction of the state reason, by which, exclusively, their conduct was directed, called to their aid that unwritten law of their government—the law of necessity.

After every branch of the administration had been applied to, and a complaint laid before the Keeper of the Seals, the orders of the minister were appealed against before the Council of State.

What will the Council of State decide? the cause of the oppressed has been pleaded with equal zeal and disinterestedness by M<sup>r</sup> Crémieux, one of the ornaments of our bar, the support of all who are unfortunate. The decision, which should have been pronounced on Thursday the 21st, will not be known till the 4th of August, after the three days of July, according to an adjournment with reasons alleged. Shall we be sent before the chambers? we cannot think it. It would be giving up to the mercy of a ministerial majority, the most sacred of all interests; for personal liberty is concerned. The Council of State

is evidently competent to pronounce whether or not an imprisonment of six and twenty days without a warrant, a banishment grounded upon a false pretext, are of that class of measures, which when illegally resorted to, ought to be annulled by its supreme authority. Otherwise the responsibility of ministers would become an illusion, and personal liberty no less so, since there would not remain any authority in France competent to redress the arbitrary acts of the ministry.

It is evident therefore now to all right minded men, that the government could have consented to such illegal proceedings, only to remove the true son of Louis XVI out of their way, and to prevent his being recognised. Nevertheless, they deceived themselves as to the consequences of these measures; the law has been appealed to, the trial will proceed, and when the legal adjournment shall have expired, the pleadings will shew to the astonished world, by what a series of atrocious persecutions, men in authority both in France and Prussia, have endeavoured to put down the unfortunate Duke of Normandy. A prudent circumspection and the announcement of false Dauphins by whom we are again to be opposed, forbid our anticipating the great day of justice by premature discussions and by giving publicity to documents, which ought to be produced before the tribunals only. The Prince's confidence has been already too often betrayed: advantage has been too skilfully

taken by party, of the information which he had unsuspectingly given, to furnish impostors, the Baron de Richemont especially, with secrets which had been found in papers got from the true Dauphin, and in letters written to his family during the reign of his uncles and after the fall of the restored family. What has not been tried since 1814 to destroy this unhappy Prince and to prevent his coming into France? Lying accusations, political arrests, bitter irony, insulting speeches, articles in the newspapers—the genius of evil has assumed every shape; but the shame and disgrace will fall with all their weight upon the heads of the guilty, for the truth, the whole truth will be known. Does it not excite disgust to read in certain pages, and above all in those professing monarchical principles, pretended extracts from the foreign journals issued from Paris and from Prague, (as we can prove) which have no other merit but that of being paid for at so much a line, and which teem with baseness and calumny! The silence of profound contempt is their only proper refutation.

Not being able at present to lay before the public the continuation of the life of the Prince, we are going now to give a hasty sketch of moral reasons, which have produced an irresistible conviction, solely by the exercise of judgment, and the principles of a really Christian philosophy.

GRUAU, *Advocate,*

*Late King's Attorney.*

## TO THE INCREDULOUS.

*Why I believe in the Duke of Normandy.*

I believe in the Duke of Normandy because I believe in Providence, and because in the important affair which is about to be cleared up, the immediate interference of Providence is visible to me. There must then be a multiplicity of accidents and particular circumstances for which it will be impossible for human reason to account in any other way than by this religious submission to the Supreme will which governs the thoughts as well as the actions of men. "God has willed it so:" must be the answer to many a why and how to which this affair may give rise, the known details of which will necessarily astonish the minds of those who for every thing that occurs wish to assign reasons drawn from the ordinary course of events and from experience of the past.

What, in truth, can be more marvellous than the preservation of the son of Louis XVI, his existence unobserved during forty years of political trouble, by which France and other nations have been variously agitated! To trifling and shallow minds, what more fit to provoke a smile of pity, than his sudden appearance, especially under the circumstances of the time when the truth might



seem to turn to the advantage of the existing government, as a well concerted intrigue would have done. Nevertheless it is a fact, the proof of which will appear at the time fixed by the decrees of Eternal wisdom. All attempts to hide the truth will be to no purpose ; it will break forth in spite of the obstacles raised against it by evil passions : and these very obstacles will hasten its signal triumph. The unclouded light will take the place of darkness : for the hand of Providence is here.

In the result which a religious mind may anticipate, man will be nothing, excepting in as much as he may be useful as an instrument. This result will be the work of an all-mighty Power, which will confound the free thinkers, the presumption of genius, the intrigues of policy, the egotism of pride and self interest, all considerations of talent and manners, the arrogant wisdom of the age, its indifference, its insulting jests, the whole train of prejudices, its incredulity, the whole phalanx of persons who think only in subserviency to public opinion, and who boldly reject without taking the trouble to examine—persons who, in short, would believe, on the faith of an article in a newspaper, that the moon is inhabited by men with wings.

The reasons of my belief and conviction involve a moral truth which can mislead no one. If I were in error, my error would be unavoidable, for it would be founded on a number of material facts

which have occurred during a period of more than fifty years; on an accumulation of circumstances, incidents and particulars, which would all lead towards the same end, and, overruling my judgment, would set falsehood before me in characters of certainty which can belong only to truth. God, who is truth itself, cannot thus favour imposture, by presenting it to men of upright minds under the irresistible appearance of a thing that is true. I should see in this a miracle of imposture which would overturn all moral order: as an imposture therefore, it would be to me, more inconceivable than as truth. My faith, then, far from being a blind one, is sound and reasonable. It is such that before God, who knows the sincerity of my heart, I could not divest myself of it without lying to my conscience. Therefore, caring little for the sarcasms and annoyances which are the usual attendants upon the few who proclaim a truth despised and rejected by the many, I openly avow and firmly declare that I am irresistibly convinced. Yes I am certain that the unfortunate son of the Martyr King was rescued from the Temple: I am certain that, victim of our revolutionary troubles, he has inherited the sufferings and anguishes bequeathed to him by his royal parents: that bedewed with the blood of so many martyrs, he has drunk of the same cup of bitterness: that imperfectly resembling the Man-God, he has passed forty years of a life all punishment and abject sorrow. Betrayed,

deserted, poor and insulted, those who ought to love him treat him with disdain. And yet he comes not to disturb the present order of things. A living victim, without resentment for the past, without hatred for his present treatment, he has offered to God the sacrifice of his misfortunes, and calls no one to an account for them. Alas! what can be feared from him, the orphan of crowned heads? he is the least among men: his cause, entirely distinct from politics, is but a question of civil rights: he claims before the tribunals of his country the name which belongs to him; that is all. Why then, such haste to disgrace him as if he were a miserable intriguer? Prior to him impostors have presented themselves, and let it be considered that the false can be but an imitation of the true. These justice has sought out: they have been branded with the mark of ignominy. He, on the contrary, gives himself up with confidence to the judicious examination of the magistrates, to the consideration of France and of all Europe. He solicits interviews with his family—he offers himself without disguise to the observation of every one. He is silent neither before friends nor enemies: he challenges contradiction, he relates facts, and explains what he has been. It must be confessed by every candid person that these are not exactly the tactics of an impostor. To so much precision in the first opening of a cause, what is the answer

made ? simply. We do not understand it; it is impossible.

Oh! if man were to believe nothing but what he perfectly understands, but what he can prove for himself, it would not be possible to have faith in the greater part of the things of this life. But tell me, do you perfectly understand the French revolution and its real causes, the rise, the conquests, and the fall of the empire, the restoration, the hundred days, the peasant of Beauce, the revolution of 1830 ? do you understand God ?

The individual whom you treat with such contempt has not yet sunk under the weight of unfounded accusations; ridicule attacks him on all sides; he follows, not the less, his own line of conduct. Is it enough to say: He is an impostor! without taking the trouble to prove it. He is an impostor! Why? because he says he is the son of Louis XVI. In such language I can discover nothing but passion, not the least trace of reason. Evidently the imposture does not lie in his pretensions as to his identity, but in the falseness of the proofs with which he supports them. Now hitherto you have not proved that he has lied in any thing: you have not pointed out even the shadow of imposture. You confine yourselves to saying: It cannot be. Well, it is precisely this *It cannot be* which is the point at issue. He takes his stand boldly—he cannot be mistaken as to who

he is : he takes the name of the son of Louis XVI. He does not say to you: Believe me: but Judge me. The result must be to him either triumph or disgrace. This result he seeks, he points out the means of arriving at it. You, as your whole and sole objection, repeat: It is impossible. To deny in this manner, is not to judge, but to calumniate.

If you have nothing better to say, wait for the sovereign decision of justice, which weighs and discusses evidence: prudence and humanity prescribe circumspection, for this intriguer who inspires you with such disdain, may possibly be really what he says he is, the son of Louis XVI. At all events, I, who am without prejudice, and who judge a matter disinterestedly, I believe in what appears to me infallibly the truth, till irresistible documents shall convince me of my error: and in laying down this rule for myself, I am more rational in my belief than you in your incredulity.

I believe in the Duke of Normandy, because I cannot conceive that the son of a watch maker of Crossen, could at Crossen even, at Spandau, at Brandenburg, at Dresden, at Berlin, be generally considered to be a French prince; I cannot conceive, that, in a country, where the assumption of a name without right is rigorously punished, an individual inscribed on the public registers by the name of Naündorff, by order of the government, could venture, with impunity, to write a letter to the King of Prussia, signed *Duke of Normandy*:

that he could address, as son of Louis XVI, remonstrances to all the governments, especially that of France : that he should have made numberless attempts to be acknowledged by the family of the Bourbons, who have always, both on the throne of France, and in the land of exile, kept a singularly suspicious silence : that the Duke de Berri would have been so imprudent as to implicate himself in an imposture by replying to a letter of the Duke of Normandy's with all the kindness of a relation who recognised him: that M. d'Agout, ambassador at Berlin, would have undertaken to lay at the feet of the king, an official petition, the result of which was the recall of M. d'Agout: that amongst all the persons of honourable name whose testimony has been appealed to, not one has had the boldness to venture on a contradiction. I cannot conceive, that, in addition to so many circumstances, which prove the impossibility of an imposture, the son of a Prussian watchmaker, without any declared reason, should have been, during the whole of his life, the object of an atrocious, and incessant political persecution : that he could call to mind all the minute particulars, relating to events which have occurred in France, to places which have changed their appearance, and that in him should be found united, the habits of, and a resemblance to the Bourbons, and physical marks which were peculiar to the Dauphin.

I cannot conceive that a foreigner speaking

French badly, could arrive at Paris, without money, without friends, without support: could remain for several days lost in the crowd of that immense capital, living on the bread of the people, and like the lowest of them, for three days and nights without a roof to shelter him: that in this state of humiliation he should be recognized and surrounded by many honorable persons, formerly servants of the monarchy, who all, with emotion, discover in him the unfortunate prisoner of the Temple. When mention is made of M. de Joly, the last minister of Louis XVI, the only one in attendance on the 10th of August 1792, and the only one who on that fatal day assisted the Royal Family by his devotion to them: when mention is made of Madame de Rambaud, who knew and attended upon the Dauphin from the time of his birth till 1792: Madame de St. Hilaire, attached to the service of Madame Victoire: Monsieur de St. Hilaire, who likewise held always an important situation at court: M. de Bremond, under-secretary of state in the department of the Interior: when it is known that all these persons, justly held in public estimation, and distinguished not less by their former than by their present situation in society, went to see this pretender to royal birth with hostile and prejudiced minds: I cannot conceive that all of them, each by the proof, of which he was peculiarly competent to judge, should return convinced of his identity, and should be at this time his most firm supporters.

I cannot conceive that under the circumstances which have been mentioned, if he were an impostor, however clever, he could have made a single dupe among people even of moderate intelligence; that during three years in which he has been circumvented, studied, dissected as it were, he should not have betrayed himself for a single instant; and that conviction, far from diminishing, is on the increase, and is felt by men whose name alone is an authority.

For three years, a great number of friends of all ranks and of all ages, who are neither willing to deceive nor to be deceived, have had constant communication with him. If their belief could be supposed to be the effect of a noble illusion, that illusion could not have withstood so careful an investigation; all would not have continued under the fascination of a delusive error. The minds of men vary so in their conceptions, are so differently affected by the same causes, that each man forms his opinion according to his own peculiar disposition. When a simple fact is brought before the notice of great numbers, under a multiplicity of shades, with a combination of forms, each presenting particulars which serve as proofs for particular individuals; if the sentiments of all are alike, if their opinion is unanimous, if it is confirmed by examination, and so far from there being any motives of self interest which might prejudice them, there is nothing to be got by their decision but vexations



and inconveniences, it is to me the seal of truth—of an incontestable truth.

I believe in the Duke of Normandy for the very reason which makes others disbelieve, *the silence of his family.*

The Bourbons do not recognize him—In the first place it is false that the Royal family do not recognize him: they refuse to see him, notwithstanding the repeated steps which have been taken to induce his sister to grant him an interview. Oh! there is something to a reflecting man very convincing in this refusal. No action is without a motive. If the Duke of Normandy were an impostor, he would fear the examination and decision of Madame, for if he is not her brother, it will not be possible for him to persuade her that he is, and, by a single word, the Duchess of Angoulême would have cleared her family from the imputations which blacken its character, and which grieve the hearts of all true Royalists: with a single word she would have pronounced a verdict in the case, would have unmasked the intrigue, enlightened France, and confounded the wretched being, who, by decking himself with an august name, abuses the confidence of honourable and upright Frenchmen, who have become his dupes. The Dauphiness owes it to her own honour to grant the long solicited interview: otherwise there is reason to believe that she fears to discover the truth: and then her obstinacy is explained by the considerations of a policy which

has left a Prince who ought to have reigned in 1814, to groan in dungeons during sixteen years.

Let nothing astonish those who really believe—neither the conduct of the family at Prague, the hostility of a part of the clergy, nor the insults of self-styled Legitimatisers; because Providence itself has brought about this event by means which are quite beyond human foresight. It is of importance, without doubt, that, from the accomplishment of its impenetrable decrees, great instruction should be derived to nations, and salutary lessons to their kings. God is about to strike a blow which will impress the most obdurate heart.

I believe in the Duke of Normandy because I believe in Martin. Martin, it is evident to me, was charged with a divine mission. This mission, announced to him a long while before-hand, led him to the court of Louis XVIII. Notwithstanding all the attempts of courtiers, physicians, and the police, to make him pass for a madman, he fulfilled an express order which he had received to declare to the king that he sat on a usurped throne, and that it was his duty to restore the sceptre to Louis XVII: that if he persisted in the unjust possession of the sovereign authority, the greatest evils would befall France. The throne remained in the possession of the guilty, and the family of our kings now lives exiled for the third time in a foreign land! The assassination of the Duke of Berri, the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, the calamities which had

been foretold, have proved that the revelations of the poor peasant of Beauce were supernatural. God does not communicate with men, that they may prophecy of imposture: the son of Louis XVI then exists. Martin was an upright man, fearing God, and Martin has saluted this very pretender with the title of Prince: this pretender is then assuredly the son of Louis XVI.

Let us observe how every thing is united and linked together, how every thing conduces to the end which a religious mind foresees; how even the intrigues and expedients of falsehood are disconcerted, and turn to the advantage of a truth, which they were intended to obscure.

The report was hardly spread that the Duke of Normandy was about to bring his claims before a court of law, and to publish his memoirs, than party set to work, and brought forward a Baron de Richemont, whom they adorned with the name, title, and pretensions of the real son of the King. He is arrested and tried. Groups of hired partisans crowded the avenues of the court: some honest persons might also be met there, who were really anxious to discover the truth. Suddenly, and in the midst of the solemnity of the pleadings, M. Morel de St. Didier, one of the Prince's friends appeared. He placed in the hands of the President of the court, a letter signed by the Duke of Normandy, who designated as a wretched swindler, the political juggler set up in opposition to him, in order to throw ridicule on his cause in the eyes of the public.

The Attorney-General demanded the arrest of M. de St. Didier, and the court, giving judgment after deliberation, declared, that according to law, it is not a crime to claim to be the son of Louis XVI: and that there are no grounds for ordering the arrest of the bearer of the letter. This incident gave rise to the deposition of several witnesses, who declared energetically that they believed in the existence of the Dauphin and that the accused (Richemont) is not the Dauphin. Richemont, confused, stammered out some absurdities: he is condemned, not for having falsely called himself the Duke of Normandy, but for illegal practices. The crowd disperses and every one ridicules this unworthy drama. Thus the efforts of intrigue only served to heighten the effect of truth. These awkward attempts of his enemies have procured for the Prince two decisions of the Law in his favour, which are a protection to him: To assume to be the son of Louis XVI is not a crime, since Richemont was acquitted on that head:—To give advice and assistance to the person claiming the above title, is not a crime either, since the Court of Assize delivered to M. Morel de St. Didier, a passport, to enable him to return to that unfortunate person, to continue his labours of devotion to his cause. Thus the party who had flattered themselves that they should obstruct the suit then in progress by a gross imposition which had been frequently attempted before, and

more particularly in the case of Mathurin Bru-  
neau, this party on the contrary, facilitated its  
progress by removing an apprehension, which,  
though ill-founded, would perhaps have delayed  
and hindered it, had it not been for the declaration  
of the magistrates, which is a legal protection.

And the literary gentleman Thomas ? in acting  
the part of traitor, while wishing to injure his  
benefactor, the friend before whom he had respect-  
fully bowed his head ; while denouncing him to  
the public, while attempting to intimidate him by  
his calumnious libel, he has rendered him a signal  
service, the consequences of which cannot be too  
highly appreciated. This perjured editor of a paper  
the title of which was *La Justice*, while submitting  
to the humiliating exposure of the iniquity of his in-  
tentions, has also proved himself to be a liar, and  
a dishonest partisan. Sinking under the disgrace  
of a sentence which denounced him as a slanderer,  
he has given additional weight to those facts the im-  
pression of which he sought to destroy. The truth  
which he had originally declared, remains as before,  
unrefuted and uncontradicted ; the august victim,  
whom he had intended to lay under contribution to  
his avarice by the threat of complete ruin, has by  
his bold and dignified bearing in the sight of all  
France, already obtained a triumph which does  
honour to the magistracy. Henceforth he is assured,  
that as far as they are concerned, the protection  
of the law will be extended to him. The Prince

appeared at the bar of justice: his counsel, by the eloquence of truth, put to silence the malice of his enemies, and assigned to each of the contending parties his proper place. The accused became the accuser, and M. Thomas, who in the wildness of his anticipations, had calculated on throwing the Duke of Normandy into prison, was himself arrested by one of his creditors, on leaving the court, and taken to St. Pélagie. Who can fail to perceive the hand of Providence, visibly directing even the minutest details of this remarkable trial?

But we hear it constantly repeated on all sides: "How can we believe the Duke of Normandy? his existence too deeply inculcates the family of the Bourbons! and the Duke of Bordeaux, whom we have considered as the special gift of Providence, what will become of him?"

Such speeches can only be treated with contemptuous silence. In fact there is no occasion to resort to the schools of logic, apply to any man of plain common sense however uneducated, and ask him what he would think of any person who should maintain, that a fact he stated was not true, because if it were, such a person must be guilty. The honest man would not answer, for fear of being insolent, but certainly he would not feel much respect for the understanding of his opponent. Oh! there are frightful mysteries concealed under the policy of the great.

And as for the Duke of Bordeaux, what use is

there in introducing into a subject relating simply to a civil matter, a question which concerns the future course of events. The present alone belongs to man—futurity to God. If Martin, or any other person had said on the 26th of July 1830, “In three days time the Duke of Orléans will sit upon the throne of France:” who would have believed it? The christian humbles himself before the mighty power of God, without presuming to fathom the depths of infinite wisdom. As for me, when I reflect upon what I have seen, I undoubtedly form an opinion respecting future events, but this opinion I keep to myself: it is sufficient for me under present circumstances, to recall the heroic words of the Duchess de Berri, addressed to some one who observed to her in 1832 that she might possibly be going to fight for Louis XVII, who, it was reported, was not dead: “Whether or not the son of Louis XVI is still living, I cannot know; but if so, let him declare himself and take his place beside me. Whatever may be the issue of the rising, at the head of which I am about to place myself, I have no intention of fighting, but for legitimacy; and if the Duke of Normandy should re-appear, my son will be too happy to be the first aide-de-camp of his king. I would rather that he should live in Edinburgh, as a private individual, on £.300 a year, than that he should ever be seated on a throne, under the slightest suspicion of usurpation.” This was a noble

speech, worthy of the widow of a Prince who died in the cause of honour and of truth.

For myself, I believe in the Duke of Normandy because I believe the truth, without troubling myself to consider whether this truth will be profitable or hurtful to me in a distant future which I may never live to see. Now, few individuals act with perfect disinterestedness, free from all personal considerations. Self interest is consulted before deciding in any matter. If the Duke of Normandy is living and his kingdom should ever be restored to him, all political speculations would be at an end. Influence, credit, rank, connexions, and past services, every thing in short on which the hopes and pride of the royalists for the last fifteen years has rested, will disappear in the presence of a Prince upon whose favour no one can produce a claim. The legitimatists who should admit that they recognise him, now that he is in need of the support of France, could not refuse him the offer of their wealth; but those among them who have wealth, take good care of it, and do not even share it with the unfortunate Royalists who are ruined by their devotion to that cause. The power from which favour may be expected is courted and flattered. This pretender is of so little consequence that it would be humiliating to acknowledge him. Even should their reason be convinced of the truth of his claim, their policy



would compel them to throw obstructions in his way, as the acknowledgement of him would overthrow all the schemes of their ambition. These reasons, which I do not pretend to explain, are the sole cause of the indifference and the hostility which he meets with every where.

Well then, this universal contempt is an additional argument in support of a truth, which its most bitter opponents will be brought to acknowledge by that Almighty power, which controls the raging of the ocean, and laughs to scorn the feeble efforts of man.

If the appearance of the Duke of Normandy had been immediately followed by a vast display of enthusiasm, and numerous conversions to his cause, I should have been upon my guard against the wiles and artifices of some hidden policy, for I should then have suspected the possibility of an intrigue. On the other hand, the police would have interfered; and what would have ensued? a restraint, a mystery, which would have stopped the progress of disclosures which must confound the man who reposes in security, relying on the impenetrable secrecy which envelops his actions. Nevertheless, in such a case, I should not have rejected the matter without examination; such has not been the line of conduct that I have pursued through life. Let us consider the resemblance between this event, however imperfect it must be, and another recorded in sacred history.

Twelve poor fishermen preached the religion of Jesus Christ, and converted the nations of the earth: twelve poor Royalists now preach the existence of the son of Louis XVI. The conversions to this cause are slow, difficult, and almost despaired of. This little band of friends nobly adhere to the Prince in his adversity, notwithstanding the difficulties of the mission which they have undertaken; that mission will finally succeed, since God directs, though man rejects it. I seem to behold the star of Judah, which guided the wise men to Bethlehem, or the pillar of fire which directed Israel through the dreary wilderness towards the promised land.

“Why,” we are again asked, “did the Duke of Normandy wait till 1830, to bring forward his claims?”

If these enquirers had taken the trouble to read the documents which have already been submitted to the public, they would neither repeat this question, nor many others, which are completely answered by the facts there stated. How could the Prince have brought forward his claims, when he was dragged from dungeon to dungeon, and during the short intervals that he was at liberty, was under the necessity of keeping silence in order to preserve his life! It is evident that he could not have taken any steps till under the reign of his uncles; and it will be proved, that, since that period, he has made a thousand ineffectual ap-

plications ; as many Royalists of the old court could testify, if they were animated with a zeal for justice, and not meanly guided by interested views. And I, who see the hand of God in every thing, cannot otherwise account for the revolution of 1830 and the causes which led to it, than by supposing it to be the result of an overwhelming influence, directing all according to the supreme will of Providence. Injustice, persevered in for forty years, demanded an exemplary retribution ; this retribution has for the last six years weighed heavily upon the guilty. If political affairs had remained in the same state, in which they stood previous to July 1830, the life of the Duke of Normandy would have been spent, and probably ended in the obscurity to which the crimes of his enemies had condemned him. The establishment of a government raised on the ruins of the ancient hereditary rights, alone opened to him an approach to the bar of justice. The reigning power wisely reflected, that, even if the existence of the son of Louis XVI were judicially established, this fact would only add another citizen to the French nation : that as the august Orphan of 93 is not included in the laws which have since proscribed the other members of his family, he could not, but by an act of arbitrary power, be deprived of the liberty which the law secures to him, especially so long as he does not depart from the upright line of conduct which he always pursues, and by which he loudly bears

testimony to the submission due to the laws of the land, when those laws are not opposed to the dictates of conscience. The royalist party acknowledge the Duke of Bordeaux as their legitimate head ; of what importance is it to the present head of the state though there should be another ? The one, followed in his exile by the regrets and acclamations of his party, the other, on the spot, abandoned, calumniated, without wealth, without a court and without courtiers. The Duke of Bordeaux, surrounded by the splendour attached to a family formerly on the throne ; the Duke of Normandy, who has vainly solicited for twenty years, to be recognized by his family, desirous of concealing from the world truths, the irresistible proofs of which will rend the heart of many an ancient and devoted follower ; the Duke of Normandy, who has never been a political character, and who even now asks only a name for himself and for his children.

These grounds of conviction were hastily thrown upon paper, never having been intended for publication, by one of the Prince's counsel, long before circumstances had led him into intimacy with that most unfortunate personage ; his devotion to the cause he has embraced did not permit him to resist the importunity with which his friends have pressed him to publish them. It will be easily understood that these grounds of conviction are entirely distinct from those which in his capacity of counsel he has

gathered from private conversations with the Prince, and from the authentic documents on which the proceedings in court will be founded.

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*The following extracts from the English Newspapers, relating to the Duke of Normandy, are inserted as not being devoid of interest.*

#### THE PRETENDED SON OF LOUIS XVI.\*

*(From a Correspondent.)*

The public has for some time been informed, that two days after the Duke of Normandy had summoned his family to answer his claims, he was arrested by order of the Minister of the Interior, and detained for twenty days at the Prefecture of Police, and finally expelled from France. This was a flagrant attack upon the liberty of the subject, a

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\* The Editor is not responsible for the translation of this and the two following letters: they are given as they were published.

violation every law, and a most shameful exercise of arbitrary power, which took away from the civil tribunals the right of rendering justice, and from the citizens that of claiming it. The requisite delay of the citation has expired, the cause is fixed for trial, and the counsel of the Prince at Paris have received orders to solicit an immediate judgment. In order to acquaint the magistrates with the merits of this important state reclamation, His Royal Highness has collected in an octavo volume, which forms, in fact, a judicial document, the principal elements which are to serve as the basis of the discussions before the court. We flattered ourselves that the French government, satisfied with having violently torn from the sanctuary of justice the august pleader, whose accusatory complaints it fears, would not extend the illegality of its tyrannical measures so far as to forbid the introduction into France of the Work, entitled "*Abrégé de l'Histoire des Infortunes du Dauphin, fils de Louis Seizième*," which has just been published in London by M. Desjardins. This is, however, what has just taken place, according to a written attestation which I have received, emanating from the French Custom house. Thus the power which has arisen out of the ruins of the ancient doctrines, which are the sole guarantee of the happiness of the people, that power, with its character, which was henceforward to be a "truth," has been nothing but a perpetual falsehood since 1830

[The remainder of this letter is omitted, as being of little importance, and miserably translated.]

(Signed) M. GRUAU, *Avocat*,  
*Ancien Procureur du Roi.*

*London Nov. 28th, 1836.*

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*From the Courier of December 14th, 1836.*

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

Letter addressed to the Editor of the Literary  
 Gazette.

SIR,

My intention is not in this place to controvert all that is indecorous, ridiculous and false, in the assertions of the English press, in the opinions given by certain papers respecting the history of the Duke of Normandy. We know who are the true authors of these pitiful articles, and at what price they give publicity to them. To place ourselves in contact with those who circulate the outrage offered to a great and royal personage in misfortune, would be to commit our dignity, for truth shines with too strong a light to admit of its being in the

least tarnished by falsehood. We expected beforehand this sort of hostility, which is not new to us. Up to this period, all that could be opposed to the authentic proofs of the identity of the son of Louis XVI was abuse—this is the usual weapon of those who are subdued by the empire of reason. We rest upon the good sense of the public; facts speak more strongly to honest minds than the most eloquent words; and our only answer to interested declamations, largely rewarded, is an appeal to the judgment of respectable men.

Nevertheless there is one assertion which we cannot pass over in silence, and which has evidently been imposed upon you by a political party. You say in your paper of Saturday last, in giving an account of the work entitled “*Abrégé de l'Histoire des Infortunes du Dauphin, fils de Louis XVI*”—

“A portrait is prefixed to the volume, the features of which certainly bear a very strong resemblance to those of the Bourbon race. By the bye, we might state, that at the period this claim was first set up, Lord Castlereagh, our Minister for Foreign Affairs, secretly despatched a commission to France, to investigate the circumstances, and the result was a total disbelief in and rejection of the story.”

“If this assertion be true, we ask you to tell us in what year the investigations of Lord Castlereagh took place, and to communicate at the same time



to the public, the answer which was made by the French government.

In truth, we doubt whether a Minister for Foreign Affairs would have compromised his character, as a man of talent, by addressing himself to the enemies of the Prince, in order to know if it was true that the Prince existed. This would have been to exhibit but a limited understanding on the part of a man invested with a high diplomatic office. We should also wish to know how your government, before the suicide of that minister, could be informed of the reclamations of his Royal Highness, which only date officially from 1836, from the summons then given to his family.

From the result of this citation, you conclude that the history of the Prince is a falsehood, and that the Prince is an impostor. Neither in logic nor in justice is this the way to argue. We give up our documents to the public, and they ought to be considered as authentic until the contrary is demonstrated. It is time to put a stop to all those dark intrigues, by which it is sought to cover great crimes by means of fresh infamy. You have uttered the word imposture, and you support it with an imposing name. In declaring that the narrative of the *Duc de Normandie* is false, you doubtless do not expect to be believed upon your word alone. In so grave a matter, a contradiction is not sufficient; it is necessary for a man to establish the justification, or he may expect to be branded

in the opinion of his fellow-citizens as a miserable calumniator.

In consequence, Mr. Editor, we call upon you to lay before the public the documents obtained by Lord Castlereagh: at the same time we call upon the English government, whose testimony you invoke, to say openly if it has in its hands the proofs that the son of Louis XVI is dead. Well understood honour does not allow silence to be longer kept, now that a pretender propagates in France and elsewhere a contrary opinion

Would you be good enough, Mr Editor, to publish this letter, the insertion of which I ask, at the same time, of the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble and very obedient servant,

M. GRUAU, *Editor*,  
*Ancien Procureur du Roi.*

*Dec. 13th.*

*From the Courier of December 20th 1836.*

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

To the Editor of the Courier.

SIR,

The Editor of the *Literary Gazette* has thought proper not to insert in his journal the letter which you were good enough to publish lately, and by which I gave a formal contradiction to those who asserted that the English government possessed the proof of the death of the son of Louis the sixteenth in the Temple, in 1795. I was thoroughly convinced that no one would dare now to support, in the face of the defiance which I gave, such a false assertion, and which is not even believed by the political men who cunningly cover with the cloak of death the mystery of their intrigues. The adversaries of truth do not like the language of reason; the logic which they use is defamation. Are they unmasked?—immediately like men of simulated bravery, when they meet a man of courage, they desert the field of battle and prudently take flight. I am then authorized to conclude, from the silence which they now keep, that they admit all the consequences which result from my reply to the perfidious suggestions of which the *Literary Gazette* has rendered itself the organ; but not

wishing to leave the least doubt in conscientious minds in regard to the evidence of a fact so important as that of the existence and identity of the lost Dauphin of France, I insist on, and I adjure in the name of honor, every Legitimist to proclaim publicly the authenticity of the documents which appear to tranquillize them upon the consequences of a trial, which, for more than six months, has been the subject of examination by the French magistrates. I declare to them boldly, that while they agitate among themselves, to make King of France, some the Duke of Angoulême, and others the Duke of Bordeaux, there exists in France, an imposing mass of the nation which believes in the Duke of Normandy, who in calmness and silence reposes with faith and confidence upon God alone, who is justice and truth, and whose Providence disposes at its will of the destinies of empires as well as the fate of individuals. To them, then, I address this ardent appeal of His Royal Highness to His Majesty the Emperor of Austria.—“ If you are certain that the present pretender is the son of Louis XVI, it is a shame in you not to support him. If you have the proofs that he is an impostor, it is an infamy not to unmask him.” Well, who would believe it—this possible fact (supposing the good faith of the denials) that the Dauphin is living, passes unperceived in the midst of the Legitimist circles? Every where one hears that the Dauphin was

saved in the Temple: that Louis XVIII and Charles X were usurpers, and the people rejoice in a political resurrection so eminently marvellous. Every one asks, why, if the pretender is not what he says he is, the son of Louis XVI, the government of Louis Philippe arrested him two days after he was placed under the legal protection of the tribunals of his country—why he was banished from the French territory—why the administration lately prevented the publication of his life, without the decision of a competent court, and contrary to the laws upon the liberty of the press? why, in short, he alone is not tried, while Hervagaut, Bruneau and Richemont were judicially condemned? These questions have become popular; they are the objects of every conversation, and the Legitimatsists pretend to know nothing about them. Their journals say not a word about them; or, if they speak, it is to accredit the evidence of a death which is no longer believed; and we see M. de Montbel, a minister of the restoration, in an account which he gives of the death of Charles X, write as if he were a stranger to all that is passing in France:

“ Thus, after so many misfortunes, proscribed, laden with sorrows and with years, expired, far from France, the last of those three brother kings, who died so worthily on the scaffold, on the throne, and in exile. In the interval, it is true, also died in darkness, and in the isolation of the dungeon,

a king whose innocent infancy cannot disarm the long atrocity of his executioners." Here, Mr. Editor, I abstain from all reflections, because I should have to mention too painful ones. I confine myself to affirming before God and before man, by the most sacred oath, that it is not in the power of the whole world to destroy the certain fact of the existence and the identity of the Prince, whose royal misfortunes I am too happy to share.

Be so good as to publish this letter. This will give you a fresh title to the gratitude of an illustrious exile.

M. GRUAU,

*Ancien Procureur du Roi. Editeur.*

*London, December 18th, 1836.*

*From the Courier, Monday, July 17th 1837.*

#### INTERCEPTED LETTERS.—A SINGULAR AFFAIR.

A great sensation was manifested in the city this morning, in consequence of the following circumstance being made known as having occurred on Saturday evening:—A few days ago a packet of letters was directed to a foreigner lodging in Hart Street, but by mistake the packet was de-

livered at the house on the opposite side of the way—there being two houses of the same number in the street—at which house a foreigner lodged of the name of F——, and to whom it was delivered. As the packet came from Dresden (where he has correspondents,) he examined the contents of one of the letters, which he found to contain matter of a treasonable nature, connected with a conspiracy affecting the King of the French: hence he detained them in order to consult the French Ambassador. Mr. F—— was on Saturday apprised of the mis-delivery; and Mr. S——, the person to whom the packet was directed, was given into the custody of Mr. Maclean, the inspector of the eastern section of the city police. When at the station-house, the brother of the person charged made his appearance, when, in consequence of something he uttered, he was detained, and they were both conveyed to the Compter. In the course of yesterday they obtained their liberation, on the pledge of two wealthy friends that they should be forthcoming to-day to answer any charge which might be preferred against them. The packet is placed, under seal, in the hands of the officer, and its contents will be examined in the course of the day by the proper authorities.

*From the Morning Herald, Friday,  
July 21st. 1837.*

## MANSION HOUSE.

### INVESTIGATION EXTRAORDINARY.

A private examination took place a few days ago before the Lord Mayor, into the circumstances of a charge which has given rise to a great deal of conversation, and his lordship, after having heard some of the particulars, referred the matter to the Secretary of State for the Home department, to whom he transmitted a packet of letters, which were supposed by one of the parties to contain information relative to the conspiracy against the King of the French. It is now no longer necessary to conceal the facts of the case.

Mr. *Thomas Smith*, a printer, residing at No. 6, Hart Street, and Mr. *Charles Smith*, his brother, were brought up in the custody of Hunter, a policeman, charged by Mr. Toulmin, a surgeon, whose house is opposite to that of Mr Smith, and also No. 6, upon the following evidence:—

Hunter stated that on Saturday evening, at about half-past six o'clock, Mr. Toulmin applied to him at the place where he was on duty, to take into custody a party who had been guilty of taking and



refusing to give up letters addressed to him (Mr. Toulmin). Witness went accordingly to No. 6, Hart Street, Crutched Friars, where he saw the defendants. Upon asking Thomas Smith whether he had received any letters which were not directed to himself, that defendant told him to mind what he was about, and not to interfere in the business in any respect, or he should get into the wrong box. Witness inquired of him whether he had not received letters directed to Mr. Toulmin : to which he at first replied that he had not, but he afterwards acknowledged that he had, and stated that he would not give them up, as they related to the King of the French, and were of a treasonable character. Witness asked Mr. Toulmin whether he would prefer any charge against the defendant, Thomas Smith, and that gentleman replied that he would prefer a charge of felony against him. Witness then took Thomas Smith into custody, and to the station house, to which place that defendant accompanied him quietly. Charles Smith, the other defendant, was afterwards given in charge by Mr. Toulmin, for having been concerned in the offence.

Inspector M'Lean stated that Thomas Smith was brought to the station house, and charged by Mr. Toulmin with having received a packet of letters addressed to that gentleman, and refused to deliver them up. The defendant had upon his person bank notes and cash to the amount of 69*l.* 12*s.* 8½*d.*

Charles Smith afterwards entered the station house, and said that it was he that had received the packet of letters from a porter, and that he had left it at No. 43, Mincing Lane, for Mr. Frickman, a foreign gentleman. Mr. Toulmin, upon hearing Charles Smith make such statement, said "I think I ought to give you in charge too," and accordingly gave him in charge. Witness searched and found upon Thomas Smith a card, with the name of Sir ———, 10, ——— Street,\* upon it. A great deal was said in the station house by all parties, and it was stated by the accused, that the letters alluded to contained matter connected with a plot of assassination against the King of the French.

Mr. Abraham Toulmin, surgeon, of New London Street, and also of No. 6, Hart Street, Crutched Friars, stated, that upon going to his house in Hart Street, on Saturday evening last, he was informed that a packet of letters, which was directed to his house, was detained by Mr. Smith, of the other No. 6. He immediately went over to the house of Mr. Thomas Smith, and asked him why he detained the letters? to which he replied, that he would not give them up; that witness need not bully him, for he knew well what he was about. Witness observed to him that he had found

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\* The name is suppressed from an uncertainty, on the part of the Editor, as to how far the insertion of it would have been agreeable to the gentleman to whom it belongs.

a mare's nest, and that he behaved like a rogue and fool, and thought to extort money by detaining the letters. Thomas Smith called him a liar, and witness, upon being thus insulted, struck Smith, who stripped to fight. Witness then said, if Smith persisted in detaining the letters, he should go for the police. He acted accordingly, and gave Thomas Smith in charge; and Charles Smith, having afterwards appeared at the station house and acknowledged that he had received the packet of letters, was also charged.

A solicitor who appeared for the defendants, asked whether Mr. Thomas Smith did not say that the letters should be given up to the authorities?

*Mr. Toulmin.*—He said nothing of the kind.

*Mr. Thomas Smith.*—I never saw the letters nor had the packet in my possession.

Hunter (the policeman)—You said that you had the letters, but that they contained treasonable matter against Louis-Philippe, the King of the French.

Mr. Toulmin said that the packet was, he understood, addressed to a French gentleman named Gruau, who lodged at his (Mr. Toulmin's) house, and that the direction was distinctly to that effect. The offence of receiving and detaining letters under such circumstances, was aggravated by the fact, that they had been kept for a whole week by the parties who had so improperly taken possession of them.

*The Lord Mayor.*—Did you expect communications from abroad ?

*Mr. Toulmin.*—I did expect letters from Dresden. We knew nothing of the arrival of this packet, until the gentleman who brought it over from Dresden, and sent it to Hart-street, not having received any acknowledgment for so long a time, called to inquire whether it had arrived safely.

Upon the part of the defendants, it was stated that a person called at the house of Mr. Thomas Smith, No. 6, Hart-street, a week before, and left the packet, which was directed to a foreigner, in the hand of some inmate of the house, who supposed that it was for Mr. Frickman, a foreigner who lodged there; when in the hands of that gentleman, it was discovered that the packet contained such matter as rendered a particular inquiry necessary: but the defendants, although treated so roughly, had not meddled with the correspondence.

Mr. Frickman, a young man, a native, we believe, of Germany, then stepped forward and produced the packet. The envelope on which was the address, as described by Mr. Toulmin, was broken at one end, so that the contents, which consisted of five or six notes, two of which were unsealed, and the rest sealed, slipped out. The unsealed notes were addressed to "The Prince;" the others were addressed to different persons in the country.

The Lord Mayor asked who was the party that

calculated, from the papers before him, that a conspiracy was going forward against the King of the French ?

Mr. Frickman then addressed his lordship in a very long statement in French, the greater part of which was unintelligible to most of those who heard him. The following, however, was collected from what he said. When the packet was put into his hand, he turned it round, and an unsealed paper, addressed "Le Prince," fell out through the bottom of the envelope. Other papers, sealed and unsealed, followed, and he thought it most remarkable that they should be addressed to "The Prince," and to "His Royal Highness the Duke of Normandy." Being aware that there was no recognised Duke of Normandy, and recollecting, also, that there was a pretender to the French crown, who called himself the son of Louis XVI, and gave himself the titles of an illustrious personage, he considered that he was justified in reading the contents of the unsealed letters, leaving those which were sealed in their original state. Upon perusing the papers thus invitingly open to him, he found that they were couched in very strong language, expressive of confidence in the cause of the Duke of Normandy, and the final triumph of the rightful sovereign. Under these circumstances he looked upon the subject as one of a most serious nature, and as the card of Sir ———, 10, ——— Street, was left with the packet,

he thought the most prudent course he could adopt was to call at that gentleman's house, to communicate with him upon the matter. Upon enquiring at the residence of that gentleman, he learned that Sir ——— was from town, and he had, on the apprehension that there was a plot against the life of the King of the French going forward in this country, detained the correspondence.

*The Lord Mayor.*—Why, if you suspected any thing of the kind, did you not apply to some of the proper authorities ?

Mr. Frickman said (as we understood him) that he thought Sir ——— might give such an explanation of the correspondence as would render any thing of the kind unnecessary.

The Lord Mayor desired Mr. Frickman to read the parts of the unsealed letters, which he considered to be treasonable towards the King of the French.

Mr. Frickman then read some passages which certainly were calculated to show that the writer, (a lady) looked upon the person to whom they were addressed, as the rightful heir to the crown of France, and testified the most marked veneration and gratitude and devotedness, but gave no hint of assassination or other violence towards the present occupier of the throne.

The Lord Mayor said that under all the circumstances he should send the correspondence to Lord John Russell. His lordship said that it was evident that an assault had been committed by Mr.

Toulmin upon Mr. Thomas Smith; that appeared to him to be the only part of the business with which he could deal as a magistrate, and Mr. Toulmin could be easily found and indicted.

The solicitor to the defendants said that an action should most certainly be brought against Mr. Toulmin for the injury sustained.

The defendants were then discharged.

Sir ——— immediately afterwards came into his lordship's parlour, and stated that he had been entrusted at Dresden by persons of high respectability with the packet, of the contents of which he knew nothing whatever. Upon his arrival in town he sent his valet to deliver it, and being surprised that no acknowledgment of its receipt had been sent to him, he made inquiry, and was informed of the mistake that had occurred, and the suspicions that were entertained. He had ordered his valet, in whose integrity and correctness of conduct he had every reliance, to attend at the Mansion House, in order to give evidence.

James Elliott, valet to Sir ———, stated that he took a packet from his master to No. 6, Hart Street, and delivered it there. It had a piece of string round it. Witness did not observe that the envelope was at all broken.

Sir ——— said he recollected that there was a string round the packet, and it was therefore quite improbable that papers could have fallen out. Sir ——— seemed to be most anxious that it

should be perfectly understood that he had delivered the packet in the exact state in which it had been put into his hands.

The Lord Mayor said that it appeared to him to be quite impossible that any papers could have fallen out, placed as the string was described to be by the valet.

It is necessary to state that the defendants and Mr. Frickman were not in the room at the time Sir ——— and his valet were giving evidence. In fact, the lord mayor, as he could not act as a magistrate on the more interesting matter of accusation, did not think it incumbent upon him to go on with the inquiry according to the usual system of regularity observed by him.

When the whole affair terminated, his lordship transmitted the packet of letters to Lord John Russell, and has, we believe, been in expectation of an answer from the secretary; but there is another person who waits with much anxiety for the packet, in order to deliver the enclosed letters according to their respective directions.

Monsieur Gruau, to whom the packet was addressed, at the house of Mr. Toulmin, has attended at the justice-room frequently during the last three days, in the expectation of receiving the letters from the hands of the Lord Mayor. This gentleman also attended on the day of the examination, for the purpose of answering any question his lordship might think proper to ask, but was not ad-



mitted to the room in which the investigation took place. His lordship has been so much occupied since Monday in public matters of a pressing nature, that he has not been able to sit in the justice room, and M. Gruau, acting upon the advice of Mr. Hobler, expressed his intention to apply personally to Lord John Russell for the papers, which he declares it is the most monstrous absurdity to suppose to contain any plot or insinuation of conspiracy to assassinate any human being. M. Gruau adds that he is Chargé d'Affaires to the Duke of Normandy, who certainly has legitimate claims to the French crown ; but the duke, instead of entertaining the horrible thought of assassinating the present King of the French, had actually saved Louis-Philippe from assassination, and looked to the operations of an all-wise Providence for the happy termination of his claims.

We understood that, in the course of yesterday, Mr. Phillips, of the Home Office, informed M. Gruau that he should hear from Lord John Russell immediately.

*From the Courier, Friday, July 21st 1837.*

THE DUKE OF NORMANDY'S INTERCEPTED  
LETTERS.

To the Editor of the Courier.

SIR,

In your Journal of Monday last you give an account of an affair which you say has produced a great sensation in the city. The details which have been communicated to you are very incorrect, and I beg to rectify them, in order to disabuse the public, and to make known the truth.

For a long time past I have expected from Dresden, for the Duke de Normandy, letters from his family. One of my friends wrote to me to say that Sir ——— had undertaken to deliver a packet to me, and that I ought to have received it some time ago. Who was this Sir ———? How could I discover his address in London. A foreigner, I had very few means of obtaining any information in this respect, and I considered the papers lost, when, on Saturday last, as I was going to my printer, Sir ——— had just gone from thence, and had asked him if he did not know me. He was, as may well be imagined, astonished that I had not acknowledged the receipt of the packet, which had been intrusted to him, and which he

thought I had in my possession. Having ascertained the address of this gentleman, I immediately went to his house, but only met with his servant. I then found out that it was he who had left the packet in question at a house in Hart Street, and that it was addressed to "M. Gruau, Avocat, chez M. Toulmin, No. 6, Hart Street, Mark Lane, City."

I could not understand how these papers could be lost, but after some explanations, I understood that the servant of Sir ——— had by mistake, taken the packet to another No. 6, which was the house of Mr. Smith, a printer. On leaving the packet, the servant asked if it was quite certain that M. Gruau resided there. He was told that that gentleman was absent, but that on his return the papers would be given to him. The servant left his master's address, begging that the packet might be returned if there was any error. He returned again afterwards in order to be certain that the packet had fallen into the hands of the person for whom it was destined. The answer that was given set the mind of Sir ——— at rest, and he then considered that he had fulfilled the commission which he had undertaken. The packet was sealed, and was just as he had received it from the friends of the family of the Prince. I went to Mr. Smith, whose reception was in conformity with his conduct. He confessed to me that he had had the packet at his disposal—that he

gave it to some one whose name he concealed, adding that the papers contained a horrible plot against the life of Louis-Philippe—that they had been read by a friend of his who understood French. During this explanation, a man in his company seemed to wish to insult me by putting himself in a boxing attitude. After having energetically reproached Smith with the impropriety of his conduct, in having taken and retained a packet having my name upon it, and that of Mr. Toulmin, whose house was opposite to his own door—after having bitterly complained that he had taken the liberty of opening these papers by breaking the envelope, of his having violated the secrecy of my correspondence—in short, that he refused to restore my property—I retired, confiding in the justice of England. His answer was always the same—“Horrible assassination of Louis-Philippe, the English people cannot suffer it.”

In the evening I returned to Sir ———, who shared my indignation. He sent his servant with me to demand the papers of Smith, and wrote to that individual that if he persisted in his refusal, he should himself take proceedings against him in my name, for felony, according to your laws. I am happy to have it in my power to declare here that I found in this gentleman the energy and the high sense of honour which characterize the English Nobility. He warmly supported me, and I am happy publicly to testify my gratitude to him.

During this absence, M. Toulmin, as the master of the house, and desirous of securing freedom of communication with it, undertook in his turn to see what he could do with Mr. Smith. His efforts, however, were as ineffectual as mine. The affair was investigated by the Lord Mayor on the Monday following in his private room. I was summoned to attend to identify the papers, which were placed in the hands of the authorities. My testimony, however, was not called for, and I found that the Lord Mayor, under the calumnious imputations of Smith, had transmitted the letters to Lord John Russell. I have not yet recovered them.

This, Mr. Editor, is the exact truth. All that has been said to you to the contrary is false. It is clear that no misunderstanding can excuse the conduct of the printer. He knowingly retained my papers, and he tore the envelope. According to what you state, also, he communicated the contents of the papers to the French Ambassador. This revelation gives me the right to imagine that there is some one connected with the police of France in this affair, and that the proposals of assassination were suggested by the enemies of the Prince. This fresh scheme does not at all astonish me when contrasted with the present intrigues of France towards the august Orphan of the Temple. Domiciliary visits are every where made to the friends of the Prince; they are cited before a Juge d'Instruction, or they are accused of swindling, and

you will soon see arrive the fifth or sixth father given to His Royal Highness, and whom Prussia has perhaps already brought from among the lowest class of the people.

As to the alleged contents of the papers, they are invented by calumny, and at a later period I propose to bring an action of defamation against the presumed authors of this story. The public will judge of it, for I shall publish the letters at length, as soon as Lord John Russell sends them back to me. It is important to the honour and the noble sentiments which direct the actions of the Prince, that he should appear in the face of the whole world as pure as he is before God. Man has refused him all justice, and he has now no hope but in Providence, who will not deny it to him.

No, Mr. Editor, you may fully believe it, the son of Louis XVI is not a conspirator. He has declared war against the usurper. It was his duty to do so, for truth cannot march onwards with imposture, nor can virtue ally itself with crime. He has not declared war against France nor against the French people, for he loves his country and his fellow-citizens. He pities those who are misled, and he would not have to reproach himself with the effusion of a single drop of blood in order to reach the throne. His war consists only in the writings which he has published, and which are filled with truths, calculated to strike terror into

the man now in power. Seventeen years of imprisonment, forty-five years of sufferings calculated to astonish human intelligence ; latterly the numerous instances of the violence and illegality of the French Government in regard to him, his arbitrary expulsion, twelve months of exile, the perfidious combinations of foreign Cabinets to destroy him ; so much anguish which has broken his heart without destroying his courage, give him the right, I think, in exchange for the evil which has been done to him, to proclaim loudly, truths which are useful to the world.

If France is on the brink of a precipice, it is not he who has driven her to it. He has done every thing to avert the disasters which are about to crush my unfortunate country ; four times he saved Louis-Philippe from the dagger of assassins. He has been misunderstood and his warning despised ; his mind is deeply afflicted at the dread prospects of France, but it is not in his power to suspend the decrees of the Eternal.

You will much oblige me by inserting this letter. It is a homage you will render to truth. Receive, Sir, the assurance of the distinguished consideration with which I have the honour to be, your very humble and very obedient servant,

M. GRUAU,

*Counsel to the Duke of Normandy.*

*London, July 18th 1837.*

*From the Times, Thursday, August 8th 1837.*

### MANSION-HOUSE.

M. Gruau, who describes himself as Chargé d'Affaires to the Duke of Normandy, the alleged son of the unfortunate Louis XVI., brought to the justice-room the letters from Dresden relative to which some noise was made about three weeks ago, in order to convince the Lord Mayor of the absurdity of the report that the correspondence contained the materials of a plot against the life of Louis-Philippe.

It is proper to state that the packet containing the letters, which it will be recollected the Lord Mayor transmitted to Lord J. Russell, was returned to the former, exactly in the condition in which it had been forwarded to the Secretary of State, the seals not having been disturbed, and without a word of comment, and the Lord Mayor placed them in the hands of Mr. Gruau, who soon afterwards came to the Mansion-House and requested that the letters might be read publicly. He was the more anxious to have the impression removed, as upon the walls of Paris were affixed placards stating that a dreadful plot to assassinate the King of the French was detected in London, and the French press contained histories of the diabolical conspiracy. Together with the packet, which contained all the letters but two, Mr. Gruau gave in a paper, from which the following are extracts.



The address is " Mr. Gruau, Advocate, at Mr. Toulmin's, 6, Hart-street, Mark-lane, London ;" so that there can be no pretence for stating that there was a misunderstanding upon the part of Mr. Smith or Mr. Frickman, that it was directed to the latter. There are six letters, four of which were sealed, and were not read by the parties into whose hands the packet fell, nor by the authorities to which it was referred, so that the information of the plot depends upon the two letters which were unsealed in the packet, and which Mr. Frickman had read. Of the two letters not contained in the envelope, one is from Her Royal Highness the wife of the Prince, written in German, the other is addressed to a lady in London, and has been sent to her by the twopenny post. As for what is pretended by the Prussian government and the Duchess d'Angoulême, that the Prince is a Prussian, and that the heart of the true Dauphin had been offered to his sister, the public may read the abridgment of the *History of the Misfortunes of the Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI*, at Dulau's, in Soho Square, where it will be found that the *Prussian Gazette* official newspaper asserts positively that the Pretender is not a Prussian, and that his origin could not be discovered; and the same work proves that Madame d'Angoulême refused, in 1814, the heart of the child that lay dead in the Temple, offered to her by Dr. Pelletan, because it was not the heart of the Dauphin, but

that of the child who was substituted in the place of the eloped Orphan of the Temple.

The following are the letters which were handed to the Lord Mayor\*. The first is addressed to M. Gruau, and that gentleman considered it necessary to erase the names of the writers of all :—

“ My worthy friend, Sir ———, an English Catholic, of a family of peers, and a near relation of the venerable Cardinal lately deceased, was acquainted at Carlsbad with the whole affair, to which he paid most particular attention, attaching the most lively interest to it. He particularly wished to pay you a visit, and he had several interviews with Mr. ——— about it. His conversation will, I think, be as interesting to you as to the

\* One only of the letters is not given here, being so wholly of a domestic nature as to be quite uninteresting to the public, and not bearing upon the case, except by the expression of the writer's belief in the truth of the Prince's claims. It will be remembered that these letters were not intended for the public eye, and would not have been laid before it, but for the accident of their mis-delivery, and their unlawful detention from their rightful owner, on a groundless suspicion, which they were published to refute. They must therefore be supposed to contain the expression of the genuine sentiments and opinions of their respective writers, and a true account of their circumstances; and thus they establish, beyond the possibility of doubt, (in corroboration of the Prince's statement) the sincerity of his friends' belief in him, proved by their pecuniary sacrifices for the support of his family; and, in conformity with that proof, not only the absence of any interested motive, which could induce any one falsely to assert such a belief, but also the existence of powerful considerations, to have deterred those who here profess it, from an over-hasty adoption of it.—*English Ed.*

latter. You will judge of it. Take courage, and be resigned, and God will do the rest.

“ Ever yours ——.”

*June 26th 1837.*

“ Miss —— begs you will be so good as to put her letter in the twopenny post.”

“ MY LORD DUKE,

“ Your Royal Highness overburdens me with so many kindnesses that I cannot find words adequate to convey my gratitude to you. I shall never cease considering it as my duty to devote to the children of St. Louis the humble services for which Divine Providence furnishes me with so happy an opportunity. My ancestors, of French origin, taught me by their examples to venerate that royal blood, and the kindnesses of Madame will never allow me to forget those precious lessons.

“ Yes, most unfortunate Prince, I bless the misfortune which shows so many virtues, and pray to God to put an end to it, and I shall never cease thanking him for having procured me the happiness of serving you, and to assure your Royal Highness of the profound respect and sincerity with which I am your most humble servant,

“ —— ———.”

" MOST BELOVED PRINCE,

" Our inseparable friend wished that I should not separate my letter from hers. This excellent friend well proves to us every day by her actions how sincere she is in what she writes to you. We have been rather uneasy about you, and we incessantly pray to the Almighty, whose secret designs we are ignorant of, that he may soften the way, already so painful, which is to conduct you to a happy end. I likewise pray that your good angel may instruct you in all things useful to your family, and the particulars of which I cannot enter into, so much the more so, as they have not hitherto assumed a serious importance, and I hope they never will.

" I regret much not having any news to give you, but as for you, who are acquainted with so many things, you no longer say anything to me. We are languishing in expectation of it, however. You have no cause for being silent; you would make us happy by communicating to us whatever may concern you.

" I thought I might as well write a letter in rather peaceable terms to the Bishop of —, being desirous of furnishing him with some means of reconciliation, without, however, comprising in any way whatever, justice or truth. He wrote me an answer on the 9th instant; you will judge from what inspirations when you know that he had

passed the whole preceding day with Louis-Philippe ; it is a misfortune which I deplore for him. I trust to God for everything ; and I never cease praying to him for your person, which is, and ever will be so dear to us. I regret much that I have not the means of fulfilling my promise to poor —, in paying for him the £150 which will become due in July next. If the Government had not deprived me of all that belongs to me, about which the Bishop makes rather a lame excuse\*, I should have had it in my power to pay the above, but God's will be done.

“ Farewell, beloved and dear Prince : may you soon be consoled for all your troubles, is the most sincere wish of your ever devoted,

“ ———.”

“ *June 26th 1837.*”

“ *Dresden, June 26th 1837.*

“ **MY VERY GOOD PRINCE,**

“ I have the happiness to write to you from the bosom of your beloved family, in the midst of which I have been for the last fortnight. You will, no doubt, have received my last letter dated

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\* See the note to the French Edition at the end of the Abbé Appert's letter, p. 441.

from —, with that of Mr. —. It was only from — that I was able to send to my aunt the letter which you did her the honour to write to her, because I had heard in passing through Paris, that her mind had been worked upon, against you, and I was desirous of having that bad impression cleared away by others, previous to my making any demand from her. On the other hand, I have not fixed any sum to her, and in sending me — francs for your family, she writes me word that she shares with you all the money she has in the house, as she is only to receive in two years' time various sums which she had lent. But do not be in the least uneasy about your family. You have associated me to your paternal care; they will then never want but when I am in want myself, which I hope will never be the case. My good mother wrote me word lately, that if your cause did not meet with the success we expect, she would sell all that she is still in possession of, to come and live, and share her small fortune with those dear and beloved children, whose fate touches us so much, and who are my little cherished brothers.

“ Madame's health has much improved since she has been taking the waters. She will continue to take them for three weeks longer. Miss Amelia has no further suffering, but that of being so far from her excellent father. To go and throw herself in his arms, her filial piety would brave the

dangers of the sea. She often sheds tears at that cruel separation, and I endeavour to console her by speaking of you, and giving her those comforts she is so much in need of. Edward is coming to spend a month's vacation with us, during which I shall be his French master, and give him lessons in that language, in which he is but little advanced. I shall get him to write letters and descriptions of the walks which we take together in Saxon Switzerland.

“ Antoinette, Charles, Edmund, and Therese are growing, and are very well. Everything there is going on wonderfully well. Their lungs are getting stronger every day, by the piercing shrill tones which they utter from morning till night, and from the frequent use which they make of that organ, I do not doubt but they will sing very well some day, like their eldest sister, who has a most charming voice. Such is the domestic news. There is that of another kind, which is not less certain ; I warrant it to you as such.

“ Austria, France, and Prussia unanimously are going to produce a manifesto or ordinance by which they banish you from the Continent as an impostor who avails himself of a few favourable circumstances to give credibility to his lies on his pretended origin, as he is but a Prussian well known. That manifesto will be accompanied by a declaration from the Duchess d'Angoulême, in which she acknowledges that her brother died in

the Temple, as his heart was offered to her, purchased at a high price from the physician who made the autopsy in the Temple. Really, Prince, if such are the arms of your adversaries, they must excite your pity. What weakness of reasonable means! Here are the great powers of Europe who say they know you, and who cannot give the proof of it. What pitiful powers! Let us wait for them. My name has excited the attention of the Prussian Ambassador, who, thinking that I was —, demanded that I should be expelled from Saxony. He was made easy when he was told that I was but a very peaceable —. This, excellent Prince, is all I can tell you by the good opportunity which presents itself at this moment; it is by the nephews of Cardinal —, who return from Carlsbad, and are well convinced of your identity. I do not know whether you will receive them; they are very anxious to pay you their respects. I embrace you for all here with all my heart, and with all the feelings of one of your children."

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*Letter of the Duke of Normandy to His Highness  
the Prince Royal of Prussia.*

PRINCE,

Sooner or later, as King of your country you



will ascend the throne, pure as you deserve to be, and your honour ought not to suffer intriguers to make you the victim of their perfidy, and the blind instrument of their guilty policy. With a name respected everywhere, you cannot brook the disgrace of having suffered yourself to be deceived in regard to me, and of having thus indirectly made yourself an accomplice in the criminal falsehoods with which my character has been blackened, up to this very day. The glory of the future King of Prussia would be tarnished beforehand, if history could say—He was not able to clear himself of the moral assassination of the son of Louis XVI.

Yes, Prince, I have been morally assassinated: perhaps all the members of your cabinet, enjoying the confidence of His Majesty, your father, are not in fault: but some of them have to reproach themselves with the crime of treason against the King their master, and of an offence against humanity in their conduct towards me. Here are my proofs. It is a fact that cannot be called in question, that in 1811, I gave up the papers, proving my royal birth, into the hands of the Chancellor, Prince Harttenberg, through the intervention of M. Lecoque, President of Police. Was His Majesty informed of this?

Circumstances forced me, at last, to address myself in a decisive manner to Louis XVIII in 1824. A few months afterwards I was accused by a scoundrel of having coined base money, and,

contrary to the provisions of your laws, was put in prison.

I declared, at that time, that I was a Prince, and named witnesses who could attest the truth of this declaration, demanding at the same time that it should be submitted to His Majesty, your father. I compelled the Counsellor of justice, Schulz, (*Juge d'Instruction*,) to draw up a *procès verbal* and send it to the King. Was it ever sent? Did His Majesty receive the *procès verbal*? Was he made acquainted with its contents at that period?

Denounced for a crime of which I had not had and could not have had the thought, I asked myself what is the object of this machiavelism? the future will proclaim my answer. As for you, Prince, what will you have to say, when from the eminence for which God destines me, and in face of the entire world, I shall prove that the whole fabric of this iniquitous proceeding was raised on cowardice and defamation?

Prince, your social position makes it imperative on you to open your eyes upon this matter, now, while it is yet time to preserve your reputation: what I here advance is truth, and your honour and that of your Royal House is concerned, that you should yourself afford me the means of justifying both you and His Majesty, your father.

If you refuse to listen to this my last appeal, and to follow the dictates of a wise policy, in vain, Prince, will lying flatterers seek to exculpate you;

imposture will be crushed by the overwhelming force of truth, and the Royal Family of Prussia will appear to future ages, as accomplices in the crimes which have been plotted against me.

My innocence demonstrated, in clearing my memory from the charges invented by my enemies during my residence in your kingdom, my innocence, which will shine like eternal truth, will in its turn become accuser, and the voice of the innocent will silence the clamour of unmasked villany.

If you desire light to direct your judgment, send me a person of whose integrity you are assured; he shall receive my proofs. If I bring not the clearest conviction to your mind, I deliver myself up to your justice, and I submit to the disgrace which would be merited by one who should have been rash enough to defame your Royal House, and the tribunals of your kingdom.

Prince, I persist in declaring that I am the son of the Martyr King of France. I doubt not that His Majesty, your father, as well as you his royal son, have been deceived respecting me, the more so, as one of your ministers, M. de Rochow, said to my advocate, Laprade, that even if I were the son of Louis XVI, I could not be acknowledged, for reasons affecting foreign powers. This then is the cause why calumny has been set at work to destroy me; and why your cabinet has given the Duchess of Angoulême false information to persuade her that I am not her brother. It is not in

the power of any man to overturn the truth. I am not the less the Orphan of the Temple : as such I demand justice, and it is in that character that I openly accuse my adversaries, whoever they may be, of having betrayed my country, humanity, truth and justice.

CHARLES-LOUIS DE BOURBON,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*London, July, 1837*

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*Letter from the Duke of Normandy to His Royal Highness the Archduke John of Austria.*

PRINCE,

I know that your family is composed of excellent persons : but they are deceived. I have nothing to add to what I have already told you, for I am weary of addressing my relations. If you, Sir, can have a moment's doubt of my identity,

here is a proof which alone would be sufficient to establish it. There is something known only to myself and the Duchess of Angoulême: I cannot reveal it but before the tribunals, and my doing so, will give proof of my identity. If the Duchess of Angoulême should refuse to admit this proof, she could not be the real daughter of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France; the real daughter must have died in the Temple, and policy must have substituted another person for her. I sometimes give way to this supposition, so repugnant is it to my heart to believe that my sister, if she were living, would have the monstrous resolution to disown her brother, or such criminal indifference as to refuse to examine into the matter, and to say how she can be certain of my death in the Temple. All justice has been denied me: I have now appealed to all Europe. Believe it well, notwithstanding the intrigues and calumnies of beings, who, in the form of men, are acting the part of devils, the son of the Martyr King will yet make his way, and I, whose name is written below, will prove to the world, that I am the real Orphan of the Temple. I have continually made my claims known to my relations in Austria, and my political adversaries by way of answer, have brought forward impostors in my name, the more easily to deceive you with respect to me. I send your Royal Highness some documents of considerable importance. All the European powers

have received them ; and if His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria has not been made acquainted with them, it is a proof that the honest people who surround him abuse his confidence.

CHARLES-LOUIS DE BOURBON,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*Letter from the Duke of Normandy addressed to the French Government, through the medium of the Minister of Justice.*

Wherefore these domiciliary visits ? wherefore this profusion of proceedings—this seizure of my correspondence—this arresting of my friends ? wherefore, in short, this display of authority against generous Frenchmen, who are guilty of no other crime than that of having assisted, in his misfortunes, the son of the Martyr King of France ? Of what are they accused ? of having conspired against the existing order of things ?—but not a word, not an action, not even a thought, on their part, has

warranted the vexatious treatment which they have experienced: for they, like myself, religiously appreciate this moral maxim, acknowledged in every age, that it is not lawful knowingly to do the smallest evil, in order to effect the greatest good. I have already told you that I alone am the author of the papers which have been published. I have addressed them to all the sovereigns of Europe, to the ministry and supreme magistracy of France, to Louis-Philippe himself, through the Queen Amelia. My friends have only become acquainted with these declarations, through the publicity which was given them by me alone. Why, then, lay the blame on them, of what it was not in their power to hinder—of what they cannot legally be responsible for? Would you act thus if you really believed me to be an impostor? your arbitrary measures reveal to the world the secret motives which direct you: it is clear that you dread the light of truth—that you wish to intimidate its supporters, and to deprive the Orphan of the Temple, even of the assistance of disinterested friendship. Why, when I laid my claim of civil rights before the *Tribunal de la Seine*, instead of judging my cause did you drive me from France? Is it thus that an impostor is treated? Think not that the boldness of my language is owing to my being in a land where your laws are not in force. If you think so I will undeceive you, and I solemnly declare that I would support my statements

before your tribunals, if I were at liberty to appear there. You have refused me justice in a court of civil law: well! then I loudly demand of you justice in a criminal court. If you pretend that my friends are guilty, they could only be so through me and on my account; they would be my accomplices. I claim therefore the right of coming to vindicate them, by proving that I alone ought to be responsible for the acts which so much alarm you. Send me a safe conduct: guarantee to me, as I have a right to demand, that in France no attempt shall be made upon my life or liberty; and I undertake to give full satisfaction upon all the points which form the ground of these proceedings. It would be cowardice in you not to comply with this request of mine. What have you to fear from a man who should falsely assume the names and titles of a son of France, who died in 1795?

CHARLES-LOUIS DE BOURBON,

*Duke of Normandy.*

*London, August 4th, 1837.*



# PETITION\*

TO

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES,

Dated January 21st 1838,

PRESENTED BY

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF NORMANDY,

*Known by the name of*

NAÜNDORFF.

GENTLEMEN,

This day is the forty-fifth anniversary of one of the most dreadful catastrophes which have ever befallen a nation: it was at that time that the virtuous Louis XVI, on the point of dying on a scaffold, wished the people to hear the words of truth and justice; his voice was drowned by the noise of the revolu-

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\* Of this Petition, twenty-six copies were sent by the post, addressed to as many members of the French Chamber of Deputies. They were seized at Calais, by the express orders of government,

tionary drums, and his head fell amid the triumphant cries of an abused multitude, who did not foresee that this event would be the forerunner of a long desolation of their country. Soon after, the Queen of France was sacrificed to the demands of anarchy; and the enemies of the throne did not spare that heroic Princess, Madame Elizabeth, known only by her acts of benevolence.

I, the orphan of this royal house destroyed by the revolutionary axe; I, the heir of the Martyr King, whose last words breathed a generous pardon to his murderers, I do not come to tear open wounds which still bleed; I do not come to keep up enmities which time should efface; my words, also, are words of love and peace to France, although France disowns me. Miraculously saved from a death to which I had been destined, I have experienced in a long course of sufferings, the deplorable consequences of my royal birth, which, if it was a misfortune for me, could not at least be a crime. My afflictions have been great: such as to require a supernatural courage in man not to sink under them. I do not ask satisfaction for these afflictions from any one; only they will be the torment of my existence, till the hour when I shall descend to the repose of the tomb, and be united with those whom I loved on earth. I repeat it then: peace and pardon to France; and I say it, believe me well, with the sincerity of a heart which, all broken as it is, if it has still the energy

of grief, has not the power to hate. Nevertheless, the bitterness of the ills which have burdened my existence, have extended themselves to new ties of blood; being now a husband and a father, it is time that my existence should cease to be a mystery; and the feelings of nature, which I cannot resist, impose on me the sacred duty of giving a name to my children, and of not depriving them of the civil inheritance of their ancestors.

It is to attain this end, Gentlemen, that I am obliged to make a new appeal to the Chamber of Representatives of the nation. Each time that, to attest my innocence and my rights, I have pronounced the words of justice and of truth, my voice has been everywhere drowned by the clamour of political passions, which ought not to impede the course of justice, nor to mix themselves with a simple question of civil rights. Confiding in the wisdom which ought to preside at your deliberations, and in the noble independence of character, which has gained for you the glorious title of Deputies of France, I dare flatter myself that you will not repel, by an order of the day, the legitimate complaints of one of your fellow-citizens, who for eighteen months, has sighed in exile under the oppression of an arbitrary act of power. To you, the legislators of a great people, to you, constituting a part of the government which you created seven years ago; to you belongs the dignified and tutelary office of upholding the execution of the laws

and of not allowing prevaricating ministers to infringe them with impunity. The most imprescriptible rights of a nation, the only securities to social order, are a free access for every one, to the tribunals of his country, to defend there his life, his honour and his property ; and the right of personal liberty, so long as the law does not, on the grounds of public good, authorize the suspension of it. Both these rights have been violated in my person by the French government.

On the 13th of June 1836, I cited before the *Tribunal de Première Instance de la Seine*, H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême, H. R. H. the Duke of Angoulême, and his late R. H. the Count d'Artois ; to see and direct that I should be authorized to re-assume the name of Charles-Louis Duke of Normandy, son of Louis XVI, and of Marie-Antoinette ; and that by this title I should be reinstated in all the civil rights of which I have been deprived in consequence of a false register of my decease which is objected to me.

Already previously, and to the same end, counsel and a summoner had been appointed me by the President.

At the time of Richemont's trial, I had, by a letter delivered to the President, protested before the court against the ridiculous pretensions of that impostor whom the Police had put forward, to mislead public opinion, making him assume the name and titles of the real Orphan of the Temple.

And here, Gentlemen, I will inform you to what an extent the government sport with the inviolable rights of justice, and with the good faith of the people. This man whom I have named, was so evidently a secret agent, whose proceedings were directed by a policy hostile to me, that, during the time of his imprisonment, before and after his disgraceful condemnation, he lived in opulence in a prison, which had for him only the appearance of one; he had a key of the outer door and every evening, he went to one of the theatres in the capital. After the sentence of the Court of Assize, which condemned him to twelve years imprisonment, he was allowed to make his escape, and directed to go to England, a short time before it was resolved to cast me on this foreign soil. He has lately returned openly to France, and under the eyes of the police; who, instead of arresting him, have allowed him to return to London, where the means of existence are not wanting to him.

In answer to a defamatory action brought against me by M. Thomas, I had summoned this calumniator before the *Tribunal Correctionnel de la Seine*, and obtained the satisfaction which was due to me.

Finally, I had officially and by writing, informed the King of the French of the cause that I was going to bring forward.

It was under these circumstances, Gentlemen, and two days after the said citation of the 13th of June, by which, placing myself under the legal

protection of the magistrates, I had brought before the civil tribunals, alone competent to decide the question, an action for the restitution of my civil rights :

It was at the very moment, when the open and honest appeal which I made to the legal authorities, offered a security to the Government and to public tranquillity ;

It was then, that, by a *warrant without reason assigned*, of the Prefect of Police, my dwelling was entered by his agents, and, notwithstanding the written protest of M. M. Gruau, late King's Attorney, and one of my counsel, my papers were searched and seized without any inventory being made ; and I was forced from my dwelling and conducted to the dépôt of the Prefecture of Police, where I remained twenty six days without the trouble being taken of regulating, even in form, this illegal arrest, according to the rules peremptorily prescribed by the laws.

But for the incessant and spontaneous remonstrances of my counsel, I should have been immediately, within four and twenty hours, taken from the place where I was detained, and mysteriously carried off to some modern Bastille, which would probably have become a place of confinement for me, unknown to my friends. I owe it to the energetic measures which were taken in my name, that the Government itself became alarmed at the intended result of its first act of violence.

My appeals were laid before the various branches of the Government; they were directly notified to the King of the French; the Keeper of the Seals received a regular and formal denunciation, to force his attention to the flagrant illegal acts committed by the administration, and to demand a full reparation of them. The silence of all, and particularly of the Minister of Justice, has proved the little account which is made in France of personal liberty, of the rights of property, and of the complaints of citizens, victims of the most crying abuses of power.

The Council of State, that supreme court, the object of whose functions is to redress the faults committed by the administration, either wilfully or from error—the Council of State decided on the 14th of July, 1836, that the acts against which the complaint was directed, belonged *to the high police of the kingdom*.

In consequence of this decision I had recourse to *this high police of the kingdom*, by presenting, on the 10th of January, 1837, a petition to the Chamber of Peers, and to the Chamber of Deputies. What was the result? The first Chamber did not even deign to make a report; the petition was suppressed, notwithstanding the right of petition consecrated by the Charter. As to the representatives of the people, they did not consider worthy of their attention, the just complaints of an innocent and unfortunate person, forcibly ba-

nished from the country which he claims as his own. Not one voice was raised in the Chamber to ask an explanation of the ministers; and after some short observations by the Reporter, which were nothing but a newly invented accusation against me, aimed in the dark, at the man deprived of the power of defending himself: it was agreed *unanimously* to pass to the order of the day.

The following is the official account of the sitting:—

“ Mr. Charles-Louis, calling himself Duke of Normandy, now in London, complains that he has been *arbitrarily expelled from France*, and demands permission to return. The petitioner for several years followed the trade of watchmaker in Prussia; *he came to France with evil intentions*; the government in sending him away *has given proof of its moderation and of its wisdom*: the committee proposes to pass to the order of the day.—Agreed.”

But where then and under what circumstances had the reporter discovered *these evil intentions*? At the time of my arrest, I had been living for three years in Paris with the knowledge of the government, and particularly of the Prefect of Police, who signed the warrant, by virtue of which, five agents of the police apprehended me in my dwelling; and this Prefect declared to my counsel, *that my conduct was irreproachable*, and that *my presence did not create any uneasiness*; but when



I demanded the cause of my imprisonment, the ministers themselves were not able to assign any, except *that they took me for a foreigner.*

But, when I was thus committed to the charge of the police, when I was deprived of my liberty and could not escape the power of the law ; I in vain demanded that my suit should come on, content to remain in prison till it was definitively settled ; in vain I demanded that, in the very prison in which a constant watch was kept over me, I should be taken before the magistrates, before whom alone I could effectually prove my case. How was I answered ? *by an order that I should be conducted from brigade to brigade, on board an English packet-boat !*

And it was after my expulsion ; after my imprisonment, which had afforded an opportunity for all my words to be noted by the police ; it was after the imperturbable silence of my gaolers, as to the cause of my arrest, when it would have been so easy for them to invent one, to give to their acts the appearance of legality ; it was in the face of this silence, so justifying to me, and so condemning to them, that a reporter, who does not know me, presumed to talk of *evil intentions*, solely to conform to the ministerial will ! and this injurious accusation, thrown out at random, was taken for justice ! and the Chamber sanctioned the contempt of the laws !

Gentlemen, the Chambers are not the judges of the moral character of a petitioner ; to weigh

the merits of the facts stated in the petition, and to decree accordingly, that is their imperative duty. The meanest citizen has a right to the protection of the laws, for the law is made alike for all. Tribunals exist, which are the appointed safeguards of innocence, and the security of social interests. The minister ought not to be able to shelter a criminal from justice; neither is he competent to turn against an inoffensive citizen, whoever he may be, the written laws of the kingdom, which extend alike to the poor man in his cottage, and to the monarch on his throne. When the government accuse, when a man is arrested; innocent or guilty, he has a natural and legal right to defend himself, which never was questioned even in the short intervals of a dreadful anarchy. Alibeu and Fieschi had judges and counsel; and I, whose cause is pending before a civil tribunal; I, whose conduct was declared irreproachable by a Prefect of Police, at the very moment even when he caused me to be imprisoned; I have met with none but oppressors among all those in authority, and not one voice has united itself with mine in my appeal for justice! It is a mockery to applaud "the moderation and wisdom of which the government has given proof in sending me away;" while the French people see with alarm their rights and liberties scandalously given up to the good pleasure of irresponsible ministers, under a govern-

ment which promised to respect the liberty of all, and which only usurped the place of another, under the false pretext of crushing despotism !

Who then can justify the strange and alarming abuse of power, which has suspended the course of my suit for the recovery of my civil rights.

The only reason alleged by the ministry for so illegal and violent a proceeding, was that *I was a foreigner and a Prussian* ; but,

This supposition can be only an awkward excuse, since there is no law in France which authorises such treatment of a foreigner as I have received :

This supposition, I might say, has been directly contradicted by the government of the very country to which it is pretended that I belong ; for at the time of my arrest, that government, if I am rightly informed, refused to receive me in its dominions on the demand of the French ministry, declaring that I was not a Prussian :

This supposition was without force, by the side of the suit which I had instituted for the recovery of my name and civil rights as a Frenchman, born at the palace of Versailles, on the 27th March, 1785 ; it could not then prevail against this institution of a suit in the quality of a Frenchman, since the civil court, alone competent, had not pronounced judgment on the register of de-cease of the 12th of June 1795. Till this court has decided on my proofs, I have on my side the

presumption of being a Frenchman, which forms the basis of my claim.

The executive government has not the exorbitant privilege of imposing a country upon an individual; and it is, moreover, subversive of every idea of reason and of law, to consider as a foreigner the plaintiff who, not ceasing to declare that he is a Frenchman, awaits with confidence, from a French tribunal, whose proceedings have been stopped, the confirmation of the title which he maintains to be his. Thus to fetter the ordinary course of a law proceeding, is to invade those distinct jurisdictions, which the legislature has wisely determined to be independent of one another; it is a flagrant denial of justice: in any case it is a monstrous iniquity, if the supposition that he is foreigner is only arbitrarily brought forward to take the plaintiff from his home, to seize the papers indispensable to his suit, to throw him into prison, to keep him there for an indefinite time, to refuse him his trial when he demands it, and finally to have him conducted by an armed force beyond the frontiers; for, I will add, Gentlemen, that,

This supposition is a falsehood, which those who repeat it with emphasis and endeavour to make it believed, do not believe themselves.

But, if I am a foreigner, tell me then to what nation I belong? who were my father and mother, what was my family, the place of my birth, where

had spent my life till the year 1810, the period at which I first inhabited Prussia, which I did not quit till the year 1832, to come to France to cite my family before the tribunals? Shew me then the register of my birth, publish it in your journals; I challenge you to do so in the name of honour and of truth, if you have not trampled under your feet all sense of shame; and I declare it infamous to persist in this falsehood, so long as you shall not have supported your assertion by indisputable proofs.

In the year 1836, the *State Gazette of Prussia*, an official paper, edited under the eyes of the government, had the following article:

“Berlin, 30th of May.—In the month of July next, a trial will come on before the Tribunal de Première Instance of the department of the Seine, which cannot fail to excite curiosity. M. de Naündorff, known by his residence of several years in Prussia, where he carried on the trade of a watch-maker, *intends to maintain and prove in court, the falsity of the declaration of the decease of Louis XVII. drawn up under the date of June\* 8th 1795.* He claims and assumes the names of Charles-Louis, and the dignity of Dauphin of

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\* There is an error here, the registry of the decease is dated June 12th, and it certifies that the decease took place on the 8th at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the suspicious testimony of two individuals dwelling out of the Temple.

France, son of Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette. We are very curious here to learn the progress and the issue of this affair, which is highly interesting from its importance, and the rank of the witnesses who will be heard on the opposite side during the discussion, and whose depositions cannot fail to create the most lively interest. *All the measures that have been taken to ascertain the family and the birth-place of Mr. Naundorff have not, in general, led to any satisfactory result.* All that is really known, is, that M. Naundorff arrived in Prussia in 1810, that he enjoyed, for two years, the right of citizenship at Spandau, and that he married there in 1818, without producing the certificate of his birth. Nothing certainly is less fully proved that the real decease of the Dauphin in the prison of the Temple; and this circumstance, joined to the uncertainty of M. Naundorff's origin, promises, at any rate, discussions of the most interesting nature, with which we shall make our readers acquainted."

Gentlemen, if you would read and compare with this statement the authentic writings, which, through the intervention of the French ministry, the Prussian embassy has sent me by M. Laprade, Advocate, my envoy to the Court of Prussia, to demand from it the restitution of my papers, you would perceive with what perfidious art my political adversaries have attempted to envelope me in the darkness of their machiavelian intrigues: ne-

vertheless, from the very midst of the falsehoods which they have converted into state documents, the truth appears to the eyes of all discerning and unprejudiced persons.

It is thus, for example, that in two pages of a voluminous document, in relating my marriage, and while *acknowledging* that I have *produced no papers*, consequently, *no register of my birth*; it is affirmed that *I was a widower, aged 40 years, or rather 43, son of one Godfrey of WEIMAR*; that it is *probably I who* have given *this information*; and in conclusion, that *it had been received by the magistrate*; for the rest, how and why had this statement been drawn up, and at what period? that is not mentioned, for there were good reasons for silence.

In another part of the same document, the *procès verbal* of the criminal accusation which was brought against me, mentions, that, being asked where I belonged to, I had replied to *Weimar*. This statement is true; in the abridgement of my history may be seen my reason for giving this answer. The same authority adds, *that it was not true that I belonged to Weimar; that enquiry had been made in that country, and that the magistrates of that place declared that no family of the name of Naundorff had ever lived there.*

Who were better informed on this subject than my implacable enemies, since the minister, Prince Harttenberg, was in possession of the papers,

which, written in the Temple by the King and the Queen, and delivered to him, from me, by M. Lecoq, contained the infallible proofs of my escape and of my identity ? It is, then, with an artfully contrived design that I am said to have been *forty-three years old* in 1818, because in that case I should be *sixty-three now*, while the orphan of the Temple would be only *fifty-three* ! It is then knowingly and wickedly that I am said to belong to a *family at Weimar*, beyond the dominion of Prussia ; and that in the face of *an authentic denial on the part of the Criminal Court of Prussia, the executive government of Prussia*, states this fact vaguely, in order to offer it to those who want no proofs to induce them to believe in evil.

I insist, Gentlemen, on these particulars, the more conclusive as it is not I who speak. The ministers have driven me out of France, *on the presumption of my being a foreigner and a Prussian*. It is, therefore, not superfluous for me to dwell at some length on the question of nationality. If every thing proves that the presumption which these ministers make use of is neither admissible nor probable ; their only excuse, which would not justify the illegal acts which overwhelm me, will shew more forcibly the abuse of the power which I desire to see repressed.

Gentlemen, you are all acquainted with the laws of Prussia ; and, like me, you know that the rights of citizenship are a franchise of the corpo-



ration, and that the power of conferring them belongs exclusively to the municipalities. Among the documents indispensable for obtaining them, the claimant's *certificate of birth* is *absolutely necessary*.

Read from page 186 to 194\* inclusive, of the book which I have published in London, under the title of "*Abrégé de l'Histoire des Infortunes du Dauphin, fils de Louis XVI.*"—You will find two hundred copies of this work at the Prefecture of Police, where, by the authority of a *lettre de cachet* of the Minister of the Interior, they have been deposited, to the prejudice of the rights of property, and contrary to the liberty of the press.

I was admitted as a citizen of Spandau. The following is the translation of my letter of citizenship:

"We, the magistrates of the Prussian town of Spandau, situated in the march of Brandenburg, make known that the watchmaker, *Charles-William Naundorff*, after having proved the necessary titles, and according to his request, *has been admitted a citizen* of this town: having promised to fulfil all the duties of a good citizen, on the oath taken as follows.

(Signed) KATTFUS, *Magistrate.*"

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\* Page 231 to 240 of the translation.

You have seen, Gentlemen, that it was not in my power to *prove the necessary titles*, since I did not possess the *certificate of my birth*. Why then, did the magistrate admit me when I had not a legal family name to produce? Why? I have said why, in the document already cited: by order of the minister, who, in contempt of honour and of justice, detained my papers, of which he had been only the responsible depositary, vainly hoping that I had no other means of proving, at a future time, my royal birth. However, I must not omit to observe that Prince Harttenberg had thought fit, in writing to the burgo-master of Spandau, to give me the christian names of *Charles-William*, although the order was transmitted upon a note of the president, M. Lecoq, who designated me by those of *Louis-Charles*, the christian names inscribed in my papers, by my father and my mother; names *which are those* of the Orphan of the Temple.

You are also informed, Gentlemen, that I married *without producing the certificate of my birth*; another and a convincing proof that it was very well known in Prussia, that Prussia was not the land of my birth, and that it was contrary to the secret views of the government to require the production of a deed which could be found *only* in the archives of the palace of Versailles. All is thus explained, and it will be understood, why, subsequently to my marriage, the false statements were

perfidiously fabricated, of which I was informed only last year, by the official delivery of the documents which I received.

I will conclude, Gentlemen, this imperfect analysis, by communicating to you, without comment or observation, the summary of an interview which took place between M. Laprade, during his stay at Berlin in 1836, and M. de Rochow, Minister of the Interior, I will let my commissary speak for himself.

“ M. de Rochow, Minister of the Interior of Prussia, when I would have begun by proving to him the escape, interrupted me by saying: it is unnecessary for you to dilate on that question: every one knows what to think on that subject, and *I believe with you that the Dauphin did not die in the prison of the Temple.*

“ He then asked me how I proved *the identity*, acknowledging, in the first place, that the *claimant* (it was thus that his excellency always designated the Prince in speaking to me) *was not a Prussian*; that all the steps taken to discover his birth, had never to this day produced any satisfactory result; that for the last four years that his attention had been called to this affair, by the proceeding of the Count de la Rochejaquelin, the more he reflected on it, the more *impenetrable* it appeared to him. After I had informed him of the testimony of several persons, that of M. de Joly, of Mme. de Rambaud, of the tin-man of the Temple, of M. and

Mme. de Saint Hilaire, &c.; and also informed him (as moral proof not less strong) of the likeness of the Prince to the Bourbon family, and the same likeness in his children; the only answer he could give was: *it is a mystery!*

“ The minister assured me that the king had expressly charged him to tell me, that he did not at all know, whether the claimant was, or was not the son of Louis XVI; that he was far from believing it, as he had not heard of his pretensions till the year 1829, in a memorial addressed to him from Crossen:—that however that might be, he disclaimed all responsibility for any persecutions which the Dauphin might have suffered; that he had never entered into any plot or intrigue to ruin him. I then declared to the minister that the Prince laid the whole responsibility of the crime on Louis XVIII and on Prince Harttenberg: that H. R. H. would be happy to be informed of the King of Prussia’s words, and to be convinced that His Majesty had been kept in ignorance of his residence within his dominions, of the persecutions which he had there endured, and of the claims which he had frequently reiterated since 1815.

“ The minister added: For instance, he is mistaken about the papers which he claims, and which he declares are to be found in the King’s private cabinet; the King never had these papers, and *even if they were there, what would that prove? might it not be possible that this man had*

*in fact known the real Dauphin, that he had by subtlety formed an intimacy with him, and afterwards assassinated him to obtain his papers ?*

These imprudent words convinced me, more than all the rest, that the Prussian cabinet, which had met the day before on this business, was well acquainted with these papers, and still had either the originals or copies of them in its possession.

I replied that such an accusation could not be made without proof, without some grounds at least to justify it ; that it was not to be supposed that a man acknowledged to be good, honest, virtuous, overflowing with the love of his fellow creatures, could have begun his life *with an assassination* : and for what end ? to obtain papers useless to him, nay even dangerous, since, in such an hypothesis, they would have proved his crime. The minister did not insist any further upon this point ; I shewed him, at that moment, the portrait of the Prince, which I declared to be very like, and I asked him if that was the countenance of a thief, an incendiary, an assassin. His excellency answered: *That is certhinly the countenance of an honest man, and it makes this mysterious affair still more impenetrable.* It was then, that, as he led me to the door of his room, he said: *For the rest, Sir, I would not venture to affirm that he is not the Dauphin ; but I will tell you exactly what I think : I should not like to see him recognised as such, because his recognition now,*

would be to the dishonour of all the monarchies of Europe.

M. de Rochow declared further to me on the part of the King, that the words attributed to the King of Prussia by the Duchess of Angoulême, (words repeated to M. Morel de St. Didier, and which I had reported in a memorial, for the purpose of getting His Majesty to speak on this point) *were perfectly false*—that it was very true that the Duchess of Angoulême had put many questions to the King: that His Majesty might have mentioned to her the condemnations at Brandenburg, but *that he had never told her that he was a madman.*

Now, Gentlemen, I come to other considerations, to which I shall only briefly turn your attention. What occasion had the ministers to enquire who I was? Who I am? It was of little importance to them; that was not the question. The Tribunal of the Seine was engaged with my claim; the law ought to have had its course, and my cause ought to have been pleaded.

Who I am? I might in my turn become questioner, and challenge these ministers to tell me who they think that I am.

Ministers of France, your opinion is no longer doubtful to any one, after the public certificate of my identity which you have given in the many illegal acts, of which, for the last eighteen months you have been guilty with respect to me. If you

thought, if your king himself had thought that I was simply a Prussian watchmaker, you would not have done me the honour of treating me with injustice. Before I gave in my citation, and during the three years that I was about Paris, you would have dragged me before a correctional tribunal, and have had me convicted as a dangerous impostor ; you would not have arrested me without assigning a reason ; you would not have searched and seized my papers ; you would not have banished me to England ; you would not have seized, at Boulogne, one of my judicial documents ; my friends would not on landing have been robbed of my private correspondence : warrants would not have been issued for the apprehension of two of my counsel : domiciliary visits would not have been made, both in the provinces and in the capital, at the houses of all those who were known to believe in me ; possession would not have been taken of the most trifling papers found there which mentioned me ; those persons would not have been, as was the case with the greater part of them, summoned before a *juge d'instruction* : the venerable M. de Brémont, an old servant of Louis XVI, who recognised me by a very striking and decisive circumstance, would not have been called before a commission of enquiring in Switzerland ; I should not have been refused access to the tribunals which I have all along demanded ; my family would not have been expelled from Saxony, where they had been

living in peace, by the hospitable permission of the government.

Who I am? Can you be ignorant, after the forcible depositions of former servants of my family, and of friends who have had the courage to maintain the truth of their reasonable conviction in the Courts of Justice? Does it become you to hold out the pretence of ignorance, when you have refused the conclusive proof which I offered to you, namely to go myself to search in the Tuileries for the casket, with the contents of which I alone in the whole world am acquainted, as well as with the spot where it is deposited, and the means of opening it: these important particulars having been confided to the orphan of the Temple, by the King, Louis XVI himself:—when I would have torn aside the veil which still hangs over the trial of Mathurin Bruneau, have transported you to the death-bed of Louis XVIII, and have laid open to you the deliberations of a state council held after his death:—when I undertook to bring before your eyes, as it were, the skeleton of the child who died in the Temple under my name, whose corpse was examined by Messrs. Pelletan and Dumangin, and was buried in the earth beneath the vaults of that prison, whilst France was imposed upon, and led by a falsehood to believe that I was interred in the cemetery of St Margaret!

My judicial document contains a part of the



facts which I demanded to be allowed to prove in court, and the truth of these facts became indisputable, from the moment that you appeared to dread the proofs which I offered to adduce. Oh ! if it were permitted me here to lay open all the dark plots and perfidious machinations which have been formed against me, no one would now enquire who I am.

Allow me, Gentlemen, to dwell for a moment upon the fact of the expulsion of my family from Dresden. The government of Saxony, influenced by urgent considerations, has lately withdrawn the permission, granted them in 1833, to reside in that kingdom. The document which I here translate is official, and is countersigned by one of the magistrates of the city of Dresden.

“ The Minister of the Interior, having seen the report, made at his request by the deputation of the police of the city, bearing date the 14th of this month, taking into consideration the reasons which have determined him to permit the wife and children of LOUIS-CHARLES, DUKE OF NORMANDY, calling himself *Naundorff, watchmaker of Crossen*, to reside in this city till the month of March of the ensuing year: orders, nevertheless, that at the expiration of that time, this family shall be no longer permitted to reside there; and, in conformity herewith, charges the said deputation with the care of their expulsion, *the Prussian govern-*

*ment having admitted that they belong to that State.*

*“ Dresden, 23rd August, 1837.*

“ The above, certified to be a correct copy, has  
been signed by

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“ To the deputation of the police, concerning  
the wife of Naündorff,—Ministry of the Interior,  
Second Division.”

At the time of the promulgation of this order, my eldest son Edward was in the military school for the young nobility of Saxony, into which he had obtained admission a twelvemonth previously, and where he distinguished himself by his application, his progress, and his good conduct. The marks of interest which he received, and the regrets which attended him at his departure, both on the part of his fellow-students and on that of the masters, bear witness that he was highly esteemed in that establishment, and that he was considered by all to be something very different from the son of an obscure artisan.

The authorities and the royal family of Saxony could not, certainly, restrained by imperious motives, declare publicly that they had obtained proof that my children shewed, by their habits and their features, that they were sprung from the noble blood of the ancient kings of France. But the execution of the measure, to which, through the importunity of foreign influence, they consented, imposed on them the necessity of exerting their political independence. It was requisite that they should not expose themselves to the reproach of having admitted *the son of a Prussian watchmaker into a privileged military school*, and it became necessary for them to make, if not a formal, at least an implied declaration of the truth, which they could not but know.

My family had travelled from Crossen into Saxony, under the name given me by my letters of citizenship: *the wife and children of Charles William Naundorff, watchmaker of Crossen*. By this name they had been received on their arrival at Dresden, *and inscribed on the public registers*, which certified the permission granted them to reside there; and under the same name the authorities allowed them to depart, merely revising the old passport, to make it serve for Switzerland.

In the order given for their expulsion, it is plain, therefore, that the Saxon ministry wished it to be known that they were *expelling*, not *the fa-*

*mily of the humble watchmaker, Naundorff, calling himself Duke of Normandy*, but in truth that of *Louis-Charles Duke of Normandy, calling himself Naundorff, watchmaker of Crossen*. This intention is palpably manifest in the original order, which is all written in German, excepting the words *Louis-Charles, Duke of Normandy*, which are in French, and in large letters; these are the names in the register of my birth, and not *Charles-Louis*, which I have adopted for my present signature. The government of Saxony, driven to make a public order respecting me, felt it repugnant to its honour that history should be able to say that their king had been one of those who had despised and trampled on the son of Louis XVI. It was anxious to prove to the world that in Saxony, honour, ever in alliance with truth, had not given place to policy.

Gentlemen, I should wander from my subject if I were to examine more particularly into these facts, which I leave to your own sagacity: I quit them and resume.

I am the innocent victim of a power which has placed itself above the law in France. I am suffering in an unjust exile. I can no longer endure the frightful position in which the enemies of truth have placed me, by arresting, even till now, the progress of a suit which I anxiously desire to see brought to a conclusion. I am impatient to prove judicially that I am really the unfortunate son of

the Martyr King of France, and by what a series of atrocious crimes, my name has been for so long a time erased from the registers of the living. It concerns my honour that I should answer, in a court of justice, the defamations which the press, and certain political circles, unsparingly disseminate, either suborned by my persecutors, or under the impulse of their own political feelings, for they defame me without the possibility of my refuting them: the press, which, instead of an engine of truth as it ought to be, is become an engine for calumny; that press exists only to insult me, it is mute in my defence. It must be clear to you that in the land of exile it is impossible for me to bring forward my proofs; and that in a cause of this nature, the presence of the plaintiff in court is indispensable, for the production and examination of documents which he alone can produce, and, above all, that he may be confronted with the witnesses who are ready to attest his identity. The newspapers apprize me that the family of Napoleon openly re-enter France; there can be no reasons, then, for keeping me away. In the eyes of the ministers, I am either innocent or guilty: if innocent, the law can only reach me for my protection; if guilty, I demand a trial. Civil or criminal justice I have a right to: and, besides, what can the French government have to fear from a *poor adventurer*, who should falsely assume the name and

titles of the Orphan of the Temple, deceased, as they would have it believed, in 1795 ?

Deputies of the nation, I have shewn you that in France I have been denied recourse to the law, and that, with respect to me, the police has superseded its authority. You must desire to see the laws in force. My cause is that of every Frenchman, since it is the cause of justice and of the law, of right against might. If this, my last appeal for justice, should be lost in the abyss of a policy which respects nothing, and which has, hitherto, always countenanced the destructive principle that "the end justifies the means," there is not a Frenchman whose property, honour, liberty, and life, would not be at the mercy of the unbridled caprice of the ministers: you yourselves, the very day after the closing of your legislative session, might have to expiate, by an imprisonment such as I was subjected to, the expression of those useful truths which in the course of your discussions might have irritated the susceptible minds of men in office; and, thenceforward, you would have no other law in France, under a government which you call constitutional, than state policy, which is nothing else but the tyranny of the government and the oppression of the people. Consider well that you are the representatives of thirty-three millions of Frenchmen, who have placed under the protection of your honour and independence, the inviolability of those rights

which are assured to them by the Charter, which you have solemnly sworn to fulfil and to maintain. Newly invested with a mission, which reminds you of your most imperious duties, forget not your promises; let the Charter with you be a truth, and let there be no falsehood in France but the bad intentions of the government. The nation is anxiously expecting the measures of public benefit which are to distinguish the present legislature: deceive not the confidence of your countrymen. Supreme in your authority, and absolute judges of ministerial measures, you will decide that the responsibility of ministers is not illusory, and that, under the constitutional government of France, the Chambers have the independence and the courage to annul their arbitrary acts.

I have therefore addressed myself to you, Gentlemen, in perfect confidence, to obtain my recall to France, that I may there prosecute my suit, which; already entered on the rolls of the *Tribunal de Première Instance de la Seine*, will settle judicially, and for ever, the great question of the existence and the identity of the Orphan of the Temple. My request, I doubt not, will be taken into consideration by you: justice ought to exist somewhere in France: since she is no longer to be found in the bosom of the Chief Person of the state, nor in the will of his ministers, let your sublime example convince foreign nations that she has

found an inviolable sanctuary in the august assembly of the Representatives of the people.

*Charles Louis.  
Duc de Normandie*

Known by the name of NAUNDORFF.

*London, 21st January 1838.*

As an Advocate, and in the name of the bar of France; as formerly King's Attorney, and in the name of the French magistracy; I demand of the Deputies with the august petitioner, that they insure the triumph of the law.

As a conscientious man, I invite all persons of honour, all the friends of truth, all those who, deeply sensible of their duties as citizens, desire the strict execution of the laws, not less for others than for themselves: I invite them, even for the interest of the existing government in France, to unite their constitutional efforts with ours, to obtain from the Chamber that right be done in respect to the present petition. A civil suit is pending before the *Tribunal de Première Instance* at Paris: this



suit belongs to the nation. If, from hatred of the petitioner, the administration be left at liberty summarily to stop, for its own advantage, proceedings in a civil court, and to prevent a judicial decision upon them, there is not a Frenchman who may not one day have to deplore, in his own case, so revolting an abuse of power. The main point to be decided in this trial is a great historical question. It is of public importance that it should be examined into by the proper judges, for it cannot be a matter of indifference either to men in authority or to private individuals, that an impostor should assume a royal name, for the purpose of giving a pretext to malevolence, and imposing on honesty ; or that a Frenchman, illegally disowned, should not have the means of recovering the station of which he has been violently deprived, by the enemies of all justice and of all truth.

In reference to these powerful considerations, and without any regard to policy, I am thoroughly assured your deliberations will be carried on. Deeply imbued with those sound maxims, which are the sources of national prosperity, you will likewise be sensible, Gentlemen, that humanity no less than justice demands the utmost consideration for a person, who has been at every period of his life a man of exemplary worth, though constantly crossed in his career by political crimes. You will perceive, in short, the inestimable benefit which you will confer upon your country, by restoring to the

civil tribunals the power which belongs to them alone, of putting a stop, by their unquestioned impartiality, to irritating disputes between the administration and one of its victims. Thus you will fully justify the confidence of the country: France will applaud this proof of the profound wisdom of her representatives, and will congratulate herself upon the time being at length arrived, when illegal proceedings of every kind are defeated in the elective Chamber, every act of which ought to be the expression of the wants and wishes of the people.

M. GRUAU, *Advocate*,

*Late King's Attorney, Counsel to the Duke of Normandy,*

*London, 21st January 1838.*

LONDON, FEBRUARY 13th 1838.

*To M. Garnier Pagès, Deputy of the Sarthe.*

SIR,

My title of Advocate at le Mans, the *arrondissement* of which you represent, will justify in your sight, the liberty I take, not having the honour of your acquaintance, of informing you of a flagrant abuse of authority on the part of the French Ministry. A Frenchman, arbitrarily banished to England, lately presented to the Chamber of Deputies, a petition, which has been registered at the office of the secretary, under the No. 365. Your president had received a copy of it by the post, with a request that he would be pleased to present it himself. M. Dupin, did not feel that it was a duty incumbent on him to perform this act of justice; we were therefore obliged to have recourse to other means in order to procure the presentation of it.

A similar petition had already been addressed last year, by the same person, to the two Chambers; the Chamber of Peers suppressed the petition, and in the Chamber of Deputies, the reporter moved the order of the day, at the same time calumniating the petitioner.

In order to enable all the deputies to decide

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with a full knowledge of the case on the matter of the new petition, we purposed sending a printed copy of it to each of them. Twenty-six copies were sent by the public coaches, each copy in an open cover directed to one of the deputies. I subjoin a list of the names, and inform you that the French Government have sent orders to the frontiers for the seizure of this petition: the twenty-six copies are now in the hands of the ministers.

I think, sir, that you will not suffer without remonstrance, so unconstitutional an attack on the inviolability and independence of the representative character. The right of petition, consecrated by the Charter, necessarily implies the right of delivering a copy of the petition to each deputy: otherwise the ministers would have too many means of eluding the execution of this part also of the Charter. The French government, in its hatred to the son of Louis XVI, tramples under foot, in his case, all the liberties of France. The Chamber cannot submit to the affront which has been offered to its members, nor tolerate that the legal communications of Frenchmen with their deputies should be impeded. Men of spirit and of energy ought loudly to demand the maintenance of the privileges which belong to the representatives of the people; and they will feel that the most essential of all those privileges, next to the inviolability of their persons, is that of their correspondence: that, were this not the case, the country

would be delivered up to the despotism of ministerial tyranny.

Allow me, Sir, to beg that you will honour me with an answer in the course of a week: if I do not receive one, I shall suppose that this letter has also been seized by the police, and I shall, in that case, publish it in England\*.

Receive, &c. &c.

M. GRUAU, *Advocate*,  
*Late King's Attorney.*

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*Letter from H. R. H. the Duke of Normandy  
 to the English Editor.*

DEAR SIR,

You have asked of my chargé d'affaires, M. Gruau, information and proofs respecting certain

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\* No answer has been received from M. Garnier Pagès.

facts which we have mentioned in our abridged narrative. The greater part of these facts are historical and well known ; but, even if they were not, it is impossible for us to enter upon proofs of particular details, which would still leave much to be explained, and would not satisfy all enquiries. Our object has not been to write my entire history, and it may easily be imagined that the short summary of it which has been given, comprises but a very small part of the events which have occurred since the period of my evasion from the Temple. A fact so wonderful as the re-appearance of the son of Louis XVI, must find many unbelievers ; we knew it, and yet the moment is not arrived for explaining all. My last petition shews that all my efforts have been directed, till now, towards obtaining the means of laying my cause before the tribunals of my country. It was before those judges, the only competent ones, that I proposed to unfold the numerous documents and powerful proofs which would throw a great light upon various acts of the political authorities both in France and elsewhere, the real cause of which has never been understood.

The door of justice having been arbitrarily closed against me, and it not being possible to proceed with my cause, we must not the less abstain for the present, from making communications which would be received with the same perfidiousness of bad faith, as all which has been already

published. Our enemies not having chosen to meet us on the ground of reason and fair discussion, have left in all their force the natural conclusions to be drawn from known facts. It must be allowed that they have acted with great prudence and shewn much discernment in the plot which they have contrived to turn the idea of my existence into ridicule, and to darken the truth by their intrigues and their contradictions, unsupported by proof. This line of conduct was quite rational in their settled design to reject me; for falsehood is to truth what a shadow is to light, an incontestable demonstration of its existence. It would have been dangerous, therefore, to our adversaries to accept the challenge which we have so often given them, to answer us by reason and not by insult. As they are perfectly well aware that it is in our power to establish the strict truth of the smallest facts asserted by us, they were, so to speak, refuted beforehand in the falsehoods which were all they had to object: they have, therefore, taken good care to avoid discussion, and have adopted the easier language of abuse; because, in the first case, they would have given my identity the benefit of their inventions, whatever they might have been, while in the second, they found an echo and ready accomplices in party men, blinded by the interest of their passions, or made to speak contrary to their real sentiments.

As however, the truth cannot be made too clear for the satisfaction of persons of integrity, I will here present to you some considerations and some documents in support of the truth of the existence of the Dauphin, and of my identity with him.

M. de Brémont, wishing to lead the Duchess of Angoulême to a line of conduct consistent with justice, by means of the important testimony of an old servant of the monarchy, whose name and whose fidelity she cannot have forgotten ; M. de Brémont wrote, as follows, to my sister, on the 25th May, 1837.

**MADAM,**

Servant of the Martyr King, your august father, I have recognised in the claimant, Charles-William Naündorff, the Orphan of the Temple, your august brother, the Duke of Normandy, and I am become his servant. Aware of all the means by which your Royal Highness may have been deceived, and wishing to fulfil my duty by preserving your Royal Highness from the calamities about to fall upon all the guilty, by the judgment of God, the execution of which draws near, I addressed myself to one of your most estimable servants, whom I acquainted with all the reasons which ought to induce your Royal Highness to make a final examination into the identity of the Duke of Nor-



mandy, your august brother, with M. Naündorff.

\* \* \* \*

I declare to your Royal Highness, in the presence of God, that the late Martyr King, my august master, would not deliberate on the three propositions which were submitted to him, in order to the acceptation of the constitution in 1791, 1, 2, 3..... till after having sought a reconciliation with King George III. The Count de Messy d'Argenton, Austrian Ambassador in France, was the bearer of his autograph letter to the King of England, and in that letter he expressed to him his regret at having allowed himself to be so far misled as to assist rebels\* against their lawful king.

He observed to him that God had punished him in the severest manner for this fault, by the rebellion of his own subjects against himself: he asked his friendship and the exertion of his power to protect him, by not authorizing any act on the part of his government, which might endanger his security and that of his family.

King George III replied.....

A secret treaty ensued by which King George III gave his royal word, not only to prevent any act of his government which might endanger the safety of Louis XVI and the tranquillity of France;

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\* The American Insurgents.

but also to exert all his influence to restore peace to that country; and in the event of the death of Louis XVI, *to take under his royal protection his wife and his children.*

You will find this document, Madam. in the archives of Austria as well as in those of England, and you will judge the letter of His Majesty, George III to H. R. H. the Duke of Angoulême, investing him with the guardianship of the Orphan of the Temple in 1794, and in the event of his death, recognising him as the lawful king, to be a solemn sentence against their Royal Highnesses the Count de Provence and the Count d'Artois, unhappily among the number of the conspirators against Louis XVI.

The Royal Martyrs, your august parents, were so fully convinced of this, that they feared them both more than the Jacobins. You will find, moreover, in the archives of Austria, England, Russia and Prussia, declarations made to all the courts, by the Baron de Breteuil, secret and extraordinary ambassador from the king, in order to the placing of the army of the Princes in the rear-guard of their enemies, without ever permitting them to enter the French territory.

At length, Madam, I fulfil the duty towards you which God imposes on me, by declaring to you, that to my knowledge the court of Austria has authentic proof of the escape of the Orphan of the Temple. I know also positively that those

who had the happiness to deliver him conducted him to Rome, where he was received with paternal kindness by the holy father, Pius VI; a document by whom, in which mention is made of him, written in Latin, and signed *Pius Sextus*, is now in the Prince's possession. There exists then, no one who can give you any true information contrary to what I have the honour to make known to you. My honorable friend the late Marquis de Montciel, frequently lamented to me the delusion under which your Royal Highness laboured: several times he he was on the point of going to ask of you a private audience, in order to inform you of the existence of your august brother. This honorable friend died in my arms, of grief for the catastrophe of 1830, regretting that he had not fulfilled his duty in removing the veil from your eyes.

I believe that many of your servants, themselves deceived by the Prince they had the misfortune to serve, may have made you partake in their error; but to give you the means of judging, I add the following fact: One of them, the Duke de Blacas, received from the hands of M. de Montciel the crown treasure, which he had saved from the hands of the factious, to preserve it to the authority of the *legitimate king*; the real value of this treasure was three hundred millions: it was converted into nine millions of *rentes* in the foreign funds, in preference to those of France. I was

informed in 1820, by my friend M. d'Andrée, that to his knowledge, there only remained seven millions of this treasure: since that period, there has doubtless been no occasion to diminish it. This treasure, Madam, belongs to the legitimate King, to the King who will one day embrace you with joy, your august brother, the Duke of Normandy. But in accordance with the truth which I declare to you before God, it is no longer lawful for you to make use of it against him: and let not your counsellors deceive themselves—it is they who are responsible to God, and to their lawful King, for the use which you will make of it. My duty is then fulfilled, Madam: in recompence for my services to the Martyr King, and to all his family, I would never accept any thing but the portrait of His Royal Highness Monsieur, which he gave me himself in 1820: at the age of 78 years, to which I have attained, I have nothing farther to receive from any one on earth; but I ought to prepare to appear before God, who at least will not reproach me with having concealed the truth from you.

The person who will have the honour to deliver this letter to your Royal Highness, will be able to answer any questions which you may condescend to put to him.

I am with respect,

MADAM. &c.

This letter, my dear Sir, has never yet reached the Duchess of Angoulême: we know it—and it is for this reason that we publish it, in the hope that perhaps, in default of a faithful friend who might have the virtuous courage to tell her the truth, it may meet her eyes through the medium of the press. I say *perhaps*, for the Duchess of Angoulême is so closely guarded against any attempt which might have the effect of making her understand her duties, and what rightly becomes her dignity—she persists so strongly herself in the erroneous and systematic course from which she will not deviate, that I dare not flatter myself that she will be allowed to see your translation. I form this opinion from a circumstance which is not devoid of importance.

Last year I had determined that two new commissioners should be sent to this misguided Princess; they were to be the bearers of the two letters, copies of which I here subjoin, and of the articles mentioned in them. When on the point of setting out, one of them, M. M. Gruau, happened to meet with one of the most distinguished Legitimists, the Count de C., a partisan of the Duke of Bordeaux; and he sounded this person dexterously, as to the probable issue of such a mission. He replied: “Beware of allowing so perilous a step to be taken; the commissioners would be arrested in their way through Austria, and thrown into prison: if the minister Metternich

hesitated to do it, the Duchess of Angoulême herself, would ask it of him in writing; she has expressly forbidden on pain of her displeasure, that the name of the claimant should ever be pronounced in her presence. She has given her word of honour, that her brother died in the Temple."

Whatever might be the value of this officious advice, I was obliged to desist from my purpose: however, I conclude from it, that at Góritz, the light of truth instead of being sought, is feared.

*Letter to H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême.*

MADAM,

Circumstances of which you are aware, have determined me to print some fragments of my history. I send you a copy of it, not to convince you of my identity, but to arouse you from the frightful lethargy into which you have been thrown by worthless persons. Do not think that I am about to beg of you again to grant me an audience: I have now reasons for refusing you in my turn any interview except before the tribunals. It is there, Madam, that I await you, for I no longer hope to bring you to the acknowledgement of the truth by any other means; you have been too faulty in persisting in the denial of it at the instigation of my

political murderers. In this step I fulfil my last duty to you. Blood will flow in France, and you, Madam, will have been the cause of it: this blood will accuse you before the tribunal of the Eternal, and you will have to account for it. In the mean time, you will receive sentence on earth—my suit has commenced before the French magistracy: no resistance on your part will be able to shelter you from the judgment of man.

You are not ignorant that the Count de Provence formally declared the son and daughter of Louis XVI and of Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France, to be bastards: you are aware that the Count d'Artois knowingly participated in this criminal accusation: and I inform you that witnesses and proofs exist. How then account for the marked attachment that you have always shewn for my persecutors? His Majesty, the King of Prussia, assured you at Tœplitz, that I was not your brother:—an honest man, Madam, ought never to assert that of which he is not sure; what then must be thought of a king, who takes upon himself to affirm a fact, though he is unable to produce the proofs of it. His Majesty then, must be considered to have been wanting to his royal character, and to have abused his dignity, till proof shall be given to the contrary.

From the year 1810 till 1812, I resided at Berlin, where I was known to be the son of Louis XVI. My history proves it. If I had not given

proof in 1811 that I was the Orphan of the Temple, why then, Madam, did the Prussian government give me false papers, to shield me from the pursuit of Napoleon? would they have so acted, and have thus deceived the magistrate of Spandau, if I had been born of a low family in that country? It was the president of the general police, who transmitted these papers by order of the minister, Prince Harttenberg: I will prove it in court. But instead of informing you of the truth, and the more effectually to mislead you, a copy of my marriage certificate was sent to you, in which my age in 1818, is stated to be forty-three years. Certainly, Madam, the old man mentioned in this certificate, fabricated by political artifice, cannot but appear to you to be an impostor; for, according to it, I should be now at the least sixty-one years of age: it is too gross a perfidy, and cannot escape detection by the clear-sighted; you have my portrait, look at it, and judge for yourself. I declare to you that those who endeavour to blind you by such documents, are either fools or knaves in the hire of the enemies of France. In the first case I pity you, in the second, I lament over your fate, which is more deplorable than my own. The Count de Provence, already condemned by the judgment of his cotemporaries, governed by his pride and by the enemies of our family, placed himself at the head of the assassins of our unfortunate parents; and his niece, the daughter of Marie-An-



toinette, insulted by this unnatural uncle, places herself at the head of the assassins of her brother, and of his six innocent children! what horror! what infamy!

You have been told, Madam, that were I proved to be your brother, you could not acknowledge me:—I ask why? am I then cited, as was Charles X, before the tribunal of God on account of some injustice? or have the hypocrites, who form your council, concealed from you the accusing cry of the Count de Phaffenhofen? I am neither a coiner nor an assassin, and I experience severe pain at seeing my sister the sport of intriguers, and serving as an instrument in the hands of my enemies, whose only aim is to destroy the strength and the morality of France—to obtain this end it is necessary for them to suppress the son of the Martyr King, the more so that the Duke of Bordeaux will never be King of France. Men may be deceived, but Providence is over all: the wicked will be confounded by Him, and the thunder of his vengeance will make all those tremble who have so long abused his mercy.

My two commissioners, the bearers of these presents, are charged to communicate to you important matters: their mission accomplished, I shall have fulfilled my last duty: I now commit myself to God alone, my guide and my protection. As for you, Madam, search your conscience, examine your thoughts, do you still pretend that I

am not your brother? I ask your answer, negative or affirmative, in writing, and countersigned by your husband.

*To the Duke of Angoulême.*

MY BROTHER,

I cannot at this moment consider whether the title which I give you is agreeable to you or not, or whether you believe in my existence: I who act consistently with truth, have the right to call you thus—that is sufficient for me. It is I who addressed your Royal Highness during the various periods of your residence in France. It is no longer time now for family explanations in order to the discussion of my rights; but it is important that you should at length ascertain what you are yourself. You are not ignorant that a secret treaty was made in 1814, in which it was said:

“Although the high contracting Powers are not certain of the death of the son of Louis XVI; the situation of Europe and political considerations require that they should place at the head of the French government, Louis Xavier, Count de Provence, etc.”

These expressions, *the situation of Europe*, sufficiently explain what was the ruling thought of the high contracting Powers: they feared the

greatness and the strength of France ; they had it at heart to destroy her preponderance ; and they attained this end immediately by placing the Count de Provence on a throne which did not belong to him ; because they were convinced that by yielding to his ambition, they would insure his submission to their demands. Political knaves themselves submitted to so many perfidious combinations ; and it was stipulated that an enormous sum should be paid to His Majesty, the King of Prussia, and that a portion of the territory of France, as far as to the gates of Metz, should be ceded to him. Thus this power held France, on that frontier, as it were in permanent subjection. In 1815, the engagements entered into were not fulfilled : the assistance of the allied sovereigns was not wanting to the Count de Provence, and to obtain from him the satisfaction already promised, as well as the new conditions which were thought fit to be imposed upon him, the same tactics were employed as in 1814, and he was given to understand that the existence of Louis XVII was known. Why was it not the same in 1830 ? because the situation of Europe, and the face of political affairs were then changed ; because it was then expedient in accordance with a system which has always been followed, to place the Duke of Orleans at the head of the French government, in order more effectually to ruin the nation.

In truth, one must be very ill-informed, or very

dull of comprehension, not to understand this machiavelian policy, which aims at the destruction of the ancient family of the Bourbons. Cast your eyes on Spain, on Italy, and wherever the Bourbons reigned ; everywhere, if you will rightly examine, you will see the same treasons as in France. I know the secret springs of these diabolical plots ; but what is most deplorable is that the Duchess of Angoulême should be the instrument of this culpable policy, and the dupe of false friends. There are about your Royal Highness persons who repeat to you that you should not sacrifice the pretended rights of the Duke of Bordeaux. These persons flatter you, because their well-being depends on you, and because your purse is open to them. Would you penetrate their secret thoughts ? cease to maintain them in the position in which your fortune has placed them, and in their habits of intrigue and vanity ; your eyes will then soon be opened and you will discover great truths which you do not even suspect. Others tell you, and the Duchess of Angoulême repeats it, That I am nothing but a clever intriguer : who are they who dare to hold such language ? they are either hypocrites who are aware of my existence, or the emissaries of Louis-Philippe, hired to propagate the report in all countries, that I am his agent. This king, with a borrowed title, will, like Louis-Philippe Egalité, be one day, cruelly undeceived : for Providence is above all, who does not thus

deliver over the destiny of empires to the mercy of guilty men.

Believe me, the French nation in general, know what are the true sources of public good; they understand their situation, and are not so blind to their interests, as you, my brother, are to yours. But it is not my intention to discuss this matter here; if you were at liberty to think and act for yourself, you would follow the dictates of justice and of truth. My commissioners, the bearers of these presents, are charged to enlighten you with respect to your future destiny, and to the only possible future destiny of the Duke of Bordeaux. As to what concerns me, I only ask you to submit the following questions to Madame.

1st. Do you know the handwriting and the contents of the paper, No. 1?

2nd. Do you remember the handwriting of the paper, No. 2?

3rd. Who wrote a similar manuscript while we were still in the tower of the Temple?

4th. To whom did the article in the third paper belong, and who was the bearer of it?

5th. Do you recognise the article in the fourth paper, and to whom did it belong?

My commissioners have orders to lay before the Duchess of Angoulême all these articles which she cannot have forgotten: I ask for a written answer countersigned by you. If, as I would fain hope, Her Royal Highness is innocent, she will

answer frankly ; the more so, as her answer will be published in France, that the nation may judge between us."

It costs me much, believe me, my dear sir, to enter into such painful details, but it is no longer time for forbearance—that which I have already shown has only increased the insolence of my political adversaries. The tribunals are closed to me, I am pursued by the basest intrigues, I am calumniated in society and by the press; endeavours are made to deprive me, by most insidious plots, of the last friends who have remained faithful to me: I ought then to maintain my honour and my reputation, and the dignity of the truth which I represent. If we should reveal to the world the secret springs which move the cabinets of Europe and influence political men in France, we should be taxed with exaggeration: accordingly, I only propose to myself to raise in part the dark veil which the future will violently rend asunder, and to offer some farther circumstances to the consideration of the discerning.

My cause is that of the sound part of my country; and it appears to me, that, wherever upright minds are to be found, friends of the truth, so much indifference and so much bad faith ought not to have been shown in what relates to me; and, that to assure themselves whether it is true that the Orphan of the Temple is living, it would not have been risking too much, to have employed

small sums, in order that trustworthy deputies might come from various parts to obtain evidence from me. Each one would have returned to his province, convinced that I alone am the Duke of Normandy, son of Louis XVI, and of Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France. Intriguers and the creatures of the different factions who reject me, would soon have been unmasked and confounded by the testimony of so many honorable men, who, I doubt not, would have had the resolution to maintain their conviction against the stupid invectives which are alone opposed to a truth already so firmly established for any unprejudiced mind. One is lost in astonishment that in a matter which concerns the future interests of their country, the French neglect the most simple means of ascertaining the truth; while every one is so careful, and takes so much pains, when his smallest personal interests are concerned!

For the last nineteen months the son of Louis XVI has suffered exile in a foreign land; France, the foreign governments, all Europe appear to be ignorant of it; or rather, they know it, and on all sides the most violent passions have raised against me, the descendant of so many kings, every kind of hostility that the genius of evil could invent. Will posterity believe that, after all the crimes which have imbrued the land of France with blood—while the blood of all my family still cries out against her—the last direct descendant of the most ancient dy-

nasty passes unnoticed in the midst of the nations: that he is disowned as a Prince by the very country which welcomed his birth, and that, with the exception of a few friends whose fortune is spent for his support, and that of his numerous family, more than thirty millions of Frenchmen have not a tear, not a farthing to give to the Duke of Normandy—to the Orphan of the Temple? and yet there exists a party, calling itself Legitimist, whose journals are full of professions and vows for the elder branch of the Bourbons—and yet, there is every where, but one voice to execrate the horrors of the French revolution. It is asked, where, in those days of anarchy, were men of courage and of spirit, and how came it to pass that the men of worth who then composed the mass of the nation, did not unite together to resist the system of terror, and to rescue the country from the desolating fury of a handful of assassins! Providence itself is almost arraigned for having left the royal Orphan to perish—him so young, so innocent! and now that I am a living proof of that eternal Providence, that Providence is denied the glory of having saved me! Well! it is in the midst of such inconsistencies that I, the son of Louis XVI, am abandoned, persecuted, calumniated, proscribed by every government; and that I should be seen with indifference to sink into the grave, under the weight of the calamities with which I have been overwhelmed; while my enemies might afterwards at their leisure



examine whether or not I really was what I say I am ! When, in order to escape from another imprisonment in Prussia, oppressed with various and painful feelings, I set out for France, I flattered myself that after forty-five years of civil death, the re-appearance of the Orphan of the Temple would have awakened the liveliest feelings in the Legitimatis : I had figured to myself that in these words, *The Son of the Martyr King*, there was something at which all hearts would have kindled—a charm, a fascination which is to be felt, but not to be defined : confiding in the honour and the loyalty of France, I could not suppose the possibility of perfidy. These illusions, so grateful to my feelings, were soon dispelled, when my heart, which only beat for France, was sought by the steel of an assassin, and when falling under the repeated strokes of a dagger, I learned that there were yet those who thirsted for the blood of a Bourbon.

It is six years, Sir, since a loud cry which issued from the frontier of Prussia, made some French families leap with joy and hope, who had continued faithful to the principles of a conscientious and chivalrous loyalty. The son of Louis XVI is not dead—Slowly, and on foot it was said, cloathed in the garb of poverty, the heir of our Kings treads his weary way towards the land of France. He comes to ask justice of the tribunals of his

country against his family who refuse to acknowledge him ; who, during two successive reigns and to this very day, revelling in the inheritance of the Orphan, have left him without any other fortune than the tools of a watchmaker and the industry of a mechanic.

Scarcely arrived in Paris, my first idea was to address myself to the old servants of the court of France, if any still survived. I earnestly asked, above, all to see *Pauline de Tourzel* ; but Pauline de Tourzel, like many others, has forgotten that at my father's court she was proud of being admitted to the honour of sharing the pleasures of the Dauphin. Pauline de Tourzel knew that I asked for her ; but Pauline de Tourzel, the rich Countess of Béarn, no longer recognizes the Dauphin, for the Dauphin is unfortunate.

My first step was to visit the places which I had known in my childhood, and before all, that fatal prison of the Temple, which contains the false declaration of my decease. I remembered that one day while I was in the garden, a faithful sentinel had let fall a paper in a mysterious manner. I had understood his sign, and to avoid being stopped, in accordance with the strict order which fixed the line that I was not to pass in my walks, I had thrown my ball nearly to the feet of this sentinel, and had picked up the paper with it ; and afterwards, fearing to be discovered, I had hid this paper in

a hole in a tree. I never had the opportunity of taking it again, during my imprisonment: I hoped to find it, if the tree was still standing.

All had changed its appearance—all had been destroyed or had partly disappeared:—I had no idea of it: I was so young when I left the palace for the prison, I had wandered so long from one place of refuge to another, seventeen years of imprisonment had concealed me from the world. From the day when France had placed on my head a crown of thorns, I had not revisited the cradle of my infancy: enveloped in a mystery necessarily persevered in for the preservation of my existence, I had read nothing, learned nothing: nevertheless, from the year 1814, I had written to my family on matters which the fellow-prisoner of the Duchess of Angoulême alone could know; but my family were in possession of a throne which they would not relinquish; the Bourbons had repulsed me, the Bourbons had persecuted me. Now that they were themselves banished, I hoped that, taught by their own misfortunes, the sympathy of suffering would have drawn them towards me, and that at least they would no longer be influenced by motives of ambition to refuse me justice. I imagined that at all events the demonstrated truth of my existence and of my identity would not have been evaded by the mere reply: “The Duchess of Angoulême has given her word of honour that her brother died in the Temple, and we cannot

doubt Her Royal Highness's honour!" I will not here express the feelings which crowd into my mind, and I will only reply to this word of honour, not by my own, since my existence must first be proved; but by other honourable testimony, which not being vain words, is supported by established facts.

Introduced successively to Madame de Rambaud, M. and Mme. de St. Hilaire, and M. de Joly, I overcame their incredulity by a mass of evidence and of materials for belief, which compels conviction on candid examination by an upright mind. In the accounts which I gave of past events, the accuracy of my childish recollections astonished them, for I rebuilt the tower of the Temple, I restored Versailles and the Trianon, in their smallest details, to what they had been till the 10th of August 1792. I repeated private conversations, I related the sports and the various circumstances of my few happy days, *which were those of the Dauphin*; and I gave such a faithful account of what M. de Joly had witnessed in the national assembly and in the reporter's box, that that venerable old man was painfully affected by the lively picture of that fatal day, on which the aggravated sufferings of his unhappy sovereigns commenced. In consequence of this recognition by such convincing witnesses, who could not be deceived, and had no interest in deceiving, persons of sound judgment and high in public opinion have come to me, have examined in

their turn, have been convinced, and have manifested their devotion to me. Since then, many others have believed, and I do not know that any one has renounced his belief from any causes subversive of the evidence which had at first convinced him. Opposed to such decisive proofs, what weight can be allowed to a mere word of honour, which certainly is no testimony ?

My cause was proceeding silently and with circumspection, when a circumstance, brought about by my enemies, determined me to proclaim myself publicly and in the face of the government. I allude to the trial of the false Baron de Richemont, whom numerous partisans took for the Dauphin, and who had just been brought before the Tribunal of the Seine, on the charge of a plot against the government, and of pretending to be the Orphan of the Temple.

At length I summoned my family by a regular citation before the *Tribunal de Première Instance* in Paris. When a copy of this citation was taken to the office of the Attorney-General to be countersigned in due form, agreeably to our laws, which enact that it should be so done, when the defendants are not residing in France; that magistrate refused the copy, requiring the summoner to procure official authority from the president. This excuse would have been a mere mockery, if it had not been preconcerted from a hidden motive; for express official authority is not required by the

legal officer of the government in order to allow a notification which he is imperatively bound by law to make. Besides, I had already on the 16th of March, 1835, presented a petition, signed by me and dated Paris, which had obtained the following order, signed De Belleyne, President, “ *We commission* M. Gausse to examine into the nature and the form of the petition.” A summoner had then been appointed to notify the proceedings of the cause, as well as a counsel to plead. When the action was brought by me against the calumniator Thomas, the deputy Attorney-General summed up in favour of the *Sire de Normandie*; expressions of which I take advantage only to prove that I had not disguised my claims to the magistracy. The Attorney-General was not ignorant of any of these circumstances. Accordingly, the summoner, in obedience to his orders, went to the president, who was too right minded, to lend himself to the illegal demand of the law officer. However, the chief official, acting no doubt upon the suggestions of superior authority, cited the summoner Garnier, and the counsel Dutilleul, whose names appeared in my citation, before the assembled Chambers of the *Tribunal de Première Instance*, and demanded with acrimony a sentence against them, because they had, on my petition, fulfilled their bounden duty. The court immediately dismissed the complaint, without calling on the accused for their defence. I notice these cir-

cumstances to shew with what alarm the government anticipated the issue of a cause, from which overwhelming disclosures must ensue. It was the intention of the government to prevent my following up the suit which I had instituted, by arresting and expelling me from the French territory; but I might have protested against the illegality of these measures; I might, though in a foreign land, have demanded judgment by default against my sister, on the expiration of the legal adjournment; I might also have presented a petition to the civil courts for an order for my recall to France. My cowardly persecutors had foreseen every thing, and it was of importance to them to intimidate from the first all persons connected with the legal profession, to make it impossible for me, in any manner to approach the sanctuary of justice. To this it is owing that, notwithstanding my formal and reiterated demands that my cause should come on, I have been unable to procure the assistance of counsel to that effect.

Well! my dear Sir, it is under such circumstances that my enemies persist in denying my existence, although any two or three of them taken at random, would be sufficient to justify the verdict of a jury, even in a case in which a capital condemnation must ensue.

Notwithstanding the grave and imposing aspect under which my cause presents itself, I hear the nobility and the great exclaim on all sides, " Let

him give us proofs and we will believe in him." Proofs! with any candid person there is no longer any question as to my identity. My friends have spoken out; the press has rung with my documents; the violent measures of the French Government against me, the machination of foreign cabinets are known. I have been driven from the tribunals, before which I anxiously demanded to establish my rights: in 1834 I sent M. Morel de St. Didier, as well as Mme. de Rambaud, to the Duchess of Angoulême to suggest to her to assemble at Prague, the oldest nobles of France, offering to go there myself and to submit my proofs to such of the nobility as it might be thought proper to select: I was not listened to, and still the cry is impudently repeated "Proofs, proofs, we want proofs." Proofs! I have not refused them to any of those who have come to me to ask for them, and all those have been convinced. But those who call themselves the high nobility have not been to seek me; they are afraid of compromising themselves with the family at Goritz: and yet what is that family, if the son of Louis XVI still exists? The fact of his existence was well worth being cleared up, before adopting the line of conduct which has been held. It was thus that in 1793 the royal family was sacrificed: because there was not energy enough to put down the calumnies which were invented to destroy it. Since that period the Bourbons have constantly been betrayed by pretended friends, who have



led them into the false line of policy which they have pursued: they are so still with respect to me. I have been condemned unheard, though I raise my voice to assert my innocence; and the nobility itself at this day, like Santerre\* in 1793, tries by unseemly observations, to drown the words of its legitimate King. Let these nobles know, as well as all those who join the ranks of my calumniators—let them know that their disdain wounds to the very heart the head of that family which, they have ruined irrevocably, while endeavouring to raise it again: let them know that the unfortunate being whom they insult, is the Orphan of the Temple, to whom Providence has promised the high mission of restoring peace to his country; that the future will belong to him, and that the present will be appreciated when justice and truth shall be the only policy of the King of France.

I am asked for proofs! since we are forced to explain ourselves more clearly, I proceed to mention some facts which will sufficiently shew that many iniquities, which to the world are mysteries, to me are not so. These facts, like a never-dying worm, will disturb the conscience of those who, either as instigators of, or accomplices in the treacherous schemes of their masters, whom they knew to be

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\* Alluding to the conduct of this ruffian at the time of Louis XVI's murder, in ordering the drums to beat that the people might not hear the voice of the King, who was addressing them.  
—*English Ed.*

usurpers, have contributed so perfidiously to increase the amount of my sufferings. They will disturb the repose of some, in the retirement where they have sought shelter from the storms of a political world, from which many of them are now removed: of others, in the enjoyment of an eminent station, which they have known how to keep, or to obtain, by their habitual complaisance towards the power which has raised itself on the ruins of the old.

On the 11th of March, 1837, the following letter was addressed to M. Gruau.

“ SIR,

“ By a letter which I received last Saturday, I was informed that the person in whose hands is the letter of the Prince’s uncle to the Duke of Fitzjames....

“ I am assured that, immediately upon the return of this person, the letter will be sent to me: it is incontestably in the hand-writing of Louis XVIII. Courtois, Member of the Convention, who died in exile, attached the greatest importance to it. It is placed between two sheets of paper, pasted together and sealed, as I had the honour of telling you. Courtois was the reporter of the commission which made the inventory of the papers found at Robespierre’s.

“ Living some leagues from Remblusin, the

village of Lorraine where M. Courtois resided, I had frequent opportunity of seeing him, and I have heard him say:—*That a day would come when papers that he had in his possession might be of great use to an august personage who had been taken out of prison: that a decree of the Convention (this decree exists) had ordered a strict search to be made for him, without any success: that at a later period it had been declared that he had died in prison, though it had never been certified that he had been retaken: which proved uncontestably that this personage had really escaped, and that his pretended death was nothing but a lie, and that another had been substituted in his place.*

“ Have the goodness, Sir, I entreat you, to lay before His Royal Highness the above details.

“ If you wish for further information respecting the papers of Courtois, have the goodness to let me know, that I may immediately ask for it.

I have the honour, &c.

*Some one has written :*

“ The social edifice has been demolished by secret societies: their origin is to be traced up to Cromwell: they were introduced into France, under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, by means of freemasonry, which established itself successively through all the kingdom, and in all the

great towns of Europe. You will find their principles and means of action in *The duties of a man and a citizen*, by Mably—and in *Louis XVI dethroned before being king*, by Proyard—some of the actors are named by Barruel. The conspirators were divided, as they still are, in two bands; one is encamped immediately around the thrones, and in the councils of kings, to protect the other band which attacks from without. From 1720 to 1789 this conspiracy directed the pens of all the philosophers, to corrupt morals, to bring all authority, religious and political, into contempt, to displace ideas, as the Constituant Assembly displaced men. The National Convention assassinated Louis XVI to extinguish in his person the royal principle of public order. At last Napoleon appeared. This man had a great mission to fulfil: with his powerful hand he closed the revolutionary volcano, and, conqueror of Europe, dictated peace:—France breathed again.

“ However, God, in his mercy to France, had delivered the Orphan of the Temple from the hands of the executioners of his family. Napoleon discovered him, and gave orders for his destruction. Josephine, informed of the intended crime, saved the victim by means of Fouché. Napoleon, having declined the noble part of Monck, to make himself the heir of the revolution, was compelled to commit a fresh crime: he dipped his hands in the blood of a Bourbon; and his accomplices, encou-

raged, decorated him with the imperial crown. But from that day he was but the instrument of Divine Justice, to cut out kingdoms, and to chastise kings. There ended the part he had to play:—his armies disappeared beneath the snows of the North, and he was sent to expiate his crimes on the rocks of St. Helena.

“ The pretended restoration which followed, was but a transaction in crimes. The Count de Provence, chief of the conspirators against his brother Louis XVI, raised to the throne in his place, reigned under the name of Louis XVIII, though well aware that his nephew, Louis XVII, was living in the Prussian territory. He thought that he might rid himself of him by dark persecutions: but an angel of God came to trouble his repose, by giving a simple peasant a mission to appear before him, to remind him of all his crimes, and to order him not to allow himself to be crowned, but to place the legitimate heir upon his throne. This event fixed the attention of the Duke de Berri\*: he wrote to the Duke of Normandy, and, profoundly touched by the sorrows of his lawful king, he earnestly represented to his uncle, that it was his duty to give up the

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\* I had written twice to the Duke de Berri, who answered me with his own hand, that he would make every effort to reconcile me to those who had done me so much injury: that it was necessary to have patience, and that he would send me tidings.

throne to its legitimate heir. But the passion for reigning had entire possession of Louis XVIII. He refused: and soon afterwards, the Duke de Berri was assassinated. Struck with astonishment, he perceived his error, without repairing it, as he ought to have done, in his life time; and, in a document, written and signed with his own hand, he gave an account of the life of his nephew, the Duke of Normandy, and urged it upon his brother, as a duty, to recognize him and proclaim him King of France. This extraordinary paper was locked up in an English box, having a false bottom, which was placed in his cabinet, and of which a lady (not the *dame de qualité*) contrived to see the contents at her pleasure. A person who at that time was engaged in the business of the Orphan of the Temple, to bring him forward, and for whom she had already procured some important documents, for money; was admitted by her into the secret of this deposit: and she offered to trust him with the box for twenty-four hours, from midnight to midnight, upon condition of receiving a hundred thousand francs when the box was returned. This person mentioned it to the Count d'Artois, who accepted the offer on condition that he should submit it to an eminent magistrate in his confidence, who, if he approved of it, would receive the box, and examine its contents. The magistrate was not willing, and gave reasons for his refusal.

" In 1824, the same person, seeing that Louis XVIII was near his end, paid a visit to M. Franchet, related to him the story of the box in 1820, urged him to ascertain himself whether it was in its place or not, to speak of it to Monsieur, and to take his orders. It still existed, was kept in sight, and at the moment of the death of Louis XVIII. it was delivered to M. M. ——— ministers, to examine it. If I am rightly informed, these ministers agreed to proclaim the Duke of Normandy; but they thought that they ought first to consult Cardinal de Latil. He, pretending to look upon the narrative of Louis XVIII as nothing more than a fable, decided that Charles X ought immediately to be proclaimed, leaving it to him to determine upon this matter. This advice was followed, and, if I am rightly informed again, Charles X did actually examine into the matter, was convinced of its truth, but had the weakness to yield to false views of family interests: he allowed himself to be crowned, and after the finest of military pageants, was pelted from his throne.

The box contained, besides the conference of the king with Martin, a note respecting Louis XVII, which M. Decazes had found among the papers of Robespierre, seized at the house of Courtois, and the injunction laid by Louis XVIII on his brother, to restore the Orphan of the Temple to the throne."

One of my friends wrote to me on the 12th of May, 1837:

“ Your Royal Highness’s situation is singular ; the Legitimists, such as the Nicolais, O’Mahoni &c. say : “ The Dauphin is living, but this is not he. He will appear at the proper time.” As for European diplomacy, it is in great anxiety at — seeing the favourable reception which your memoir meets with in —. I give you what a lady told me who receives the diplomatic body at her house : “ I lent the history to my friend, Madame F——, who, like myself, is devoted to the Prince. While reading it, Mr. ——, secretary to the English Embassy, was announced ; she laid the book on the table, and they entered into conversation. All at once, Mr. ——, making a prodigiously quick movement, put his hand upon the book to get possession of it: then, perceiving the surprise of Mme., he was endeavouring to replace it upon the table, when the lady’s husband entered the room. The conversation immediately began upon the great question. The following were the observations of Mr. —— : “ It is an acknowledged thing that the death of the Dauphin in the Temple has never been proved: I will even admit that this person may be he: but I defy him ever to succeed in proving it; too many persons would be compromised: besides, nobody cares about him.” I was disgusted at this Anglo-diplomatic self-sufficiency.



said my friend to me, and yet I had a sad presentiment of hearing such language, which will be held, in all probability, by the representatives of all the powers, till a superior Power shall order it otherwise."

My noble and worthy friend, M. de Brémont wrote to me on the 28th of October 1837:

" MY PRINCE,

" Your sorrows, the burden of which my heart bears with you, would be sufficient to crush all the Kings of the earth: may they not prove beyond the strength of the most christian King crowned with thorns, nor that of the servants whom God has given him! The enemy has forced my last barrier, and I appeared on Tuesday before the assembled tribunal *de Première Instance* at Vevey: After the first forms had been gone through, I was required to take an oath to speak the truth. I said, that, in the first place, I demanded to hear the Commission of Enquiry read, that I might know on what I should have to speak: that this demand should be recorded in the *procès-verbal*: observing, that, in any case, I should respect your secret on certain particulars which you had abstained from making public till——when God should permit that your august sister, the Duchess

of Angoulême should be obliged to appear there in your presence to perform her duty.

“ The tribunal required time to deliberate : I retired. Some minutes after I was recalled, and my stipulations were assented to. I took the oath : the commission was read to me, and it was ordered that a commissioner should be named, who should hear me on the following Wednesday. No doubt this delay is in order to make a report of the sitting to the Council of State, and that the Council may report to the Ambassador. In the Commission of Enquiry, they do me the honour to remind me that I am seventy-eight years of age : that I was secretary to Louis XVI : that I must be acquainted with many circumstances which concern you, and that having said that it was in my power to establish the fact of your identity in the clearest manner, I was requested to do so. It is, then, before the tribunal of a free people that the old servant of the deceased Martyr King, and of the Martyr King now living, will speak the truth before God and man : —what a sublime apostleship ! ”

Such facts as these, and many others, require no comment : they speak for themselves : and the conclusion that unavoidably results from them cannot be combated but by persons who have renounced all probity, or whose minds are not capable of comprehending even what strikes their senses. Would you believe, my dear Sir, that for want of other means of contradicting with any

appearance of plausibility the truth of my existence and of my identity, there are in France, at Paris even, individuals absurd enough to repel the overwhelming testimony of Mme. de Rambaud, by a downright denial of her existence. An easy method this of getting rid of an embarrassing argument, and of a fact which they are unwilling to admit. Poor fools that they are! they take for a proof of talent and of superior discernment, that which a man without education would blush to utter even if he had the extravagance to think it. Let us take no notice of these calumniators, who are as deficient in conscience as they are in sense! The silence of profound contempt is the only answer they deserve.

You have learned from my petition that His Majesty the King of Prussia informed me through his minister, M. de Rochow, that he had never had the intention of persecuting the son of Louis XVI; and that he had no knowledge of my residence in his kingdom till the year 1829: but the minister adds, that his Majesty was very far from believing in my identity. Not allowing myself to doubt his Majesty's sincerity, let us pause a moment to consider these particulars, in order to shew how this monarch has been misled, by the craftiness of my political adversaries.

*His Majesty knew nothing of me till the year 1829.*—Now I arrived at Berlin in 1810, where imperious circumstances immediately compelled

me to throw myself on the mercy of the president of the general police of that kingdom, M. Lecoque. Upon this magistrate's being convinced of my identity, he informed me that he could not take upon himself the responsibility of a matter of such high importance, and that he must in the first place report it to the prime minister, Prince Harttenberg, who would no doubt immediately communicate this unexpected event to his Majesty. The President returned the same day to ask me, in the name of Prince Harttenberg, for the papers which he had seen in my hands, and which certified my royal birth, and my identity with the orphan of the Temple. I refused at first, insisting that the King should receive them direct from me alone. "That cannot be," replied M. Lecoque, "for if the least information should transpire respecting your presence at Berlin, you would be lost, for the King, with all his authority, could not protect you from the power of your persecutor Napoleon." I still refused, but more forcible representations, and the threat of imprisonment made me yield to the demand of the president: on my delivering to him the papers in question, he allowed me to tear off the impression of the seal, which my father used in the Tower of the Temple, with which one of these papers was sealed. I have carefully preserved this impression. The president, from that moment become the arbiter of my fate, repeated his injunction that I should beware of saying who I was to any per-

son whatever, assuring me that the least indiscretion on my part would infallibly occasion my imprisonment. I was in such a difficult situation, that I was obliged to promise all that was required of me. Relying, besides, on the sincerity of M. Lecoque's promises, that my papers should be delivered into the hands of the King, I remained tranquil, far from expecting the unworthy conduct which at a later period was pursued towards me. Soon, however, some difficulties which were raised against me obliged me to quit Berlin. I complained to M. Lecoque, who informed me that the magistrate had power to summon me before him, that I might have the rights of citizenship conferred on me: "now," added he, "we cannot give them to you for reasons which you know, and that we may not betray ourselves, you must quit the city. Choose some small town in the neighbourhood of Berlin for your residence, and when the magistrate there shall ask you for the documents which are indispensable for your admission to the rights of citizenship, tell him that I have them, and to write to me; leave the rest to me." In consequence, I settled at Spandau; and the president, after having had my name inscribed in the registry of the citizens, supplied me with the money necessary for my settling there. Surrounded by the French, who at that time held the fortress of Spandau, I could not make any attempt to free myself

from the dreadful captivity to which a regard for my safety obliged me to submit.

It was not till 1813 that there appeared a prospect of any change in my situation : I then wrote to the president, to Prince Harttenberg, at last direct to the King. I received no answer. What was become of my papers? I had then been betrayed, and the King himself had been deceived, since *his Majesty protests that he knew nothing of me till the year 1829*. But as I have not the privilege of being believed on my word of honour, I must anticipate the objection which might be made, that I bring no proof of having confided to the president, M. Lecoque, the papers proving my identity, and of having addressed remonstrances on this subject to the minister, Prince Harttenberg, and to the King of Prussia direct : for after the fall of Napoleon, it may still be said, there is no reason to believe that the cabinet of Prussia could have had any motive for persecuting the son of Louis XVI.

I reply, that ulterior facts will themselves confirm the accuracy of my former assertions.

In 1825, the counsellor of justice, the *juge d'instruction* Schulze, received information against me that the name by which I went in Prussia was not my own. This man had treated me with cruel injustice, I had therefore no confidence in him. I declared to him that I was a *Prince by birth* ; that

my cause therefore more immediately appertained to the King ; and I demanded that application should be made to his Majesty, who must know who I was, for an order that I should be brought to Berlin, and that I should appear before him. I was at that time in prison : I referred to the President, M. Lecoque, and to Prince Harttenberg, as having certain knowledge of my royal birth ; the *procès verbal* demanded by me, was drawn up by the *juge d'instruction* Schulze, signed by him, by me, and by the referendary, M. de Renné ; it was afterwards sent to the government to be laid before the King.

How is it then that *his Majesty affirms that he knew nothing of me till the year 1829 ?* and why did the high functionaries who possessed the confidence of their king, take care to keep this *procès verbal* from him ? why did they omit to place it under their master's eyes, in disregard of their most imperious obligations ?

Instead of obtaining justice, I was confined in a house of correction, by whose orders I know not, and without having been condemned. It was on the 25th of September, 1825, that the same *juge d'instruction* came in the night, to inform me that I should be detained in prison for three years, *not because I was guilty, but because I had said that I was the legitimate heir to the crown of France.* Thus, my declaration that I was a Prince by birth, was a pretence which was made use of against me,

to deprive me unjustly of my liberty ; and this declaration, which was not contradicted either by M. Lecoque or by the minister, remained then, as it has continued to this day, in all its force, as a grievous charge, which weighs heavily upon the Prussian government. The design was to drag me from my family, and to conceal me from the eyes of the world, under the bolts of a new Tower of the Temple : pretences were sought and were found in imaginary crimes, of which I was basely accused : forced to declare my innocence, is it conceivable that if I had been an impostor, that if without right I had usurped an august name, that if, maliciously and in support of my imposture, I had had the temerity wrongfully to accuse the president Lecoque, and the all-powerful minister Prince Harttenberg, before one of my bitter enemies, the counsellor Schulze,—is it conceivable that these men in authority would have maintained a silence which accuses them, instead of invoking *loudly* and *publicly* against me the *just application* of the laws ? The records of their court bear witness to the iniquity of their conduct, and the blindness of their decision ; for they should have reflected that by detaining me in prison, solely because I had said I was *a Prince by birth*, which they themselves translated *legitimate heir to the crown of France* ; they gave grounds for a conclusion directly contrary to that which they had intended. I had said that I was a Prince by birth ; now,



with what right do they, without a trial, give it to be understood by their obscure sentence that I am not a Prince ? If they had not known that I spoke the truth, they would not have feared the publicity of the prosecution of a watchmaker : if they had not known that I was really a Bourbon, they would not have feared to have given me a judicial condemnation, by obtaining a legal sentence, which would for ever have prevented my again bringing forward these false pretensions. But this step, so natural to be taken against an impostor, would have been dangerous in opposition to the truth. My trial would have made a noise ; I should myself have summoned the witnesses whose testimony I invoked ; their guilt would have been legally proved, and the King would have learned by the pleadings the truth which was concealed from him, of the existence of the Orphan of the Temple, and of the persecutions of which I was the victim. This is why they preferred, while imprisoning me, to envelope their own conduct in mystery. This is why his Majesty was able to say *that he had heard nothing of me till 1829*, by means of the memorial which was sent to him from Crossen.

Let my wife be interrogated : during the period of my imprisonment, my persecutors applied to her through the counsellor of justice, M. Zanden, to induce her to divorce herself from me, offering her, in exchange for the needy lot she shared with me,

another marriage with a person of opulence, and a brilliant station in society ; and, in order to determine her consent, they had the barbarity to insult her grief by declaring that I should never be restored to liberty. Is it not evident that they wished to sever from me this worthy and virtuous companion of my misfortunes, the only being who loved me, and my only tie to earth ; that there might be no one who would have a right to ask an account of the government of what was become of me. The constancy of this affectionate wife procured me my liberty in 1828. An order of the cabinet of his Majesty the King of Prussia restored to liberty, as a favour, a man who had never been guilty—but what liberty ! this order enjoined me *to leave the environs of Berlin, and to go immediately to Silesia, where the Baron de Sackendorff had procured me an employment.* I was at that time ruined. How could I undertake so long a journey without money, with a wife and two young children ? One resource only remained to me : the Baron de Hagen owed me about 2,500 francs, with the interest for four years. I went to him to Hoen-naüen, where he resided, eight leagues from Brandenburg, and could only obtain from him a promise to send me my money within a week. But I was scarcely returned, when the burgomaster Zanden summoned me before him, to announce to me an order of the King's attorney (*juge du dome*), whose name I forget, that if I did not leave the country

immediately, and go to the destination prescribed to me in the King's order, I should be re-imprisoned. Obedience was the only means of escaping from the malice of my persecutors: I sold my furniture at a low price, even the articles most necessary to my family: on my arrival in Silesia, I was told that the place which had been promised me was no longer vacant. I then went to Crossen, a little town on the frontier, where I easily procured a small lodging; but under what circumstances! my wife and children were ill:—without friends and without money, God alone sustained my courage, and enabled me to bear, with faith in his providence, the dreadful spectacle which tore my heart: for the first time I put my children to bed without having food to give them. The worthy magistrate of this town, informed of my distress, assisted me, and it was not long before I found among the members of this magistracy, a true friend, full of noble and generous sentiments: he was the Syndic, M. Petzold, royal Commissioner of Justice, a man not less distinguished by his talents than by his strict integrity. Convinced of the truth of my statements, he took up my cause, and demanded ineffectually of the ministry, the documents which related to it. He went to Berlin, to solicit a special audience of the king, in order to acquaint him with the truth of this affair: he was unable to obtain this audience. He then wrote to the king, to complain against the infamous conduct which had been pursued towards me, point-

ing out the flagrant injustice of it. M. Albrecht, Secretary of the Cabinet of the king, answered him:

“ SIR,

“ In reply to the demand that you addressed to me yesterday, it is impossible for me to inform you with certainty whether or not you will have an early answer.”

The result of this step was an order from the king, that the records of the trial, which we solicited, should be delivered to us. A short time after having received them, M. Petzold fell ill and died suddenly on the 16th of March, 1832: his last words were: “ I am poisoned—the Prince’s papers—.” Three persons were witnesses to this event, so sudden, and so afflicting to me, which left me again without a friend, and paralysed anew all my efforts to obtain justice; and so extraordinary a death of the worthy and only friend I possessed, made me dread to take advantage again of the friendship of any generous person; for poison or the dagger had always been the reward of a noble devotion to my cause.

A somewhat remarkable incident occurred at the commencement of my intimate connection with M. Petzold. One morning two strangers came to my house: their manner was mysterious, and their unconnected questions appeared to me insidious. Having learned at the moment of their

departure that these persons were Prince Carolatz and his secretary, Baron de Seuden, I informed M. Petzold of it, begging him to go to the Hotel de Londres, where the Prince lodged, and to learn from him or from his secretary the motive of their visit.

The Prince and the Baron de Seuden at first denied that they had been to my house, and ended by reproaching my friend in the strongest terms, with what they called the inconsiderateness of his conduct in this affair. "Sir, added the Prince, you are a magistrate, are you not? well then! as such, you should have kept aloof from this business."

"Prince," replied M. Petzold, "since you consider my conduct reprehensible, more especially as in a magistrate: as a magistrate I will have the honour to inform you that my client is no other than the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI; that I am therefore about to institute an enquiry into the royal birth, the name and title which he claims; and also that if the result of this enquiry should be to prove that the whole is but an imposture, I should be the first to invoke against him the utmost severity of our laws; but it is my duty, in the first place, as an honest man, and an upright judge, to make use, in his favour, of all the documents which he has delivered to me, and of all the proofs which I have in my possession.

"Would you then wish," replied with one voice,

the Prince de Carolatz and M. de Seuden, "would you wish Sir, for the sake of one man, for the sake of a foreigner, to be obliged to leave your country, or, what would be much worse, to plunge her into an interminable war with France?"

"My client," rejoined M. Petzold, "is far from desiring war; he only asks that justice should be done him, and that the complaints which he has made and the laws to which he has appealed should no longer be trampled under foot, in his case, as they have hitherto so shamelessly been."

"I will remind M. Petzold," replied M. de Seuden, interrupting him hastily, "that there are fortresses in Prussia, for the confinement of persons, who persist in meddling in matters which do not concern them."

"It is unhappily true, Sir," replied the courageous defender of the cause of justice, "but I know also that in serving an unfortunate and proscribed King, I am nobly serving my own: and that it belongs to His Majesty alone to determine who shall be the occupants of these fortresses: and accordingly I shall, within the next week, solicit the honour of being admitted into his presence, to be heard on this matter which you say does not concern me."

"We shall take good care to prevent that, depend upon it." Were the menacing words with which the conversation closed.

A short time after the death of my worthy friend,

there appeared in a *Hamburgh Gazette* "The Impartial Correspondent" that the watchmaker at Crossen who called himself Louis XVII, was the son of a brazier.

I wrote immediately to the Editor of this paper, to challenge him to declare the name and the residence of the brazier who was said to be my father.

The Editor replied in a letter addressed to M. Henry Petzold, the brother of the friend whom I had lost: that he regretted not being able to insert my request because, in the first place, the *Chargé d'affaires* of the French government had formally opposed it; and, in the next place, the Censor of the press at Hamburgh would never authorize the publication of such a request as mine.

Immediately after publicity had been given to this odious calumny of my cowardly and hidden enemies, I renewed my applications at court, and in letters signed *Louis-Charles, Duke of Normandy*, I addressed myself directly to His Majesty, to solicit the revision of my trial. I was expecting the royal answer, when one day I received a letter, by the post, from an unknown friend, who wrote thus: "Save yourself, the king has signed an order for your imprisonment in a fortress, and within a week you will be no more." I followed this advice without hesitation; and it was then that I set out for France. Six thousand inhabitants of Crossen and their magistrate can attest, that, in fact, some days after my departure, my

house was surrounded by the police, and strict search was made for me, in order to my arrest; one of the agents was even vile enough to take advantage of the agitation into which the alarm had thrown my trembling wife, by trying to obtain from her by surprise, the name of the place of my retreat, under pretence of delivering to me a sum of money, which he could give only into my hands.

Who then, my dear Sir, can be so unreasonable as to pretend that a complainant, who had been believed to be only a tradesman, would have been dealt with in this manner.

And yet, His Majesty the King of Prussia, has declared that he never had the intention of persecuting the son of Louis XVI. Let us consider this declaration, *that he never had the intention of persecuting the son of Louis XVI*—on the supposition that he does not believe in my identity, that may be true; but that he did not know that he was persecuting in me, *one who claimed to be the son of Louis XVI*, I cannot believe; and I maintain that it was his duty, and that it concerned his honour, strictly to examine my complaints.

Justice is due from the throne to all who demand it; especially to those who demand it against the highest functionaries; who, having placed themselves above the laws in order to oppress innocence, can be stopped in their prevaricating course only by the all powerful will of the monarch.



The first duty of justice on such occasions is to examine thoroughly into the circumstances of the complaint, and to seek for information beyond the sphere of the accused authorities. Has His Majesty done this ? it would appear that it has not even occurred to him that it was his duty to do so.

In the memorial of 1829, in the memorial printed in 1832, in the *Comet of Leipsic*, I exposed the odious nature of the acts which I imputed to the Prussian government; I disguised neither persons nor things; I signed myself by the name and titles of the Orphan of the Temple; all my complaints against the magistracy and persons in authority, whom I accused, were forcibly detailed. It was at a time when I was ostensibly a mere watch-maker—a Prussian, subject to the laws of that country: it was on the morrow, as it were, of the judicial calumnies, in consequence of which I had been imprisoned as an incendiary and a coiner:—it was after the failure of these two prosecutions which had been instituted to furnish a pretext, apparently unconnected with any political motives, for confining me perpetually in a dungeon, and thus for ever stifling my importunate complaints.

What has been the conduct of his Majesty, in the face of so many circumstances which united as irresistible evidence of the hidden persecutions constantly carried on against me, *claiming to be the son of Louis XVI?* He has not taken any

personal cognizance of the affair! he has continued silent, and unmoved at my piercing cries for justice!—at my reiterated complaints in which I declared that these persecutions were directed not against a *watchmaker*, but against a *royal victim*! and I have suffered these persecutions under the authority of the sign manual of the King of Prussia!

Under the important circumstances which I have mentioned, when it is a certain fact that I have never been the object of any legal and regular prosecution on the part of the Prussian government, on account of my princely claims, is it not evident that it had been determined not to allow any public discussion respecting them, and that I should not be answered, because *it was very well known that I had spoken nothing but the truth!*

How then could his Majesty, who informed us in 1836, by M. de Rochow, his minister, that he had learned in 1829, all that related to the watchmaker Naündorff:—how could he, his hand on his heart, lightly declare to the Duchess of Angoulême, that he did not believe in my identity with the Orphan of the Temple? His Majesty *disclaims all responsibility for any persecutions which the Dauphin may have suffered in his dominions*: this implies that if he had believed in my identity, his conduct towards me would have been that of a just and upright King; but why then deny this identity without having studied the case, why re-

fuse the opportunity which I offered of putting an end to my irritating recriminations, by instituting a public and solemn enquiry ? Should it not have been sufficient for his Majesty, to have reason to believe that servants unworthy of his confidence had deceived him with respect to me since 1810, to make him suppose that the same system might still keep the truth from him, in order to conceal by fresh crimes, the crimes already committed, and to shelter the guilty from the just indignation of their master ?

To this very day, and notwithstanding the letters which I have addressed from London through the Prussian ambassador to His Majesty the King of Prussia, and to His Highness the Prince Royal, no other notice has been taken of me, than to persevere by diplomatic means in the same intrigues as formerly. The time will come, when all the crowned heads, being constrained to acknowledge me, will regret, when too late, having been so little careful of their royal dignity in regard to me. What is then the condition of Kings in our time ? and can it be true that truth has no longer access to their thrones ? What sense of honour have their governments ? my accusations have resounded loudly, and the sovereigns have continued regardless and silent ! Strong in the consciousness of truth, I now repeat these accusations more forcibly than ever. I persist in them, and I repeat them designedly, that the press, in spite of intriguers,

may publish them every where. Does the Prussian government still pretend that I am not the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI? let them explain themselves then, and prove it. If they do not really believe in my identity with the Orphan of the Temple, it concerns their honour, I repeat it, it concerns the honour of the sacred person of his Majesty, that the government should clear itself from the charge of injustice brought against it with so much preciseness by the watchmaker of Crossen, and that they should reply by an official and explanatory declaration to the accusations of the victim who maintains that he is a royal victim. Otherwise, if they persist in a silence which condemns them, it will be to the shame of all the other powers associating themselves with the regicidal wish of the minister Rochow: that I should be sacrificed in order to the consummation of their criminal intrigues, *because my recognition at present would be a dishonour to all the monarchies*. They would not have me recognized—atrocious decision! which clearly shews that no crime costs any thing to politicians, and that all the obligations of morality, justice and humanity, must yield to their criminal ambition.

“It would be a disgrace to all the Princes of Europe,” said the minister Rochow, “if the claimant should now be recognized.”

But what crimes then have I committed that they should thus blush to recognize me? Have I conspired for fifteen years to drive from their thrones

the sovereigns to whom I had taken the oath of allegiance; and who, although wrongfully possessed of a throne which did not belong to them, were in appearance the only legitimate possessors of it? Had my father brought his lawful King to the scaffold before he perished on it himself? and yet, I am not to be recognized, *because my recognition would dishonour the Powers* who would subscribe their names to it. It is only with respect to me, and now for the first time during five and forty years, that I see the Powers pretend to such a susceptibility of political delicacy; and it is in vain that my implacable enemies are indignant that it has pleased God in his infinite mercy and wisdom to deliver me from their snares and to raise me from the tomb in which they had buried me: it is not in their power, and I defy them to it, to overthrow the truth of the existence of the Orphan of the Temple and of my identity with him.

If you have read the papers, my dear Sir, you will have remarked that for the last two years only, the various parties of the press have, successively and at near intervals, without taking any notice of what we have published, mentioned, as a fact incapable of contradiction, the death of the Dauphin in the Temple. This system has been instigated by the leaders of party and every one of the daily papers of France has in its turn insulted the son of a King. But the press has failed in its design; its coarse invectives have inspired only disgust; it has de-

stroyed its own influence by its excesses ; and the good sense of the public knows how little value should be attached to it. Few of those who write for the papers rightly appreciate the important and honourable task of the man who devotes his talents to the instruction of his fellow citizens, by the influence of reason, justice and truth : most of the journalists are but speculators in the passions of the multitude, and their pretended convictions are now a mere question of gain.

The *Echo* of the 12th of March, quoting an article from the *Quotidienne*, invites the Royalists to go to a certain painter to see *the picture of the Dauphin who died in the tower of the Temple* : and, to leave no doubt that this clever trick is intended as an answer to our Petition of the month of January last, care is taken to add : *we are not speaking of a living exile but of one who is dead.*

The *Siècle* also of the 10th of March, from the same motives, *professes to hear from Dresden, of the date of the 27th of February*.—

“ The family of Mr. Naündorff, the pretended Duke of Normandy, has been forced to leave our city : they are gone to settle in Switzerland *where they have acquired considerable property*. The Duke of Normandy himself is still in London. However ridiculous his pretensions may be, it is certain that his revenues have lately increased in a very remarkable manner.”

The obliging writer who gravely gives to his

credulous readers, as an interesting piece of information, the news which he picks up in the streets, has only neglected one important point, that of saying a single word of truth, except as far as relates to the expulsion of my family from Saxony, and their retirement into Switzerland.

This circumstance gives occasion for me to disclose a fact which I should not have mentioned but for the perfidious insinuations of an impudent press. I have had for some months in my possession a letter written to me by an honourable man in Dresden, in which he informs me that he has lately been irresistibly convinced of my identity with the Orphan of the Temple; because a *member of the Bourbon family had offered him a large sum of money, on condition that he would write against me.* He adds that he rejected with indignation this affront to his sentiments of honour, and that he had thought that the interests of truth made it imperative on him to inform me of it.

But a less scrupulous individual has been met with in Paris—M. Thomas, senior, who published last year a volume entitled:—

“Naüendorff, or a memoir relating to the intrigue of the last of the false Louis XVII, followed by the trial and condemnation of Hervagault under the Consulate; of Mathurin Bruneau under the Restoration; and of the Baron de Richemont\* under the present government.”

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\* The trial and condemnation of M. Naüendorff himself would have been more to the point. Why has he not been tried?  
—*English Ed.*

Under the pretence of re-establishing in the opinion of the public the character of his son who basely betrayed me ; this man, evidently an agent of the party self-styled Legitimist, has, from mercenary motives, become the retailer of all the calumnies which have been so widely disseminated against me. Husband of the nurse of a child, since deceased, of the Duchess of Berri ; without a name, without a profession, without fortune, and without credit ; he has the presumption to pretend to stifle the most signal truth, by means of the lies which he has received orders to publish. To attain this end he endeavours to throw contempt on respectable persons, who hold too high a position in the world to concern themselves about his miserable pamphlet.

This Legitimist mountebank has since betaken himself to the crossways, where he calls out to the senseless passengers who listen to him : “ You who believe in the existence of the son of Louis XVI, undeceive yourselves : I offer you the evidence of his death in the Temple, for here is the certificate of his decease which attests it : besides, the Deputy Sevestre declared it from the tribune of the Convention.”

“ He certainly died in the Temple ; *for if you believe that Louis XVII is still living, you must dare to believe that the daughter of Louis XVI is an unnatural sister : now it is a terrible evil, almost an act of impiety, to suspect the Dauphiness.*



*Such is the miserable position of these impostors, who, in order to prop up their fable, are obliged to attack all the Princes of the elder branch, whose high principle of honour is respected by the bitterest enemies of the house of Bourbon; and to calumniate virtue itself, in the person of the daughter of Louis XVI.*

This libel, which, for an obscure individual, is but the means of a disgraceful notoriety, has been eagerly welcomed by the French press, whose columns are open only to intrigue and falsehood. A great noise has been made, but it has not been observed, that the author, who does not dare to look the truth in the face, has not thought it necessary to notice the "*Abridged Account of my Misfortunes*," and the documents which have been published in London: he amuses himself with criticising a romantic history of my life, written no doubt with good intentions, but which I have not approved, which is far from being accurate as concerns the narrative, and against which we have set the public on their guard. I here subjoin a short note in reply, by M. Appert, Curate of St. Arnoult, my friend and confessor, who is attacked in this libel.

"After more than a year, M. Thomas, father or son, put forth this *chef-d'œuvre*, sparkling with wit at the expence of truth. There is not a fact in it, which is not distorted by a series of false-

hoods, even when the fact itself is not one; not an assertion which can be proved, nor a quotation which will bear examination; but in place of all these—mutilations, alterations, total suppression of all opposing proofs; and arguments, as may be seen, of the most accommodating description.

“ Alternately pathetic and ironical, passing from mockery to a hypocritical sensibility; with the assistance of inventions of his own, which he attributes to his adversaries, he transforms them into ridiculous, absurd or criminal beings—the highest title with which his goodness deigns to honour them. He gives warning at least of the vengeance which he breathes, although his importunity has, as yet, obtained only imprisonment and exile.

“ An excellent man this M. Thomas!

“ Here is a proof of his extreme uprightness:—

“ The notice served by the summoner, in the name of Thomas, junior, on the 9th of October, 1835, declared as follows: “ That the said M. Thomas *has received direct information from the Prussian Embassy, from which it appears that the pretended Duke of Normandy, is no other than M. Naundorff, the son of a Prussian watchmaker who is still living.*” Such a fact ought to be easy to be proved: Thomas is therefore summoned on the 13th of the same month: “ To deposit at the Registry of the Civil Court of Versailles, before the lapse of twenty-four hours, the documents which he declares to have received direct from the

Prussian Embassy, establishing the facts, first, that the complainant *is the son of a Prussian watchmaker, and secondly, that this watchmaker is still living* : declaring to the said M. Thomas, that, failing to comply with this article within the aforesaid time, he will be accounted a slanderer, and prosecuted as such according to the 367th article of the penal code, before the judges appointed to take cognizance of such cases."

"The twenty-four hours elapsed, and three months besides: still no deposit of the required documents. M. Thomas was accordingly summoned before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, for the 2nd of February, 1836; having obtained a postponement of the cause till the 23rd of the same month, he bethought himself to issue a summons in his turn for the same day and before the same tribunal. Far from maintaining the offensive, he is convicted out of his own mouth, and receives publicly the disgraceful sentence, of which the elder M. Thomas still retains so painful a recollection. Observing a prudent silence with respect to these circumstances, and notwithstanding the official record of the original notice, and the proceedings had in consequence, he thus brings it forward again, (page 207.) "That finally the undersigned *having learned from a person of honour and worthy of credit, who had been to the Prussian Embassy, that M. Naundorff. was only a Prussian watchmaker*, he notified to him, etc." The remainder of

the document is reproduced with equal accuracy.

“ Equally scrupulous with respect to private correspondence, he gives one of my letters, (page 175) which he entitles a *factum*, without specifying the honourable means by which he procured it, nor by what right he retains possession of it, a privilege perhaps of a knight of the Legion of Honour. After having misstated the circumstances under which it was written, obliged to conceal this falsehood by the suppression of an essential part, he delivers up the remainder, not without some alterations, to the sagacity of the reader, whose reflections he is moreover so obliging as to guide. We will not disown it, even disfigured as it is by him; we feel only pity for a man so senseless as to publish his own disgrace.

“ After this, what importance can we attach to his calumnies? we class them with those insults which are met with in the streets, and which cannot be noticed without pollution.

“ We will only say to him: “ No, M. Thomas, all your artfully woven calumnies, will never support the cause of a noble and unfortunate Princess, whose continuance in her deplorable error you so craftily prolong, and who could never own such champions, without making herself a partner of their infamy.”

This Mr. Thomas, after the first journey to Prague of M. Morel de St. Didier, a French gen-

tleman of honourable family, and the refusal of my sister to receive Mme. de Rambaud, had the impudence to offer to conduct me to the Duchess of Angoulême himself, upon condition that I should furnish the money necessary for this undertaking. Setting aside the foolish conceit of this man, and the ridiculous idea that, upon his appearing at Prague, the door of the Princess's apartment would have been eagerly thrown open to him, what confidence could I place in him? I am forced to speak the truth, to open the eyes of honest people who might be the dupes of similar intrigues. This scoundrel had more than once urged his son to accuse me of swindling, to the Correctional Police. It was the son himself who informed me of his father's baseness, and warned me not to trust him: "because" added he, *"I know that my father is the tool of your political adversaries: and, to prove it to you, know that I have just seen some friends, partisans of the Duke of Bordeaux, who have offered to pay my debts, and to give me a place worth five hundred francs per month, upon condition that I would write against you in my paper; my father presses me to comply; but never, my Prince,"* he then protested to me, *"never will I obey my father in this."* It may be supposed that, after this, I could not but be convinced of this young man's honesty; and I believe even now, that he would have continued faithful to me, had I been able to help him in his em-

barrassments. Unfortunately those who call themselves my friends and are rich, did not comprehend my situation better, during my stay in France, than they do now that I am in exile. Thomas, the son, had contracted considerable debts before he became acquainted with me, and had never been molested, as long as his creditors knew that he possessed nothing, and that he was in distress. When, through my kindness, he had become principal editor of the paper, *La Justice*, his creditors came upon him, and, to appease them, he signed bills to order, and paid some of his debts with the money intended for the paper. My resources were soon exhausted, and the paper fell to the ground. Pressed with the utmost rigour, the editor absconded. Though he had shamefully deceived me, I felt interested for his family: I placed them, him, his wife, his child, and his mother-in-law, in the house of a friend at Versailles, and I supported them there. I forgive him all the wrong that he has done me, and I pity him, believing that it is difficult for a man without religion to continue honest under unexpected adversity. Both his father and himself will, one day, shed bitter tears, if God destines them to witness the triumph of the Orphan. They would fain then blot out, even with their blood, the pages in which, through the perversion of their reason, they have vented malice and insult against a royal misfortune. But their regrets and those of many

others will be too late, for the justice of God will have begun. My present enemies will not escape the judgment of impartial posterity, and the tomb which covers their ashes will not screen their names from the reproach which will attach to them in history.

Young Thomas did not believe me to be as poor as I really was. Whether he was already bought to betray me, or that he wished by all imaginable means to induce me to get him out of his difficulties, and fully to satisfy the demands of his avarice, he threatened me, assuring me that he had seen in the hands of persons in the confidence of the Duke of Bordeaux, papers which proved me to be the son of a Prussian watchmaker. I deprived myself of my last sixty francs, and gave them to him for the wants of his family, expressly charging him to procure me a copy of the lying papers which he had mentioned, in order that I might deliver over to justice, the writer of a statement tending so perfidiously to confirm a falsehood which had been so many times brought forward. He promised to execute my orders, and I retired to Paris. Upon my return to Versailles, a fortnight afterwards, I sent for the son of the honourable and honest M. Thomas, to the house of the Marquis de la Ferrière, and in the presence of that gentleman, I asked him the result of his proceedings. "I have seen the papers again;" he replied; "it is not for the son of a watchmaker that

they wish to make you pass, but for the son of a tanner." "And the copy?" I eagerly enquired, "have you got that?" "No, my Prince, it has been promised me, and I shall have it in a few days." "Well!" I answered, "you will bring it to me at Paris: and remember, you will not see me again, if you break your word." On leaving the house of M. de la Ferrière, he renewed his protestations of fidelity, and of attachment to my person; "but," added he: "my Prince, I am in want of more money: my wife is ill, and my poor child requires care: I have not got a penny." I had ten francs in my pocket: I gave them to him. They were, at that moment, the whole riches of the son of Louis XVI. I had besides a gold snuff-box, of which my friend, the Curé Appert, had made me a present. I gave that to him also, authorizing him to pawn it for his benefit. Scarcely had he left me, when he went to lay against me, before the tribunal of Versailles, the infamous accusation of swindling, of which we have given an account in the judicial document.

Judas betrayed his master for thirty pieces of silver: Thomas, before betraying his, had robbed him of the last penny that he possessed. There was nothing more for him to get from his Prince, consequently his hypocritical part was at an end. Throwing aside his mask, he openly declared himself my enemy, in concert with the party, whose tool he was, not less than his father. He



flattered himself that he should ruin me the more certainly, because I was obliged to be on my guard against the police, and because he had left me without pecuniary resources: besides, it was not supposed that I should have either the inclination or the courage to appear in court, to defend my honour and my rights, thus basely attacked.

Such are the weapons which the persecutors of the son of Louis XVI employ against him! Such are the agents of the party which they excite, by such deplorable subterfuges do they strive to get rid of the truth of his existence! "It is a misfortune that he exists," have partisans of the Duke of Bordeaux not been ashamed to say: and it is to avoid the consequences which they apprehend from my being recognized, that these republicans of another sort urge the Duchess of Angoulême to sanction, by the authority of her name, their dark—might they not be called their regicidal intrigues? The blinded daughter of Louis XVI is now reaping the bitter fruit of the lessons she imbibed at the court of Louis XVIII—of that unnatural uncle, whose fratricidal plots have been the source of all the evils which have befallen our royal family. Borne down herself by long sufferings, accustomed to allow herself to be governed by the vile flatterers who are never wanting near the persons of princes; dazzled by the recollections of two usurpations during which she enjoyed the rank that belongs to her; led astray by the doctrines which are

preached to her, and by the false reports which reach her from all sides ; victim, at the same time, of the criminal policy of foreign courts, it is intelligible that having reached her sixtieth year through a series of troubles which have constantly agitated her life, she is incapable of having a will and feelings of her own. However, of all the afflictions that, up to the age of fifty three years to which I have attained, have scarcely left me twenty four hours of perfect calm, the most poignant is my sister's denial of me. I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of seeing her thus coolly sacrifice her future reputation, forget her name, her dignity, all sense of what she owes to herself, the frightful circumstances which made us orphans. Has she then no longer present to her memory the touching advice of our august mother, when, on the point of being separated for ever from what she loved most on earth, she left us the last proof of her maternal solicitude in her immortal will ? How is it that the religion which she professes with austerity has not made her heart understand the precepts of love, of truth, and of justice, without the practice of which religion is but a mask ; and above all, that filial respect which renders sacred to their children the written wishes of a father or a mother no longer in existence : more especially when these wishes are but the inculcations of the first duties of man here below ? Let her read again and reflect :

“ I recommend very earnestly to my children, next to their duty to God, which ought to be their first consideration, to be always united to one another.” (*Will of Louis XVI.*)

“ May they both recollect that which I have never ceased to impress upon them, that right principles and the strict performance of their duty should be the rule of their life ; that their happiness will consist in their mutual confidence and affection. May my daughter feel that at her age she should always assist her brother with the advice which her greater experience and her attachment to him may suggest ; may my son also on his part shew his sister all the kindness and attention that affection can inspire ; may they, in short, both be sensible that in whatever situation they may be placed, they will find true happiness only in being cordially united. Let them take example from us : how much consolation under our misfortunes, has not our friendship afforded us ! Happiness too is doubly enjoyed when shared with a friend, and where can one be found more tender than in ones own family ?”

(*Will of Marie-Antoinette.*)

I intreat the Duchess of Angoulême to carry her thoughts back to the period when these impressive lines were written : and then, with her hand upon her heart, let her say whether it is really true that, in spite of such distressing re-

collections, she, herself an orphan, has never experienced an emotion of love for her orphan brother, the companion of her sufferings. Can it be that the idea of his existence would not have been to her a delightful thought? and that the possible arrival of the moment when we should find ourselves again within each other's arms, would not have presented itself to her mind, as it has to mine, as the brightest of prospects? Oh! why, then, will she not seek information on a subject which has gained ground so prodigiously in public opinion during the last four years? In her sleepless nights does her conscience never reproach her? The mere suspicion that her brother might be in existence, imperatively required of her to examine the matter seriously: yet she alone, the Duchess of Angoulême, *will not concern herself about this affair*; while six of those who were formerly servants at the court of the King our father, have recognized me by authentic proofs, and persons, from their noble sentiments the most honourable in France, offer me the homage of their veneration. What disregard of all considerations of propriety, what inconceivable want of judgment is manifested by this more than imprudent conduct—if, indeed, it be not a premeditated crime! But, in whatever point of view it may be considered, my sister is, beyond all doubt, blameable, very blameable, for having refused me the interview which I solicited; for though *she has given her word of honour that*

*her brother died in the Temple*, she knows perfectly well that the Orphan of the Temple was saved! But those whom I accuse more bitterly (and for them I have no words strong enough to express my indignation) are they who boast of being the friends of the Duchess of Angoulême, who highly extol her virtues, and who keep up delusions in her mind, which are but a pretext for their perfidy.

If I called myself a Legitimist; if I pretended to be devoted to the daughter of Louis XVI; If I had the privilege of approaching her royal person; I would say to her respectfully:—

Madam, the daughter of Louis XVI owes it to her birth, to her long misfortunes, to the memory of her august family, to avoid whatever may seem, even in the smallest imaginable degree, to fix a stain upon her honour and loyalty. The line of conduct which you have pursued, since a person pretending to be your brother has made Europe echo with his judicial claims, compromises your integrity. You cannot, without risking your character for ever, any longer refuse the conclusive proof by which it is proposed to you to decide for or against the question of the existence or death of the Orphan of the Temple. In vain will you declare that you have certain knowledge of the Dauphin's death in the Temple, unless you bring forward the proofs of it: under existing circumstances the world will not believe you.

Such, my dear Sir, is the noble and becoming language, which I conceive a devoted friend of the Duchess of Angoulême ought openly to hold to her.

Instead of which, if she is spoken to upon the subject, it is to ridicule my cause, and to calumniate me. All the self-styled partisans of Legitimacy repeat too: "We cannot concern ourselves about this affair while the Duchess disowns him." Thus, the question, whether, supposing the son of Louis XVI to exist, it is fitting to recognize and assist him, or to leave him to perish with his family, in the dreadful position to which his political enemies have reduced him, is made to depend on the opinion of a woman, and that opinion given without a reason assigned. Thus, an important truth will have existed in the world, and the caprice of a woman will have rendered it impossible to establish it: and even the sentiments of humanity will not have pleaded in favour of an unfortunate being who has never injured any one, whom the universe has proscribed, and to whom house and home are shamelessly refused; absurd barbarity which one is astonished to meet with in an age of civilization! I had reason to hope, if not for sympathy, at least for more integrity and uprightness.

The French government has refused me justice, and access to the tribunals. If the Legitimate Powers of Europe understand what honour is, and know their dearest interests, they ought them-

selves to bring forward my suit, and compel the Duchess of Angoulême to appear with me before a supreme tribunal which they should compose of themselves, and to whose decision, I consent to submit the proofs of my identity with the Orphan of the Temple. Let these Powers reflect that by setting aside my legitimate rights from political motives, they shake the foundations of their own, if, indeed, they do not overturn their own with mine. For, I repeat it, my enemies are those of every legitimate monarchy. To crush for ever the cause of legitimacy in France, to assassinate the Emperor of Russia, to sow divisions in all the states of Europe, is the watch-word of a party which has its adherents in every cabinet, and which knows how to make even sincere Royalists, men of probity but devoid of discernment, instrumental to its designs.

For the Duchess of Angoulême, I entreat her seriously to reconsider her conduct, and to weigh well the meaning of the Prussian minister's words: *M. de Rochow looks upon this affair as presenting an impenetrable mystery: he is convinced that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple: he does not venture to affirm that I am not the Dauphin: he confines himself to expressing the wish that I may never be recognized, because my recognition now would be the dishonour of all the monarchies of Europe.* Let her beware of allowing the honour of these crowned heads to be sheltered

under the dishonour of the daughter of Louis XVI, lest a victim herself to a policy which respects nothing, she become an instrument in the hands of those who would sacrifice at any price the son of Louis XVI. Contradictions already begin to appear, the consequences of which cannot but be deplorable to her: for the Duchess of Angoulême takes advantage against me of certain words of the King of Prussia, and His Majesty does not acknowledge the expressions attributed to him by the Princess. To help her to shake off the yoke which oppresses her, I will recall to her recollection, that after my separation from my father in the Temple, I was delivered to my unfortunate mother, in whose room we both slept. I saw and heard many things at that time which no one but her can know. Let her remember also, that in the third floor of the tower there was a stove, in which the news in writing sent us by our friends without were deposited by ——. I can explain to her how all that was managed. This stove stood *in a place* near the room of our aunt Elizabeth, and was on the left hand when one stood *in a particular spot* in that place. I know many circumstances connected with this stove; circumstances, which can be known only to the Duchess of Angoulême and her brother. It must be evident to every man of sense, that if, put to the proof which I have solicited in vain, of an interview with the daughter of Louis XVI, I should reveal to her things of which she



alone in the whole world was witness in company with her brother ;—it must be evident, I say, that this would be an infallible proof of my identity with the Orphan of the Temple. I could add many particulars of what passed in the apartment of my good mother, and in that of my unfortunate aunt. But I will say no more about them here. If the Duchess of Angoulême persists in refusing to consent to so decisive a means of proving my identity, I openly impeach her integrity, her candour, her honour. I shall be convinced of the truth of what I have been told, that she has caused a request to be made to the government of Louis-Philippe, that my suit should not be allowed to come on, and that the French government has satisfied her on this point, through the Austrian cabinet. Would she, on the contrary, prove to the world that she has not forfeited her honour, and that she can still call herself the worthy and virtuous daughter of the Martyr King of France and of Marie-Antoinette, let her then consent to the proposal which I here make to her through the Press, to come and plead against me in England. I pledge myself most solemnly, all hope of obtaining justice in France being at an end, to lay all the papers which are in my possession before the judges in the land of my exile, to produce all my proofs of my identity with the Orphan of the Temple, and to acknowledge the justice of their decision.

Whatever may happen, I, who cannot be mis-

taken as to who I am, sleep more peaceably on my bed of sorrows, than they who, in their haughty opulence, contrive how they may most effectually ruin me. Strong in the truth, and trusting in God, who will not desert me after having so wonderfully preserved me till now, I fear nothing; for it is not in the power of any one to prove that I am not the son of the Martyr King of France, the true Orphan of the Temple.

*Charles Louis.*  
*Duc de Normandie*

THE END.

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

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